

JUNE

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and Women

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Inside With the Publishers

ACCORDING to the change in the postal regulations governing the admission of United States periodicals into Canada, which came into effect on May 7, the postage rate on these publications will be quadrupled. The publishers of The Busy Man's Magazine do not wish any handicap to be placed on the circulation of reputable United States periodicals in Canada. The United States is dealing with many grave problems in politics, finance and business which are confronting, or will sometime confront the Dominion, and it is through these publications that our Canadian people would learn how these problems are approached and handled across the line.

• • •

The April number of the magazine appeared in new form. By increasing it to the standard size a considerable addition was made to the reading matter. We have received during the past two months many letters complimenting us on the change made and the steady improvement which has taken place. About eighteen months ago The Busy Man's was first brought before the public, which was not slow to recognize that the basic idea of the magazine was sterling. Possibly there were a few who were dubious as to

its future; if so, their apprehensions were soon dispelled. The magazine has long since passed the experimental stage; its success is already assured.

• • •

In the last issue a change was introduced in the department, other contents of current magazines. Instead of placing them under the name of the magazines in which they appear these articles are now classified under the headings of Character Sketches, Business, Fiction, etc. In addition to the article is given the name of the writer and the periodical in which it is found. By instituting this change the publication will be more truly a busy man's magazine. Lovers of any class of articles are enabled to see what the magazines of the month contain in their line, without being forced to go through the entire contents of the numerous periodicals.

• • •

In another column will be found a request for manuscripts giving the life stories of successful Canadians or the development of business institutions in Canada. Our editorial department is in quest of articles of this nature and liberal payment is made for accepted manuscripts.



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(Formerly "Business")

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has seen it. No thousand pounds of dynamite exploded at a given point could wreck more havoc than a train coming to a sudden stop when running sixty or seventy miles an hour. As the wheels of the big locomotive, weighing from 300 to 125 tons, leave the track, there is a cloud of dust and a shower of clay and gravel and stones, a dull, crushing, grinding, rending, splintering crash that may be heard a mile away, and in an instant, before the human brains of those aboard have had time to realize what has happened, all is over. The locomotive, that wonderful machine which a tenth of a second before was almost a breathing thing of might and beauty, the handsome, massive car, the latest example of the builder's art in the construction of the modern palace on wheels, are masses of bent, twisted, split, shattered junk and kindling.

A hole, three or four feet deep and a hundred or more feet long, has been gouged clean out of the ground as if made by a gigantic chisel. Railroad ties, ground into match sticks, litter the woods and fields. Rails are found a hundred yards away bent and twisted as if they were hairpins instead of the toughest of steel weighing thirty-five or more pounds to the foot. In a twinkling, property representing a money value of more than a quarter of a million dollars has been wiped out clean as if 500 \$1,000 notes had been thrown into a roaring furnace. And worst of all, the entire system is as if cut in two. Trains laden with anxious, impatient passengers are held up and stretched one after another, sometimes forming a string two or three miles long. Every hour's delay, every minute's delay advertises the gravity of the accident, imprinting it on patrons' minds, and adds to the confusion of the schedule, which, often, it requires days to straighten out.

This is the time when everything depends upon the grimy man in cap, pea-jacket, and overalls, who for a space becomes more important than the president of the road. As a rule he is not the husky, gigantic hero

you might picture to yourself. On the contrary, he is the ordinary type of railroad man whom you have seen leaping from the top of one car to another while the "fast freight" dashes onward at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour. He may not be able to lift a ton, but he knows how to handle machinery that can lift 125 of them. He may not weigh more than 150 pounds, but so long as his paper "loose chewing" holds out he can, if necessary, subsist on this and bod words for ten hours at a stretch without thinking of asking for food. Sometimes the roughness of his work creeps into his face and makes it hard; and the lurch of the train gets into his gait; also, his hands, this time of the year, are split open with frost, and coal dust and grime and black grease have settled black into the cracks. Altogether he is not the sort of rough-and-ready person you would be anxious to invite to your home, but he is a brave, hard-working, honest sort of man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow if ever bread was hard-earned, and whose grim face has appeared to many a man as the face of a rescuing angel.

The train which may be said to be the home of this man stands upon a siding among a mass of tracks in the unlovely barren yard adjoining the roundhouse or a car shop. A disreputable-looking affair it is—designed for knocks and usage rather than to appear in a glitter of varnish and polished windows—consisting essentially of two flat cars and what seem to be two ancient railroad coaches beneath the coat of grease and dust which is dull paint of a rusty red.

The front of this train is the "crane car"—a marvel of powerful, stamp derrick on wheels—consisting of a flat car with a revolving platform under an upright girder eight feet high, bent at the top into a goose neck from which leads a ponderous steel chain connecting with a dooskey engine, which can lift a locomotive weighing a hundred tons and swing it clear off the ground just as readily as you might pick up a horse shoe on a coun-

try road. Behind this "crane car" is a flat car with spare trucks and extra rails and ties and switches to repair tracks and to build temporary tracks around obstructions that will take too long to remove. Behind this car comes one of the rusty coaches, banged, bruised, and gouged without, but within a marvel of systematic order and neat storage. Hydraulic jacks, capable of lifting houses; hawsers, big around as a man's calf; steel chains with links weighing three pounds each, huge blocks and tackles, axes, crowbars, skidgins, crosscut saws, picks, shovels, lanterns, and a hundred and one other tools are coarsely arranged in racks and compartments. Every hammer, every nail is in its place so that night or day, darkness or light, every man can lay a hand on anything he wants at an instant's notice. And last, but not least, comes the living car for the crew of twelve or fifteen picked men where, if all goes well, a cook prepares meals of ham and eggs and tinned things, where he makes piping hot coffee. Winter's nights when a sixty-mile-an-hour east gale cuts cars and faces, and icy steel peels skin from bare hands, and where there are banks to stretch out on after the men have worked sometimes for days without seeing the inside of a bed.

On the long western stretches of our big roads where trains are few and wreckers proportionately scarce, wrecking outfits are stationed along the line at intervals from 150 to 200 miles, both trains rushing to the scene of any serious accident that may happen in the district lying between them. In these sections, comparatively free from trouble, the wrecker works in machine shops or in roundhouses between smash-ups, and often, to get an engine for his train, the wreckmaster is compelled to rob the first train down the line of its locomotive. But near the terminals of the big roads, where even the slight derailment of a coal car is felt seriously, there are permanent wrecking crews with trains stationed from forty to sixty miles apart, and a heavy, fast express locomotive is ever in readiness.

The dispatch which flashes into the wreckmaster's office and starts the whole outfit in motion reads something like this: "No. 389, Engineer Jones, Conductor Black, with fifty-three loads, wrecked two miles west of Varnishville. Both trucks obstructed and badly damaged. N.Y.Z."

Should this come into a station where members of the wrecking crew are attending to various duties about a shop or a roundhouse, three long blasts from a steam whistle sound the alarm, and if a locomotive is within cannonshot, inside of a few minutes every man is aboard and the engineer opens the throttle. Should the alarm come in at night when the crew must be summoned from its homes by telephone, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes are necessary before the train, entire road thrown wide open to it, gets under way. In any case, night or day, hail, rain, ice, snow, or sunshine, with safety valve snorting, every pound of steam crammed on, and the fireman heaping on coal, the locomotive fairly bounds across the ribbons of steel, taking crossings, tunnels, and cuts just as fast as her gigantic drivers can whirl her, taking tall bridges and sky-scraping trestles like a scared cat along a fence, and never slackening until the glimmer of a red light or the flutter of a scarier flag ahead gives warning.

The trouble may be slight, like a switch engine loafing off an open switch; in which case a couple of jacks or the crane lifts the engine, and within fifteen minutes sets it back upon the rails. An axle may have broken under a fifty-ton coal car so that it has to be jacked up while the crane revolves, lifts a ponderous four-wheel truck from the flat car behind and deposits it on the rails in front of the car, neatly as you might help yourself to an olive. Or, freight, like steel girders or an entire bridge truss, may have toppled from a passing freight car and landed across tracks.

On the other hand, the wreck may be a serious one with a score of the first cars knocked into binders, and thirty cars behind telescoped or clumb-

ed all over one another or stood upside down or on end, and scattered about the scenery as a boy might scatter a tin toy train by kicking it across his play-room.

Whatever the condition, like so many terriers sailing into a pit of rats, the wreckers dive into the work. There appears to be no head nor tail to the attack, and yet every man knows his place; the one who is supreme, the one who decides at a single glance what to do, and the one upon whose official shoulders rests this mountain of junk and wreckage is called wreckmaster.

The wreck may be an appalling sight which, it might seem, would require a week to clear. But within five minutes after the wrecker arrives things begin to move—not piece by piece or singly, but by heaps and mounds and dozens. If conditions warrant, the wreckmaster sends for the repair gang and within an hour or two from 100 to 200 Italians or Japanese swarm like flies over the landscape laying and tamping ties, spiking rails so quickly that you can fairly see the tracks creep over the ground around the obstruction. And while this temporary switch is going down, the wreckers are performing miracles in the line of clearing things. While the crane crew burrows and tunnels and crawls beneath the locomotive to pass chains about the big machine to remove this most formidable of all obstructions, the rest of the men have cut off the wreck-train locomotive to put her to work. Hawsers are passed about heaps of wreckage piled high as a barn. A warning "toot" to stand clear and amid a crunching and splintering as if a house were falling in the mountain of tangled, split oak is dragged over rails and ties until it topples off itself into an adjoining field.

What the locomotive cannot pull out of the way, the crane lifts. Within twenty minutes after arrival its donkey engine tugs and puffs and snorts at the bent, battered leviathan weighing a hundred or more tons and lying on its back, wheels in air and nose pointing in the direction it came

from. Up comes the ponderous heap of junk, almost imperceptibly at first but steadily as if an unseen hand were lifting it into space. Wheels of its car clamped to the rails to prevent capsizing, the crane groans and trembles under the enormous strain, but in something like an hour the sooty-looking victim, boiler stove in, cowcatcher, cab, smokestack, and pilot truck stripped, and crusted with mud and clay and ashes, is turned right side up and set upon its wobbly legs, where it stands like a mortally wounded giant, ready to hobble on to a siding.

"Clear the tracks at any cost." This is the unqualified order to the wreckmaster, and under the touch of his wonderful engines confusion vanishes like magic. Anything that can be thrown into a ditch quicker than it can be hauled out of the way is sent flying. There is no time to investigate what is inside of partly damaged cars. Freight cars and coal cars worth \$1,000 each, sometimes laden with costly furniture, with pianos, glassware, or art pieces, are sent crashing over and over down forty-foot embankments.

Neither property nor men the wreckmaster spare, for all may take place while the world sleeps, after the wrecker has spent twenty-four hours of continuous duty elsewhere and fifty or a hundred miles from the nearest town, and while the night is so dark that you cannot see your hand in front of your eyes, or eight or ten hours at a stretch the wrecker may crawl beneath shattered cars, planting his jacks, passing chains or hawsers throughout torrential rainstorms, when bridges are threatened and he must grope and flounder through knee-deep mud and icy water, soaked through to the skin, chilled to the marrow and chattering with cold. Or he may work in a blizzard amid blinding snow dust whipped by a seventy-mile gale of arctic cold that heaps drifts while he lugs frost-nipped chains and bars and staggers up to his knees in snow, sticking to his post for the sheer love of the fight and for the sake of the snowplow stalled on

one side of the wreck, praying to get through. Should the wreck be in the open and merely that of a freight train he thanks his stars. It is the coal wreck with its mountains of coal that must be shoveled away by hand which the wrecker detests. And if this train piles itself up within a cut where throwing overboard is impossible, and from where every stick of timber and every pound of coal must be hauled, sometimes for the distance of a mile, then the limit of the wrecker's profanity is reached.

Not until he gets at least one track cleared may the wrecker breathe at all, and not until both are cleared may he breathe easier. Long before then the repair gang with its gravel train and flat cars with ties and rails and switches is at work. But the wrecker may not leave the spot until he has destroyed the wreck, not a bolt, not a brake wheel of which may remain to suggest to the timid patrons of the road that such a thing as an accident ever happened. A barrel of kerosene is rolled out of the tool car, and within ten minutes flames leap high in air, snapping and crackling as they envelop the wreck, consuming every vestige of wood and leaving only fire-rusted wheels and axles and bars to be removed by a section gang, which takes away even ashes and cinders and frequently restores the spot of burnt grass to its former beauty.

There are two distinct sides to the work of the wrecker, and this is especially true of wrecked passenger-train "jobs." The first viewpoint is the one of business, best illustrated by an anecdote wherein, manifestly, the names of the company may not be used.

A gentleman who made periodical trips between New York and California was known for his preference for the A.C. & L.R.R., one of two roads plying between these points. Recently, instead of coming in on the A.C. & L., he took the S.P. route.

"How is it you have forsaken the A.C. & L.?" asked a friend.

"Last time I came in I noticed a number of wrecks scattered along the

line of the A.C. & L. and decided the S.P. was the safer," was the answer.

As a matter of fact, the S.P. had just as many wrecks as the A.C. & L., but its management had the good sense to clear away all evidences of trouble at once.

The other viewpoint of the passenger wreck is not that of the board of directors but of the wrecker. Satisfied and content though the wrecker may be with his strenuous job, there is one thing he dreams, not as if he were a hard-headed, rough man of action, but almost as if he were a woman. This is the passenger train wreck when dozens may be killed in the most horrible manner while scores are injured frightfully.

"I've put in twelve years on a wrecking crew and I've seen many a lively smash-up and spent many a tough night; but what's worse than anything about this business is what you see when a 'passenger' goes piling herself up," said a veteran wrecker recently. "You can get used to working day and night, you can get used to living on half of a bad, cold meal, and you can get used to freezing and to getting soaked to the skin, but what you never get used to is seeing things, all stove in and flattened, that you pull from under heaps. I've handled 'em so smashed and mashed that you wouldn't know where to catch hold first. Them's the sort of things that comes to you nights. I've seen a whole crew turn away from grub after a mussy job like that."

Still, every wrecker knows that just as long as human eyes cannot look inside of steel, just as long as a human brain may fail or a human hand may falter, just as long as the most perfect mechanical safety devices may get out of order, and just as long as lunatics and vicious men remain at large, there will be train wrecks to the end of all time, no matter how conscientiously heads of railroads may try to guard against these catastrophes. The greater the road the more it is prepared for emergency in fatal accidents. All of the big railroads, like the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Erie, and the big

companies whose trucks gridiron the vast west, are equipped with hospital cars for this very purpose. These cars are sent out attached to wrecking trains.

In every detail the railroad hospital car is perfect and complete as a ward or an operating room in St. Luke's Hospital. Every conceivable comfort to make as humane as possible the transportation of those severely wounded, every conceivable surgical instrument, every conceivable appliance to insure proper surgical cleanliness, and every convenience not only for the temporary but for the permanent accommodation of the badly injured, is there. Victims so seriously injured that removal to another hospital might result fatally may remain right in this car for weeks and be attended to either by private nurses or by the trained nurses in the company's employ.

Perhaps the most perfectly equipped hospital car of any railroad is the one recently turned out for the Erie. The body of this car, mounted on six wheel Pullman car trucks, and provided with the most delicate springs, resembles a combination smoker and baggage car with the usual sliding doors on each side near one end. There is nothing in its exterior to suggest its extraordinary purpose. As you enter, however, a surprise awaits you, for it is as if you were entering a long, narrow ward of an up-to-date hospital. Everything from the ceilings to the walls and to the sixteen enameled beds arranged lengthwise each side of the aisle against the windows is of an immaculate ivory white. Light, ventilation, and heat appliances are installed. During Winter heat is maintained continually to have the car ready for immediate service. The floor covering, the curtains screening each bed, even the shades in front of the double windows are of white rubber. Nowhere is there a texture to afford a hiding place for microbes or germs.

At one end of this car, next the big sliding door, is the operating room with its operating table, glass-topped

surgeons' tables, sterilizing apparatus, tanks with oxygen, running hot and cold water, closets for surgical instruments, and drawers full of fresh linens, pillowcases, sheets, towels, and woolen blankets. Everything a surgeon might require for amputation, for the sewing and bandaging of wounds, and for the surgery of bones is found here. In fact, the list of surgical appliances and accessories contained in this car covers three closely typewritten sheets.

Under the body of the car is stored an adjustable stairway to lead from the sliding door to the ground, so the wounded may be transported without danger or jar when lifted. Also, here are stretchers and crutches, and acetylene gas generators, so that the car may be flooded with light should the surgeons have to work at night. Axes, crowbars, and saws and chemical fire extinguishers, everything conceivable with which to rescue victims piled beneath wreckage is stored under the car—even telegraph instruments, telegraph pole "climbers," and coils of copper wire so that a telegraph line can be broken into at any point if necessary.

But it is not until a fatal dispatch announces a catastrophe that the wrecker's train backs in to hook the handsome car to its rusty caboose that the neat, comfortable quiet of this car turns into a hustle and bustle of grim preparation. On the company's list are six surgeons and as many nurses, who are summoned by telephone the instant the news of a wreck comes in, and who have fifteen minutes' leeway in which to report. If the injured are very numerous, dispatches are sent to the nearest big town, where the wreckers stop just long enough to pick up additional surgeons and nurses who have been summoned by the local representative; and away goes the hospital at the rate of seventy or eighty miles an hour, while the nurses get out bed sheets and make ready the beds, start the sterilizing apparatus, and whatever else is in their department, while the surgeons roll up sleeves, put on

aprons, and speculate on the work to come.

It is on the humble wrecker, however, that the brunt of the work falls. "Above all, save human life," is his unwritten order. Dripping with blood, cool-headed and steady amid excitement and shambles that would unnerve the strongest, the wrecker performs the hardest and most gruesome part of the work, often risking his life to save others.

It is into the midst of confusion the wrecker plunges; and from the moment of his coming there is a head and a tail to the rescue, even as a skillful general may change an utter rout of his men into an orderly retreat. Every man in the crew knows exactly where he is at, what he is to do, and how he is to do it. There is no use for the wreckmaster to pass orders among these marvelously drilled men. From six to eight of them leap off the train with stretchers and began to gather the injured, women and children first. Not a moment is to be lost. The men raise victim after victim and bear them to the hospital car swiftly and skillfully, as only a Red Cross squad may work on a battlefield.

While the stretcher men are at work the rescue detail chops and saws and hews and pries its way, smashing through the wreckage, crawling beneath tottering heaps of debris where the single misstroke of an ax might bring tons of oak and steel crashing down upon them. Sometimes for

hours this work goes on, the men dragging forth wounded with blanched, set faces, fighting down their natural aversion to the dreadful scene. Now and then a wrecker is overcome and has to quit his job, but soon he is back again, swinging ax or sledge, and attacking madly wherever he hears a groan or a cry from beneath the mass.

When the last victim has been cared for and the last body removed, when even idlers have been turned away, sickened by the sights, then the wreckers' real work begins. The train may be a Sunset Limited or an Empire State Express or a Florida Special, each car worth from \$30,000 to \$35,000; yet the wrecker goes to work exactly as he did while clearing away the wreck of an ordinary freight train. Compared with the blockading of the road no expense within reason may stand in the way, and no Pullman sleeper, no parlor car, no dining car is spared; if it can be thrown out of the way quicker than it can be pulled to one side, it is dumped into a ditch to be buried or hurled down an embankment. The crane groans, the hydraulic jacks lift and strain, and the wrecking locomotive snorts and puffs while the wreck mountains move and crumple and topple to one side. Kerosene and the torch do the rest. Within twenty hours after the wreck curious passengers may gaze morbidly from car windows, looking in vain for the least trace of the catastrophe, so thoroughly has the wrecker done his work.



Place a Value on Yourself

BY ROBERT CARLOS BROWN IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

This world will base its estimate of the man upon the valuation he gives himself

Put a value on yourself and never mark it down. If you realize that value, no matter how high it may be, the world will respect it and acknowledge that it is fair.

People are willing to take your word for it if you give yourself a bad reputation. If you say you hate to work, if you say that you lie occasionally to save trouble, if you admit that money is a great temptation and sympathize with the absconding bank cashier people will take your word for it and watch you closely when you are around anything that belongs to them. It's human to be suspicious of the man who is suspicious of himself. We are all built that way.

You are judged as you judge yourself. You usually take a man's word for what he has to say about himself. If you put a high value on yourself the world will look up to you and wonder how you ever had the nerve to do it, but they will not doubt the value. They will respect you for having one, for most of us haven't.

People call us the names we call ourselves. If you admit that you are a fool, and somebody hears it, the next time your name is mentioned that somebody will say, "O, Brown's a fool." If anybody doubts it, ask Brown; he will admit it, because he's Brown, and that is the value he has placed on himself.

The man who says he "can't" never gets there. Why? Because he can't. The man who fears that branching out will be more than he is equal to never will branch out. And probably it is better so, for then we would all be branching out, and that hardly would do. But you will notice always that the man who underestimates his own abilities fails.

Clyde Fitch put a value on himself and struggled on with it for ten years, until people respected his valuation, although he never had proven it to them. He used to keep a valet, al-

though he owed him untold wages; he used to keep up appearances, although he never had sold a single play at that time. It was inevitable that he should succeed, for he said he would and he believed it.

If you are not successful let the world infer it, they'll do it only too readily. Don't admit it, don't advertise, don't whine, whiners never get there. When you are unsuccessful is just the time to boost up your self-valuation another notch.

Never underestimate yourself in talk, no matter how you may feel about it in your inner self. Say you are doing well, believe you are going to do well, and your chances are better than if you admit defeat. Men defeat themselves by doubting that they ever could obtain a victory.

It's a queer world and we all get just what we think we will, not an ounce more or less. The man who thinks his chances are poor eventually finds out that he was right. The man who feels that he will be successful takes a pride in the feeling, places a value on himself, and goes ahead and gets there in order to retain his self-respect.

Boost your own stock. That's the stock you are most interested in. If you were trying to make people take stock in a business venture of your own you wouldn't hire your enemy to promote it for you. You wouldn't hire your wife or your children or your sweetheart to convince the other people that your stock was right because it was yours? Get out and do the boosting yourself, convince the people that you are getting there, and they will lend a helping hand.

If you say you're all right the world will take your word for it. If you say you're all wrong, why shouldn't they believe you? They will believe you. Have a good opinion of yourself, it is essential if you would be successful.

The Copper Bonds

BY MELVILLE DAVIDSON POOT IN PEABODYS MAGAZINE

A New York financier has placed the first prize in his race of gold with a Canadian municipality, but the law, in the hands of a clever lawyer, proves more than a match for the capitalist, and cannot easily alarm the hard core.

I knew that Jean Baldac was from the far north, the moment Piern brought him in from the door. There is a close-sitting air of the provinces on all those who come from there into New York. The smartest tailors, the most Parisian modistes cannot dislodge it. It is the atmosphere of his own land mitted into the man, lying deeper than the cut of his coat. I put Jean Baldac up in British America—his big, lank, hard body belonged in the open, a rugged, roomy, primeval open. His light-blue eyes were from remote spruce forests reflected on the glimmering snow-crust. His hair was that lilac-black which the French carried for violent contrast in to the white north. His manner and speech were abrupt and direct.

He demanded an audience with Randolph Mason. I tried first to get a little history out of the big fellow from which to determine the advisability of such an audience. I got only a few craggy fragments. He had come to New York to even up a score with Barnsfield, the copper emperor on Broadway.

He wished to get at the man within the purloins of the law, if such a thing was possible. If not, he knew another way, very common in his country and direct—and, not productive of monetary results, at least the balm of Gilead to one's injured sensibilities. He had some other business to settle with Barnsfield (not his own affair) which would require dancing steps and truce flags; but, when that was cleaned up and ended, it would be the Indian cheek on the stock of the Winchester and all white flags down.

I took him to Randolph Mason, and he told his story, walking up and down the length of the room and driving, now and then, his clenched right hand into the palm of his left for emphasis. He was from Huron County

on the south shore of Lake Superior. Earlier he had come from the Jacques Cartier River in the Dominion. He had been a factor in the affairs of Huron County; he knew every man, woman and child in it, every tract of land, every nook and corner of it. Three years before he had made a house-to-house, man-to-man canvass of the county for treasurer, and got it, with a majority to spare. He had gained, too, the good-will of the people, their confidence and their hospitable friendship. Then, like the locusts of Biblical record, came the emissaries of Barnsfield to purchase the mineral rights under all the lands in the county.

It was not known that there was any copper in Huron County. Indeed, eminent geologists and practical prospectors had long agreed that the county was barren. These emissaries of Barnsfield explained that he was not misled about the sterility of the land. He knew that he was paying out good money for worthless rock, clay and gravel; but his plan was to corrupt the prospecting engineer of the Great Lakes Railroad Company—have him secretly report to the company the existence of copper in this county. Then he, Barnsfield, would come generously forward and offer to transfer to the railroad the entire mineral rights of the county, provided the company would build a line through it to his wharf at Plymouth on the south shore of Lake Superior. This would enable him to load ore from the known copper regions directly on cars from the lake boats at Plymouth, and shorten the haul to his market by two hundred miles.

This story was gladly swallowed by the natives. They hoped for the coming of a railroad into the county, as the advent of a sort of commercial Messiah. Once or more they had

voted large bond subscriptions to lure in such an enterprise, but it was of no avail. Lake Superior remained the only path of commerce.

In a few months these agents had obtained the mineral rights of almost the entire county. A few land-owners along the lake held out against them, and finally, after exhausting their ingenuity, Barnsfield's men came to Jean Baldue for assistance. They explained that these land-owners were blocking the prosperity of the whole people. The only chance of an iron highway to the south was being elbowed out.

Baldue said he would go to these men and induce them to join in the sale, if he were assured from headquarters that the railroad plan would be carried through. They took him to Duluth, and to Barnsfield. He had the plan from Barnsfield's mouth. He was shown maps and profiles of the proposed route, elaborate plans and specifications of a great wharf and warehouses which Barnsfield expected to build at Plymouth when the railroad came, drawings for an addition to the town—indeed, all the paper details for a city. Baldue was introduced to the engineer of the Great Lakes Railroad Company and read his report.

Barnsfield talked very frankly. His plan was not philanthropic. He would get back his money in a year from lessened shipping rates from the lakes. At present, his ore was at the mercy of one line; a rival would mean competition and a fair tariff; it would make his town of Plymouth a commercial centre on the lake, and this would bring large profits to him. He did not want Jean Baldue's assistance for mere good-will. He was quite willing to pay a thousand dollars for each land-owner whom Baldue could induce to sell, the money to be paid when his deeds were made to the railroad company. The strength of the plan lay in having the entire county in shape for direct transfer to the Great Lakes Railroad. So large a bait could not fail of success, nor was there any moral wrong in foisting these worthless mineral rights on the

company. The directors of it were notorious land thieves; a hair-shirt was due them.

Jean Baldue was convinced and elated. He would gladly have lent his aid to the scheme without compensation, out of interest in the people of the county; but here was Barnsfield about to reap enormous sums from the venture, and he might as well have the money which was offered. They agreed then, that Barnsfield should pay him one thousand dollars for every land-owner who made a deed for the mineral rights under his land, the money to be paid when the transfer was made by Barnsfield to the Great Lakes Railroad Company. There were thirty-four of these men.

Baldue's popularity, the reputation he had established with the people and his prestige as county treasurer gave weight to his words. He went back to his people, assured them that he had investigated Barnsfield's plan and that it would certainly be carried out. He had seen the very surveys for the road, the estimates, the profiles. Finally he secured the deeds of nineteen of these recalcitrant land-owners. The others could not be induced to sell. Barnsfield marked their names off his list, expressed himself satisfied with the matter and put all his deeds to record. The county, now at the gateway of its fortunes rejoiced. A great mass meeting was held in the courthouse; a vote of thanks was awarded Jean Baldue; he was carried to his home on the shoulders of his admiring fellows; tar-barrels were burned on the hills; horses were paraded; the local papers ran their election roosters and eagles.

Then came the gray morning, and the gradual rising of the sun. The minions of Barnsfield vanished. Months passed and no engineer of the Great Lakes Railroad sighted his transit into Huron County. No carts were trundled across her rivers, no Italian came to make a footpath for the iron beast; but, instead, a little man in spectacles arrived from Marquette and staked out a shipping wharf at Plymouth for the Lake

Shore Steamship Company. To inquire he replied that Barnsfield wished to take the copper out of Huron County, and the Steamship Company must have a wharf from which to load it. Copper! The county sat literally with its jaws agape. But was this merely another subterfuge of Barnsfield? It was not. A little later a well-known superintendent from the regular mining region came with workmen and uncovered the copper-bearing strata. It was copper territory! The whole county richer than the Indies!

Jean Baldue stopped here in his narrative, drew down the muscles of his face until his eyes narrowed to pale slits. He crushed and ground the flaps of his coat pockets in his big hands. His mind was evidently crammed with incidents—vivid, crowding incidents: A flood of indignation poured over Jean Baldue. He was cursed, waking and sleeping, as with a Roman anathema. Even Barnsfield, checking in his den in New York, goaded him. He would pay the nineteen thousand dollars when the deeds were transferred to the Great Lakes Railroad Company—if he were living then.

Exile was the only solution. Jean Baldue determined to close up his affairs as treasurer of the county, come to New York, collect from Barnsfield the twenty-eight thousand dollars which he owed Huron County for taxes on his mineral rights, transfer it to the county, and then settle his own affair with Barnsfield. After that, if he got away, he would go back to the Jacques Cartier River; but he would likely not get away.

"Have you seen Barnsfield?" said Randolph Mason.

"Yes," replied the man; "I went to him yesterday to collect these taxes, and he tried to beat me even on that. He was hard up he said, he had no ready money; but he would give me bonds of the Empire Copper Company if I would take these bonds at par and turn over the tax receipts to him. I refused, and he asked me to come back to-day at one o'clock."

Randolph Mason turned to me.

"What are these bonds worth?" he said.

"They are not listed on the stock exchange," I answered; "but there is a curb market for them at seventy-five cents."

Randolph Mason walked over to the window and stood looking out at the heavy snow-flakes driving against the glass. The big northerner waited, but Mason remained motionless, his hands behind him. Finally the man took up his hat and put it on.

"Well," he said, "is there any trail out?"

Mason turned abruptly. "Go back to Barnsfield," he said, "and take his bonds at par for the taxes. Mr. Parks will accompany you and write into the tax receipts that these taxes are paid in full by the delivery to you of the bonds, setting out the number and denomination, as you receive them. Give Barnsfield the receipts, and come back to me."

The man was agast. "Why, sir," he said, "you cannot mean that! I would be a damned fool to do that. The county would be losing ten thousand dollars to take the bonds at par."

"Obey me," said Randolph Mason, and he turned back to the window.

"All right," said the big fellow, "you're the doctor. What you say goes, but it certainly does sound damn fool."

I went with him to Barnsfield. We crossed the snow-clad street, walked in under a gigantic granite arch and took a steel cage to the twenty-fourth floor. A limp youth led us to the copper magnate in a wing of the building above Broadway. Barnsfield was inclined a little to display in his setting. There was a silk Oriental rug on the floor, on the walls were rare prints, with here and there a gross imitation of a master. Barnsfield evidently took his art as prescribed by the foreign agents. The only table in the room was a huge piece of shining mahogany heavy with carvings in atrocious taste, the sort of thing which the full pocket gets when it leaves its selection to the dealer. Behind it was Barnsfield. I got the impression of something cold

and pudgy, when I looked at him. A like impression awaits the spectator before the glass box at the end of the line in the National Aquarium at Naples—a deep-sea thing in a nest of weeds.

He was a tall man, fattened out of shape, fat crowding his eyes back, distending his jowls, sagging his chin. His hair was light and thin, brushed smooth to his poll. His eyes were dull, the eyes which Victor Hago warned against, the cloudy eyes covering mines, rifle-plots, trenches manned with cannon shot to the muzzle and the fuse smoking. A fat hand, illuminated by a great Kafr diamond, flopped about on the mahogany table. He showed no apparent interest at the arrival of Baldue, but he was a bit uneasy over me. His fingers wandered to an electric button, the nails scratching the rim of it.

"Mr. Barnsfield," began Baldue, "I came back about those taxes."

Barnsfield looked inquiringly at me. "Yes," he said. He wished to know who I was before his answers became more than monosyllabic.

"That's my lawyer's secretary," said Baldue. "I have concluded to take your chips and whetstones. They are better than nothing; but I want Mr. Parkes to look at them."

The explanation cleared Barnsfield's face. If Baldue was bringing Huron County up to be quietly sheared of ten thousand dollars, a lawyer's secretary, merely to examine the wording of the bonds, was a detail to be pleased over. He dived down into the drawers of his desk, fished out a package of bonds and laid them on the table.

"Good five per cents," he said, "secured by a mortgage on all the copper properties in the county, including plants, tram-roads and improvements to be hereafter made. In six months they will be worth a hundred and twenty."

I looked carefully at the bonds. They were in the usual form of such securities, printed on bank-note paper, with a picture on the back of the huge copper pot, tipped over, pouring out a stream of gold pieces. They were

of a first issue of the Empire Copper Company, limited to a million dollars, and in denominations of one thousand. I smiled at the confidence of Barnsfield. There were exactly twenty-eight of these in the pack. He had pinned them up for Baldue.

Barnsfield patted the bundle of securities with his fat hand. "There are the bonds," he said; "now give me the tax receipts signed by you as treasurer."

Baldue took a big leather pocket-book from his coat and handed me the tax receipts. I wrote into them, "Paid this day by the delivery to the treasurer of Huron County of twenty-eight bonds of the Empire Copper Company, numbered three hundred and fifty to three hundred and seventy-seven inclusive." Then Baldue signed them and handed them over to Barnsfield.

He placed the package in a pigeon-hole of his desk, and came up from behind it transfixed. The chill in the air was gone, the hidden ice-does were melted; the low-lying fogs were golden in the sun. He had not imagined that the things could be done so easily. He had looked for long wrangling, delays, a siege. It was like the answer to prayer put into one's hands while they were clasped. One ought to go wreathed in smiles when events waited at one's beck so courteously.

He chorled softly in his throat when he was well back into his chair, and beamed on us; then he talked. He was glad to see Jean Baldue again, pleased to meet me. He was thirst for news from the copper land, aching with wonder about the inexplicable delay in the Great Lakes Railroad in building its line. It was his dearest, most closely cherished hope to see the citizens of Huron County wax rich from the development which he intended should be made on the south shore of Lake Superior. He hunted vaguely at large good fortune which the future held for Baldue, a future of which he, Barnsfield, was in some esoteric way the directing over-lord. He wanted a long, intimate, personal talk with Baldue. He must come

that night with him to dine, and I, too; he especially wished me to come. I had found favor in his sight. There would be only the three of us—his family were in Florida. It would be an informal, friendly dinner, but a good one; he would see to that. He would not be refused, his fat arms waved refusals into distant limbo.

I looked to see the deep fairs in Jean Baldue break through; but he accepted the invitation on the spot for the two of us at eight o'clock that evening.

Barnsfield lighted us to the door with smiles, and there we left him, kneading his pudgy hands and thanking Providence that the human game, like no other, lacked instinct to protect it.

We went back to the office without a word. Randolph Mason looked at the bonds and then directed me to go out and sell them for what I could get. I sold the bonds on the curb for seventy cents on the dollar and got the cash in large bills. Randolph Mason handed this money to Jean Baldue and told him to go back to the Jacques Cartier River. The man was puzzled and angry. Was this all that Mason could do—cause him to collect the taxes of Huron County at a loss of some nine thousand dollars, embezzle the money and hide out for the rest of his life? He could do better than that. The open way of the great north was a better one. He would send the money to Huron County; then he would go to Barnsfield's little informal dinner and square the account with him.

I came forward then, and begged Mason to explain what he meant by his plan. As the matter stood, Baldue could not do even as he himself suggested. He could not send the money to Huron County, and leave New York clear. The sum he had lacked, nine thousand dollars of paying the taxes. He had surrendered and receipted for the taxes in full, twenty-eight thousand dollars. If he sent back nineteen thousand, he would be instantly charged with theft of the other nine. Explanations would

hardly avail him. He would certainly be extradited and imprisoned.

Randolph Mason went over to a bookcase, got down a volume of Reports of the State of Michigan, and sat down with it between the two of us as a tutor might do with puzzled little boys. He read the case, marking with his finger in the book, very carefully to us. I saw instantly the intent of his plan, but he went on, explaining in lucid detail the effect of $\frac{1}{2}$ on Baldue, on Barnsfield, on Huron County, the equities which it adjusted, the necessity of government which it imposed, the penalties which it evaded, and the ancient, correct, accurate doctrine of law upon which this decision of the Michigan courts is founded.

The tension in Jean Baldue's big body relaxed, the pressure in his face ebbed. He understood the whole scheme to the end now. I do not know of any emaculated language which could give the force and directness of Baldue's own words. He got slowly to his feet, stretched out his arms, filled his big lungs. "By God," he said, "you have got the fat thief on the cross!"

Then he turned to me. "Mr. Parkes," he went on, "I suppose you despised me down to the ground when I agreed to eat with that puffy-throated viper; but I only wanted to get a last chance at him, to tell him what I thought of him, and then to jam his head on the table among his pots. We will go up there to-night, you and I. We will show him how he has caught his own legs in his man-trap. I will tell him some things which he needs to hear; but we will not eat with him. If I were starving in the snowdrifts of Hudson Bay, and he came to find me with a load from the company store, I would not eat with him. I would eat; but I would kill him first."

Barnsfield, like every parvenu, wished to point out for our admiration, all the treasures in his hideous, showy palace before we went in to dinner. The place might have been the storehouse of Kidd in the golden days of the Spanish Main. A carved wood

ceiling from some chateau in Normandy, a marble vase from Sardinia, new Italian bronzes, old Dutch chair-mingled with Chippendale. Heppelwhite, and atrocious things in gilt, tables of the Empire beside Colonial consoles, Moorish corners with old arms, rugs, banners—all the indiscriminate loot of a barbarian with money-sacks.

I admired with discreet and evasive generalities. Baldac said nothing and finally we went in to dinner. I had not seen its like, except at Thanksgiving in a New England farm-house. A turkey on his golden back in a huge platter, a saddle of mutton, trussed fowls, food enough for a ship's crew, piled hot and steaming on the biggest table in New York. He explained that the servants wanted the evening off, and he had ordered the dinner put on so. We were men and would not mind that.

We sat down, and Barnfield put his hands on the tablecloth, closed his puffy eyes, and made ready to invoke a blessing on his house.

Jean Baldac spoke then. "Mr. Barnfield," he said, "I am sick."

Barnfield sprang up, got a decanter of brandy from a sideboard and set it down by Baldac. "There," he said, "that'll fix you."

"No," said Baldac, "nothing will do me any good but to get outside in the air."

Barnfield started toward a door. "Come right here," he said, "on this balcony."

Baldac got up then. "No," he said, "I will go out into the street with Mr. Parks; but, before I go, I want to hand you this six hundred dollars that I owe you," and he took a roll of bills from his waistcoat pocket and laid them on the tablecloth.

Barnfield saw instantly that some climax had arrived, but what he did not know. He came back and sat down in his chair.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," replied Baldac, "that I got only nineteen tracts of land for you in Haron County, so you owe me just nineteen thousand dollars.

You paid me to-day, nineteen thousand, six hundred, which was six hundred too much."

Barnfield's face began to pale. "I don't understand," he said. "I paid the taxes to you. I gave you twenty-eight bonds for them and got the receipt. I did not pay you; I paid the taxes."

"Yes," said Baldac, "you thought you paid the taxes; but you didn't. You paid me. The bonds brought nineteen thousand, six hundred dollars. I gave you back the six hundred now, and our account is square."

Barnfield got up. "I paid the taxes," he said. "I got the tax receipts."

"No," said Baldac, "taxes can only be paid in money. That's the law. You can't pay taxes with property. Your tax receipts are not worth hell-rooms. They acknowledge the payment in bonds."

Barnfield turned to me. "What's all this rot?" he said.

I got up then, and walked around the table. "What Mr. Baldac has said," I answered, "is quite true. Taxes can be paid only in money. If one owing taxes delivers property to the tax officer for them, he does it at his own risk. He does not thereby pay his taxes. If the tax officer keeps the property, the other must repay the taxes in money. The States accept only money for taxes."

"It's embezzlement of taxes," cried Barnfield. "If I have to repay them, he'll have to go to the penitentiary!"

"No," I said, "it is not embezzlement of taxes. It is not any crime at all, for the reason that the tax officer is authorized to collect only money. He has no authority to receive property. Property, if delivered to him, is at its owner's peril. He is not chargeable with embezzlement if he appropriates this property to his own use, nor are his bondsmen liable for it, because they guarantee only a proper accounting of money which the officer receives as taxes."

Barnfield jumped up and started toward a little telephone at the corner of the sideboard. Baldac darted

across the room, smashed the telephone with his knuckles and confronted Barnfield.

"Sit down, you puffy varmint," he said. "Into your chair with you!" And, seizing the man by the shoulders, he whirled him around and forced him down into his chair. Baldac stood over him a moment, his fingers working with restrained savagery. His jaws clamped; his eyes narrowed to a thin line of blue. Then he turned to me. "Let us go," he said, "before I tramp the creature's face out of shape on the floor."

We left Barnfield, wheezing with excitement, his breath gone and his fat hands wabbling about on the arms of his chair.

In the street, Baldac took a deep breath and shook himself like a dog coming out of a slime-vat. "I had to get out of there," he said, "or kill him. Good-by. If you ever need a slave with ten steel fingers, send word of it to Jean Baldac on the Jacques Cartier River," and he was gone.

I took a hansom to the Dresden for a little dinner.

Smoothing the Way of the Working Girl

BY A AUDEN IN THE CIRCLE

The writer calls attention to the welfare work that is being carried on in many of the large business establishments today. The adoption of this policy has proved of great advantage to both employer and employee. The welfare work conducted by the employer has resulted in greater efficiency of work on their part.

Ever since the working-girl became a factor in the great industrial life of our country, we have heard the dismal tale of her wrongs and her hardships. We have heard of the horrors of ill-ventilated rooms, of "starvation wages," of meager, cold lunches, of sordid homes, of insults from brutal employers. But the bright side of the picture we have heard little.

Of the big, airy, clean workshops, of the emergency hospitals with trained nurses in attendance, of the fresh, sweet-smelling rest-rooms, of the lunch-rooms where hot meals may be got at cost—and below cost—of the short hours and holidays, of the vacation outings and Christmas presents, of the generous help in time of need and the countless quiet "lifts" on the side—of all these we hear nothing. Yet they are essentially a part of the equipment of hundreds of employers to-day who are trying to do more than pay good wages, who are seeing to it that their work-people are bright-eyed, quick-fingered, and happy.

For the up-to-date employer has come to realize that it is quite as important from a business point of view

to have a well-preserved workman as a well-oiled machine, and he carries an insurance fund for his people just as he maintains a fund for breakage and repairs on his engines. This insurance fund for the bodies and minds of employees is now officially known as welfare work. It means first and foremost, a provision for the physical comfort of the man and woman who work in the shop; and this means plenty of light and air, good drainage, and a pure water supply. It means, further, elevators and seats for women workers, baths for the dirty, and lunches for the hungry. It may mean later, picnics and balls, popular lectures, club houses, and cooking schools, but for the present the demands of the body are paramount.

In the large mercantile houses of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and various western cities, welfare work has assumed interesting proportions. In these big dry goods emporiums, where, exclusive of factories, more wage-earning women are employed than in any other industry, merchants are finding that it pays—this taking thought for the comfort of their girl workers. It attracts a picked class

of workwomen, and it gives the public better service. Added to this is the very real satisfaction to a valuable class of customers—especially rich women of leisure—who are making it their concern to inquire into the ways of the employer and to deal only where "they are good to their girls."

In many firms a generous policy toward their employees is being carried out, quite aside from any desire on the part of employers to appear generous. On the contrary, these employers are genuinely surprised when they find that what they are doing has attracted attention as a "movement," and that other employers, too, have adopted similar schemes for smoothing the way of the worker. They will tell you, for instance, in a certain large department store in New York City that they are not "doing anything for their employees"—and look at you in amazement for asking—they are merely giving them the "square deal," as far as they know law, in wages and in hours.

"But you have a lunch-room for your girl employees, have you not?" you ask the modest superintendent, and his face lights up. "Just the finest one in the city," he says, with spirit, and takes you up to the top story, where, commanding a fine view of the distant river and the surrounding hamlets, is a big, bright room furnished with scores of little tables spread with snowy cloths, awaiting the noon hour, when the girls troop up in gay groups to buy wholesome items from the store menu or to eat the things they have brought from home.

The superintendent shows you the kitchen, spotlessly clean, and he begs you to sample the food. Here are huge, delicious sandwiches—chicken, ham and tongue—at one cent each; tomato soup at two cents; pork and beans or potato salad at three cents; peas, cakes or ice cream, at three cents.

"A whole dinner for ten cents!" you exclaim. "How can you make it pay?" "We don't," replies the superintendent, smiling, "but then, we don't expect to."

Cash girls, hinders, and stock girls

—those coming under the head of "junior help"—have all the coffee, tea and milk they want free. If one little girl is noticed denying herself lunch—perhaps there is a large family at home—she is quietly provided with free tickets for lunches. No one is ever the wiser—not even her best friends—and often bundles of warm clothing, wraps and shoes and stockings find their way into this same little girl's hands just as quietly.

The rest-room in this store is a spacious, high-ceilinged room with enormous Corinthian pillars supporting the roof, and nine wide plate glass windows across one end, admitting a flood of light. The floor is highly polished and ideal for dancing, and the furniture is of light oak in the old mission style—broad, low tables, deep-seated rockers that fairly swallow one in their wholesome depths, sofas, and straight chairs to match. On the tables are popular magazines and newspapers, and around the walls in racks are thousands of books, which constitute the store's circulating library.

Here a girl may come for a moment's respite in the day's work to read or to chat; and if it happens to be the lunch hour, there is usually a crowd around the piano singing or dancing. In the summer time there are classes in gymnasium work in the open air on the roof.

Adjoining this room on one side is a locker-room, where the employees keep their belongings separate in steel wire cages, and on the other side is the infirmary, or sick-room, where a trained nurse sits ever ready for emergencies.

"You don't have much use for your sick-room, do you?" one asks, looking in on its prim expanse of snowy beds, mirrors and polished glass tables. "Oh, yes," answers the superintendent quickly, "but we regard these two rooms as preventives of sickness rather than as palliatives"; and holding the bright faces of the girls as they relax themselves in the big room, you can easily see how this is true.

For more serious illness there is a

doctor in attendance at the store every day from ten until two o'clock, after which he visits those ill at their homes. A small fee paid into the Mutual Aid Association (which is voluntary) entitles a girl to this service, as well as to all medicines free and to two-thirds of her weekly salary during illness. In addition, there are death benefits of \$50 and \$100, and an emergency loan fund, from which as much as \$500 may be drawn without the delay of red tape in time of stress, and paid back at leisure without interest.

There are, in New York, at least four other department stores where the comfort of employees is considered as generously as in the above mentioned establishment. In two of these, beautiful bathrooms, with arrangements for showers and plunge baths, are part of the equipment; in another, a roof-garden and a swimming pool are promised features. In a Sixth Avenue store, a new rest-room, just established on the top floor of the building, opens out onto the most superb, high-balconied roof, where it is contemplated in the summer to spread an awning, put a platform for dancing, and to have music—perhaps an old "dusky" with a "fiddle"—anything, the manager says, to keep the girls off the street.

A Fourteenth Street store creates no little amusement among shoppers by its custom of closing all day on Saturdays during the Summer months, in order that its sales people may have the benefit of the holiday. This firm also makes a point of retaining its clerks and of advancing them as rapidly as possible to higher positions. Until recently it maintained a store school to further this purpose. Junior employees were instructed several hours a week in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, writing and commercial correspondence, that they might be prepared to enter as soon as possible into some special line of the business. The John Wanamaker store, of Philadelphia, develops this idea more elaborately and gains through the military drill, which is part of the course, a fine discipline over its younger employees.

In the Wanamaker Commercial Institute there are 600 boys and girls under twenty years of age. Part of each day is devoted to class work in the big schoolroom, where not only common school branches are taught, but book-keeping, stenography, type-writing, and business correspondence. The store duties are considered part of the course, and the young student is marked monthly not only in studies, but in conduct—in such things as obedience, promptness, honesty, politeness, personal appearance, and efficiency in store service. Upon this monthly or "store average" depends promotion and increase in salary. A diploma at the end—which may mean one or several years—marks enrollment into a position in the regular ranks of the store's department. Out of the interest in the store school work have grown many musical and social clubs and a strong esprit de corps among the younger employees.

At East-side firm which takes more pride in keeping its girls than in anything else, has a custom of sending all women employees to Far Rockaway Beach for a week's outing during the Summer. Various amusements, such as trolley rides, picnics, bathing parties, and coaching, are prepared ahead of time, the firm's expense. This firm is especially kind to girls who show signs of a delicate constitution, sending them to sanatoriums at Lake Koshqua, New York, and insisting that they remain there until entirely restored.

Of all the Summer vacation plans of department stores, that of the Stiegel-Cooper Company is perhaps the most elaborate. The firm has its own cottage, expensively furnished down at Long Branch, where the girls are added in groups of sixty to a week's entertainment. At first the scheme was unpopular. The girls did not take kindly to a plan that seemed to have a scent of charity in it. But a tactful move of the firm's welfare secretary brought success out of failure. Instead of the little cards announcing coolly that one was "eligible to a week's outing at the company's

expense," formal invitations were issued, requesting the pleasure of Miss So and So's presence as the company's guest for the week beginning such a date and ending such a date. Now scarcely a girl refuses the gay visit to the shore.

Set in the midst of the beautiful grounds, in which are swings and hammocks and rustic seats and trim tennis courts, surrounded by wide verandahs and but a stone's throw from the beach, the cottage is a fascinating spot to spend a week. Every hour there is something to do; the daily dip in the surf, the sun bath, the long walks, and in the afternoon the social pleasures thoughtfully arranged beforehand by the company—theatre parties, trolley rides, clam-bakes, lawn fetes—then the long, deep sleep with the salt air filling one's lungs and the boom of the sea in one's ears. It is not surprising that the girls return from these jaunts rosy, tanned, and several pounds heavier.

The hostess of the occasion, and she who makes things go smoothly at the cottage, is the welfare secretary. A woman of remarkable sweetness, tact, and good sense, she occupies the most unique position in the business world. It is to the welfare secretary that the girls as well as the men of the store come to settle the many thousand little difficulties that make up the "personal equation" in the business life. A dispute between a salesgirl and a floor-walker, an unfair discharge, a lost check book—whatever, indeed, involves discontent, imposition, or misunderstanding, there is her presence called for to smooth the way. She is a court of justice and confidential adviser to both employer and employed; but, most of all, she is the champion of the girl worker.

In settling a complaint, the welfare secretary listens patiently to both sides of the story: to the girl whose days are made miserable by the martinet rule of a department head; to the man whose patience is exhausted by the girl's unruly temper. Then the secretary gives her decision, from which there is practically no appeal. If it is a question of the man's morals, the

store detectives are put to work and his actions closely watched until there is sufficient proof to ask for his removal.

The girls who fall below the average in their sales are sent to the secretary for encouragement. "How does it happen, dear?" she inquires sympathetically; and slowly, haltingly, the story comes out. Perhaps it is because of sickness at home; the girl has had to sit up all night with her baby brother; perhaps there is the family washing to be done after hours—it is not always the dance hall that takes the color from the salesgirl's cheeks. Yet, if she is lying, if her failure really is due to indifference or inattention, it is for the secretary, with her keen insight into human nature, to discover, and her duty to inspire the girl with ambition and courage for her task.

The work leads naturally into the homes. When a new little boy or girl is engaged whose instruction in personal adornment has been of the meagerest, an early summons to the presence of the welfare secretary is in order.

"How many are there in your family?" that kind lady asks. "And have you a bath tub in your apartment? No. A wash stand, then, with a spigot? * * * Then how do you take your baths?" This in very mild surprise, and gently.

"I don't know," offers the new incumbent weakly. And thereupon the secretary gives him—it is usually a him, for little girls have been known to trudge five weary tenements flights for a face wash—some free tickets to the city's public baths. And it is not long before she makes an opportunity to visit the little one's home.

It is on these visits—tactful, very tactful visits!—that a little help extended in time of need has set a whole family on its feet. Sometimes it is the sight of a child crying in the store that leads to the knowledge of a death in her home and a very low ebb in the family treasury. It may be merely "two dollars to pay the butcher, so he will send us more meat," that is the immediate need, and in such

a crisis the welfare secretary from a private fund in her possession, of which none knows but herself, advances the money.

In every community the needs of the working people are different. In industries like the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, where 17,000 employees with their families are practically dependent on the company for civilizing influences, the scope of the sociological department is immense. Here are 80,000 persons, representing twenty-seven different nationalities, speaking their native tongues and as alien to one another as they are to the customs of their adopted country. A single item of the firm's enormous system of educational and social institutions is thirteen kindergartens, where 900 little tots are being molded into the unity their parents lack and are laying the foundations of a future industrial peace in this country, where most of the boys will succeed their fathers as workmen.

Similarly, in the southern cotton mills welfare work is concerned in establishing schools and social centres for the children of employees, that they may come up to the ranks capable and well-trained workmen.

There are few factories of prominence to-day which do not evidence a willingness on the part of employers to avoid physical waste of employees by installing the latest labor-saving devices. No longer, for instance, does one see the factory girl climbing six or seven flights of stairs to her work. An electric elevator, or an escalator, such as in a Massachusetts woolen mill, distributes 2,000 employees to six floors in five minutes, it now the vehicle of her rise. Devices for warming and cooling the air delivered to

workrooms by drawing it over coils of steam pipes in Winter and forcing it through cold water in Summer are common.

The formerly much-pitied holder of a "walking job" in a factory—a girl who had to attend several machines—now has a comparatively easy time of it in a roller chair fitted into a grooved rail, upon which she moves easily from one machine to another. Chairs with back rests have superseded the old high stools in packing factories, and the pathetic figure of the hungry girl heaving stale coffee on a bannister went out with the advent of gas stoves and a lunch room.

It is an ignorant employer, indeed, who does not take the simple precautions necessary to save his women employees from annoyances and insults at the hands of their male coworkers. The mere fixing of different times of arrival and departure for men and women settles many of the difficulties. Where girls are allowed to come three minutes later than the men in the morning and to depart three minutes earlier in the evening, they go in comfort; and the moral significance of this comfort is large.

Since state laws do not provide these comforts, some other agency is necessary. The National Civic Federation, through its welfare department, fills the want. This is an organization of over 250 of the most prominent employers in the country, who meet to exchange ideas and to spread the results of their experience to other employers.

The fundamental conditions for successful welfare work, upon which employers insist, are good wages, reasonable hours, and the promise of continuous work.

The wise prove, and the foolish confess by their conduct that a life of employment is the only life worth living.—Paley.

The Exile of Drusilla

BY ORRIN SEWELL IN LONDON CONVENT

To render her loneliness bearable she attempts a companion. The subsequent events have been amplified in fiction.

It was the doctor who finally banished Drusilla.

"No excitements—no late hours—absolute rest and plain living for three weeks," he commanded. There was savage satisfaction in his tone.

Drusilla threw her large blue baby-eyes reproachfully at him and pouted her cherry lips rebelliously.

"Nothing but sleep, swallows, and stagnation?" she wailed. "I shall die, doctor! I wasn't built rural—cream makes me sick and country walks make me feel suicidal. Mayn't I—"

"No, you may not," clipped in the doctor. He was fifty-five, and possessed a susceptible son. He disapproved strongly of Drusilla. "Lonecombe stands high—the air is excellent; you won't know yourself in a week."

He took up his hat. Drusilla looked to her adoring mother for support; but her adoring mother developed an unexpected firmness, and went over to the opposition, lock, stock and barrel.

"Clive can go with you," she said. (Clive was her own maid.) "You know, Dru, darling, you didn't look at your breakfast this morning, and your father says—"

Drusilla moaned; her father was the only person on earth for whom she entertained any feelings of awe.

She went to her bonnet, banged the door, and contemplated exile in a very naughty frame of mind indeed.

They had rooms in a cottage (quite the orthodox cottage, with creepers and roses about the door, and a thatched roof, which Drusilla disrespectfully called its *toupee*), and everything en suite.

Clive did the cooking, and a woman who smelt of sawdust (her husband was a carpenter) came in from the village to clean.

A week passed, and Drusilla had not been seen to smile.

The contemplation of a perfect array of masculine photographs with which she had redecorated the little parlor did not afford her even the second-hand consolation she had hoped.

On the second day of the second week Drusilla spent the morning with a novel on the river bank, and came back to dinner late for the first time. Furthermore, when the sawdust lady sat down by accident on an omelette she positively laughed.

That afternoon she wrote home for her two most becoming Summer muslins and the new Romney hat, "which ought to have come from Violetta's by now, mother, dear. This place is getting so unbearably hot."

Her mother was only too thankful that the "poor, dear child" took enough interest in life to ask for anything, but her father was a trifle suspicious. However, pending the opportunity to investigate, the garments were dispatched.

The little river gurgled between them—laughing it may be! He was decidedly good to look at—tall, broad, and well put together. But he wasn't impressionable—all the better! A conquest that is too easy is apt (if we may use a mixed metaphor) to taste flat.

Drusilla had dropped two handkerchiefs (new ones) into the stream which flowed between them. She had slipped on an imaginary stone, been badly stung by a fictitious bee, and all to no effect.

Certainly there was no bridge, but the originals of the photographs would have made nothing of a trifling drawback like that.

She became seriously annoyed. It was too detestable of him to sit there day by day under the great tree with what looked like his sketch-book across his knees, apparently working as if youth and beauty weren't calling

him from the opposite bank. But for an appealing idea that he had more than once sketched her, Drusilla would have been tempted to aim a stone at his head with a view to waking him up. In turn she tried every device in her repertoire with no effect. Then she became serious. Somehow she had never craved anything in all her life as she did this man's admiration. He should admire her—he must lose his head and go mad about her, like other people—he must throw his stupid sketch-book aside and—

Here Drusilla's thoughts careered off with her.

His arms were strong, his chest broad; his Norfolk suit and worsted stockings exactly suited him. He made Drusilla feel humble; usually she felt domineering.

For the next week she worked hard. Perhaps he disapproved of novels and smart gowns.

She sent to her dressmaker's for a simple blue zephyr (the simplicity came expensive, as simplicity generally does), and entirely (to use Clive's own expression) flatter-gasted that respectable soul by insisting on acquiring the art of knitting.

Progress continued slow, however. Occasionally the dark eyes of her vis-a-vis flashed a look in her direction—only for a moment; then they bent down over the everlasting sketch-book. It was shyness, Drusilla decided—appalling shy—she was unused to women—she had met such cases before; even stronger encouragement was what he wanted.

She had waited until the last day, for with all her daring she somehow quailed a little before the inconceivable calm of this man; and then she played her trump card.

She was looking her best—dragged hair and clinging garments could not spoil that.

A flower grew on a tuft of grass jutting over the stream. She reached for it, singing softly to herself—over-balanced—ah!—a pregnant instant passed and then a Romney hat floated up the stream and a pair of blue zephyrs arched above the water widely.

It was deeper than she had bargained for. Two haymakers, busy in the adjoining field, eventually fished Drusilla out gasping, cold, and furiously irate. Underneath the tree the man in the Norfolk suit still bent over his sketch-book.

Drusilla was crying with rage. Perhaps some indefinite words, coupled with the scathing looks she cast at the opposite bank, penetrated to the recess where one of the haymakers kept his sense of humor. At any rate he spoke:

"Unlucky for 'ee, miss, as 'ee fell in with only poor Muster Cowell by. His wife do bring him out of a warnin' to read his queer books and get the air. He's blind, miss—'e thought you was a dog belike."

"'E thought you was a dog belike!"

The little river gurgled on, wassily-takably laughing now.

The next day Drusilla went home.

Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success.—Phelps.

Frank A. Munsey

PRINTERS INK

The name "Munsey" is known to millions. This article gives an opportunity to know something of the man behind the name and the business he has built up.

Just about twenty-five years have passed since Munsey started with tory books and some manuscripts. He is going yet.

"Who's Who in America" says Munsey was born in Mercer, Maine, August 21, 1854. Mercer must have felt Munsey's departure acutely, for it is so small in population as to hardly have a place on the map. Munsey got his education in the public schools, started working in a country store, became telegraph operator, and then manager for the Western Union at Augusta, and struck New York in 1882—his real start. To-day, at fifty-two, he is the chief matrimonial prize in the publishing business, being still unmarried. When he is in New York he lives at Sherry's, where a few upper floors are devoted to select boarders.

If asked who makes the most money as a publisher, on a basis of revenue per publication, the well informed observer would unhesitatingly reply: "Cyrus Curtis." But when one asks who makes most out of his plant, the reply is "Munsey."

Some magazines are conducted with literature as the chief purpose. Others are conducted on a news basis. Still others are straight publishing properties. Munsey long ago learned, however, that a magazine has little to do with news, and nothing at all remotely connected with literature, but that it is purely a manufacturing proposition, with two objects uppermost—first, to give readers the largest possible quantity of clean, desirable goods for a minimum price, and second, to turn out the product as cheaply as possible. It is a common objection of advertisers that the Munsey magazines are cheap. To this, his reply is, "We know it, and if there were any way of making them cheaper we would adopt it."

When Munsey started his Golden

Argosy he thought 10,000 impressions of a sixty-four page form on a cylinder press in one day a big output. But now, over at his huge mechanical plant on East 25th Street they print 45,000 impressions in a day, per press, and ninety-six pages at that, and are installing rotaries that will print them in four colors, at this rate. More than 1,100 tons of paper are consumed there monthly, and 2,700,000 magazines turned out every thirty days. They spout from the rotaries at the rate of a thousand "signatures" a minute, and the edition of a publication like the Argosy is printed in five days.

At the office in Madison Building is found another department of the business that, with this mechanical plant, seems to embody the esoteric secrets of its success. This is the Red Star News Company. The latter grew out of Munsey's battle with the American News Company, when that corporation named four cents as the maximum price it would pay him for a ten-cent magazine. To-day he gets seven cents from the newsdealer for one or for a million copies, and his distribution is so wide that almost any magazine that Munsey devises and says will go with the public has only to be checked into this great distributing organization of his. It goes from the first month as a paying proposition. Few manufacturers in any industry have a distributing organization like it.

What is even more interesting about Munsey than his successes, however, are his failures. No man has more of them to his credit. If he ever writes the story of them it will probably be the most practical and instructive piece of business literature ever issued. Munsey has made failures that everybody knows about, and failures that only a few remember, and failures that were hardly heard of at all,

and have been long forgotten. He has tried everything, good and bad. The tabloid idea in daily papers got in its work on him years ago, and resulted in the New York Daily Continent, which went to press at 10:30 p.m. for country consumption. There was no rural mail service then, and he tried it in New York City, while the logical place to pull off such an affair would have been in the Middle West. He has put out magazines that had to be taken in again, and invested a mint of money in daily papers. His property list to-day indicates a few of the experiments that he has embarked in—he owns seven magazines (at this writing), two daily newspapers, eleven grocery stores, a printing plant, a news company and an office building at Washington.

Three months of last year he spent in Europe and Egypt, and while he is away a little energetic man named Dewart runs the whole shooting match for him. Munsey is in Egypt now. His staff hopes he will stay there for a few weeks longer, because when he comes back he will probably have two or three more magazines drafted out and ready to publish. He goes away ostensibly to take a rest himself. But as the thing really works out, it is to give his staff a surcease.

His magazine properties have been built up solidly on their circulation side that only one as yet is among the first-class mediums in volume of advertising—the Munsey. The Argosy is nearly twenty-five years old, yet it carries to-day less than seventy-five pages of advertising in the best months, and the others have scarcely twenty pages apiece. Only within the past year has advertising development been seriously undertaken for his secondary periodicals. The Munsey is said to carry more actual paid business than any other standard size monthly in the whole field, figuring in agent lines. It has no swaps, and in point of cleanliness of business is as rigidly restricted as any publication of any character. From present indications there will

be "something doing" in the advertising sections of the others before long. But this field of development has only just been taken up. According to the Munsey idea, advertising is a by-product. What he wants is the reader and his little time. And while his publications may not be beautiful to look upon, nor fitted for high-brow readers, there is no dodging the fact that they get it.

A man said to Munsey not long ago that he seemed to be the only American magazine publisher developing the industry along English lines—a separate magazine for every class of readers in the population. "If you keep on," said the man, "you will be the Harmsworth of America."

"My boy," was the reply, "I hope to see the day when Harmsworth will be referred to as the Munsey of Great Britain."

He is now right in the midst of realizing this hope. Within the past two years have come the Scrap Book, Woman, the Railroad Man's Magazine and Ocean. Nobody knows when the steel trade, the farm, the textile industries, the mercantile field, will be invaded. Take the list of occupations furnished by the census and do your own speculating.

But it may be said with almost the certainty of a guarantee that whatever Munsey chooses to publish nowadays will be profitable from the start. That is a queer public of his. It comes nearer being the "plain people" than any other public belonging to any other publisher in this country. Even Hearst's public, wide as it is, may be built upon a transitory discontent which will vanish with changing conditions, as it has lately vanished in the magazine field. Gilbert K. Chesterton says that the polite reading known as Literature is kept up largely as an artificial demand. It is an acquired taste. But the Munsey brand of reading is the great man demand, and if publishers don't supply the people they will supply themselves by myth and folklore. It is certainly easy enough to sniff at Munsey's public as something that anybody

might cater to by lowering his standards. But even Munsey hasn't found it all smooth sailing. Among his prosperous agnostics can also be found some battered hulks of wrecked maga-

zines, uncharted and forgotten. From these, as much as from his successes, doubtless, he learned his little lesson. To-day he knows, and is only fifty-odd. Watch him.

Shall We Ever Fly to Business?

BY A. H. ADAMS, IN PRATTON'S WEEKLY

The author of this article is now leaving England abroad, after three years of experience in all side to point on the one hand and prospects of the aeroplane.

EXPERT opinions seem to differ very largely as to when the conquest of the air will become an accomplished fact; but, at the same time, those best qualified to judge make no manner of doubt that aerial flight will be perfected.

When? Well, my own opinion is that within two years the real secrets of flying will be secrets no longer, and, indeed, it is quite possible that we shall then have ceased to regard the aeroplane with the feeling of awe which that intricate machine seems to inspire at the present time.

I have heard it stated a number of times by people with knowledge that when the perfect aeroplane is discovered the remedy for overcrowded traffic will have been discovered at the same time, and that in the future it will be a no more uncommon sight to see a business man flying to his daily work than it is to-day to see him setting out in the morning on his motor-car. But with this view I may say at once that I cannot for a moment agree, for the fact must never be overlooked that there will always be a certain amount of danger attending any attempt to conquer the air, and I scarcely think that many men will be found to take risks when there is little or nothing to be gained therefrom.

However, for military purposes the importance of aerial flight cannot possibly be overrated, and all nations in the near future will inevitably have to recognize the great possibilities of flying machines as weapons of war, in which capacity they are in every way more suited than balloons.

Still, doubtless for many years to come, a trip in a flying machine will be a far more dangerous pastime than in a balloon, for, however perfect the former may be, the difficulties of an accurate descent, which is liable at any moment perhaps to become unpleasantly rapid, cannot be ignored.

Since the immense possibilities of the aeroplane have become so widely recognized, it has been a matter of the greatest surprise to me that there should still be found some, thinking persons whose imaginations have such pronounced limitations that they cannot yet grasp the fact that in the future the aeroplane will plan an important part in the history of the world. Moreover, there will seem to be a too prevalent impression also that aerial flight will be a pastime confined to the rich only, solely because a poor or "moderate-income man" could not stand the expense of the initial outlay.

Here, again, a great mistake is being made, for, although, of course, at first the flying machine will perhaps be outside the reach of those not too well blessed with this world's goods, yet, without a shadow of doubt, as in the case of motor-cars, there will soon be a great reduction in price, and I confidently look forward to the day when the aeroplane will be within the reach of almost everyone.

Trials and experiments go on apace, and I am not exaggerating when I say that the conquest of the air is now occupying the attention of the greatest authorities on aerial flight throughout the length and breadth of the world.

All sorts and kinds of reasons have recently been given to account for the failure to conquer the air up to date, but I think the majority of these reasons will not bear the light of sound argument—they are, in fact, the outcome of "probing too deep."

Now, I may say that for fifteen years I have been making a steady and exhaustive study of the art of flying, and these years of experimenting have proved to me that the only real difficulty which has hitherto stood in the way of the unchallenged advance of the aeroplane has been the fact that it has been found impossible to secure a sufficiently powerful motor which is at the same time sufficiently light. That is the crux of the whole question.

For instance, when that intrepid aeronaut, Monsieur Dumont, recently made a successful flight on an aeroplane, it was only with a 50-h.p. Antoinette motor. Since then, however, the plucky little Brazilian has ordered a 100-h.p. engine, which is so weigh only 220 lbs.; in other words, the weight per horse-power will be only 2.2 lbs.

What an immense difference this will make time alone can prove; but, personally, I am convinced that those who desire to compete for the honor of first achieving the conquest of the air and who work on the lines I have suggested—namely, to find a sufficiently powerful motor which is sufficiently light—will be progressing on the right lines.

However, confident as I am in the immense possibilities of the aeroplane and of the power it will wield in warfare, yet I do not think, as I have said, it is ever likely to plan an important part in the commercial history of the world. And those who picture as delusions of the future aerial flight instead of motor or bicycling trips will have a long time to wait before they see their dreams realized.

Honeymoon couples, too, who, with a praiseworthy desire for solitude, picture themselves seeking a peaceful half-hour on the top of some ivy-covered tower, will also be doomed to disappointment.

In other words, many years must elapse before the aeroplane exercises any powerful influence over our daily lives. But in warfare it will prove a revolutionizing factor, and I am not indulging in any Jules Verne flight of imagination when I say that the day will surely come, maybe it will not come in this generation or the next, but it will come, nevertheless—when battles will be fought in mid-air. Then what will become of our warships? In truth, the subject is an intensely interesting one.

At the present time not the least interesting factor in the "aerial flight equation" is the international competition as to which nation will secure the honor of being the first to overcome the problem of sky-flying. This side of the question must appeal strongly to every patriot, and, although there are people who will tell you that where innovations are concerned John Bull is hopelessly behind the times, I nevertheless feel that this taunt is unjustified.

Britons may, perhaps, be slow to grasp the possibilities of a new enterprise, but when they have grasped it, to use an expressive Americanism, "they want a darned lot of stopping." Let it be remembered, therefore, by other nations that to-day Britons, stimulated by valuable prizes offered on all sides, have realized, and in no half-hearted manner, the immense future which lies before the aeroplane.

Moreover, I am not exaggerating when I say that there is little doubt that when the conquest of the air is an accomplished fact, the discovery will, from a "warlike" point of view, change the destiny of nations. But those who imagine that either this generation or the next will witness the day when the business men will fly to business are surely doomed to disappointment.

And the reason for this, as I have said, is not far to seek. Thousands of men will gladly risk their lives to benefit their country, but how many would be prepared to incur similar risks to add their business? The question, I think, answers itself.

Dealers in Human Honesty

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS IN MOODY'S MAGAZINE

How the surety bond companies carry on their business.

In these troubled times, which future historians may term the "Muck Rake Era," it is enheartening, and restful to find a great branch of corporate business which not only does not lie in the shadow of any suspicion of ambiguous operations but which is based solidly and confidently on the proposition that honesty is a gold mine—the veritable Klondike of human nature. This business is that of the Surety Bond Companies.

"May it not correctly be said that yours is a business founded on the truth underlying the old proverb, 'Honesty is the best policy,' and that the millions of dollars invested in it are risked on the assumption that most men are honest men?" was the question asked the president of one of the greatest of the surety bond companies.

He replied: "Do not say that we 'risk' our capital. There is no risk. Change the word 'assumption' to the word 'knowledge.' We know that most men are honest. We have proved that idea. We are simply merchants. We buy honesty, and sell it—at a profit; and we consider that our traffic does not impair the original value of our merchandise but rather preserves its value, increases it, indeed. See now! We bond any man who handles money, guaranteeing the owners of the money against loss through the possible dishonesty of its handler. We charge from 1-4 to 1 per cent. to 1-2 of 1 per cent. of the amount of the bond. Think of the odds against us! No gambler in his senses would take such odds. And we are not gamblers, but business men, operating a sure thing. We absolutely know that we are on the safe side; we know that 999 men out of 1,000 are honest. Of course, not all the surety bond companies succeed, not all can make profits. This, however, is because they are not properly managed. The business itself is built

on bed-rock—on unalterable human honesty."

And yet, as the headlines of the newspapers show, dishonesty is rampant—or seems to be so. Every day men run away with or divert to their own uses, the money of others. The Hipples and Stenslands, the defaultering cashiers, the thousands of lesser runaways whose pockets bulge with loot—to say nothing about the undetected thieves—are always with us. Very well. But don't let us forget that ours is a biggish country. Let us remember that there are millions of men and women in places of trust who do not steal. The honest, stable folks supply no sensational stories. We do not photograph, interview and celebrate the humdrum, steady, honest people. It is that one defaulter out of a thousand honest money handlers of whom we hear. The bondsmen, or the bond company, pays the penalty for guaranteeing the one-out-of-a-thousand defaulter. Then the surety bond company pays out some more money on his account—getting him into jail. Meanwhile it derives sure profits and ample dividends from the rock-ribbed honesty of the 999.

Not blindly do they put their trust in men—and back it with their dollars. The officials of these companies are specialists in the analysis and judging of human nature. They are practical psychologists. As a tea taster cultivates his taste for the various qualities of the herb, or a buyer for a silk house develops his knowledge of that fabric, so also do they learn to probe the springs of human actions, to catalogue the table of temptations, and value the shifting, elusive, complex elements of human probity or falseness.

To make an application to one of the companies for a bond is to foretaste judgment. You must throw open

your book life and let all its pages be scanned. Not only you, but your relatives, enemies, friends, employers past and present—all who have knowledge of you—must answer questions cunningly calculated to yield information concerning your past life and the character resultant from that life. You are, in a word, caught up by a complex and elaborate machine—built up after years of experimenting—and are not released until every shred of information possible to be extracted from you has been garnered.

So essentially important is it to the surety bond companies that they should possess reliable data on all that concerns modern human character, so that they may wisely frame their questions to applicants and judge the applicants, that there is now a movement among them to hold a joint conference on the subject. They wish to exchange their experiences, debate their various theories, and, in short, go as far as they can toward the formation of a definite set of rules for their guidance in the misty and complex maze—the region of human nature—in which they adventure their fortunes as the merchants of old times risked their agogies in unknown seas.

There is already in existence an institution which might be termed a clearing house of human character—a company in Philadelphia which the surety companies support, and to which they send reports of their experiences and methods, these reports being exchanged among the companies. What the companies seek is nothing short of absolute standards of honesty. The confess that they are still far distant from that ideal.

Turning to the actual conditions to-day, let us look at the workings of these complex organizations. How, actually, do they now judge their applicants for bonds? Who are the honest men, according to these practiced judges of honesty? Are married men, for instance, as a class more honest than single men?—city dwellers than countrymen?—college men than the less formally educated?—native-born than foreign citizens? The list might be indefinitely extended, but

the consideration of these questions will throw light on the subject; and to some of them definite answers can be furnished.

And to many others definite answers cannot be given. The accurate judging of the qualities and circumstances which complicate the question of a man's actual or potential honesty is a big, hard job—and none are readier to admit this fact than the surety company officials themselves. So many complex considerations affect the problem! You can dissect a man's soul as you may his body. You can't count and name his impulses, emotions, temptations as you may his nerves and his muscles.

Here, however, are some of the general considerations which the surety company people have arrived at.

Broadly speaking, married men are better risks than single men. He is more settled. He has a greater sense of responsibility. He is more stable. And yet, too, there are many disadvantages. You may have too many children to support, having regard to the amount of your salary. Your wife may be extravagant. Or you may have invalids among your family, the care of whom increases your expenses. Thus the very duties which rest upon the manhood of those on whom they devolve, may, by becoming too onerous, break down the barriers of their honesty.

You are a college man? Or you are not? Well, it makes little difference, speaking broadly, with the surety people, so far as your honesty is concerned. But you were an athlete at college? A point in your favor. Your physical condition, your stamina, is apt to be good, which decidedly "helps some" in the preservation of your moral strength.

Government employes—federal, state, county or city officials, are not as safe risks as the employees of private concerns or individuals. The trouble is that so many public officers are place-hunters, apologetic, politicking seeking to feather their own nests rather than to be faithful to their obligations.

You are a foreign-born citizen? The

fact in itself is not against you. But if your family and friends are living abroad; if you have struck no roots into this soil by marriage, or by having your family here, then it may be that some day the affliction of that very real ill, nostalgia, homesickness, may come to you, and drive you back to your own land—with somebody else's money.

Countryman or city man—all's one to the surety people, provided that in either case your environment, your friends, family, your standing in your little world, are good. Suppose, however, that you live near a race track, where the bacillus of temptation to bet is in the air—or in a poolroom neighborhood—then the surety people consider that fact in your disfavor.

I suppose that you have heard (what is quite true), that there are newspaper reporters who develop what is termed the "sense, or nose, for news" until it reaches a degree almost incredible—a veritable sixth sense, an instinct; they become able to "smell news" from afar, as an experienced Arctic sailor can smell distant ice. Well, some of the surety bond officials develop their keenness of judgment of character until it is akin to the newspaperman's "news sense"—until it reaches a pitch almost uncanny. They read faces in no professional physiognomist ever does. They trace character in handwriting. They become unconscious mind-readers—their gift is intuition rather than reason. Here is one instance of the application of such an instinct:

"It was when I was with a company in the Middle West, as claims agent," said the official of a big New York company. "I was sent to a country town to investigate a claim made on as by a bank from which a young clerk had absconded, several thousand dollars short in his accounts. Our inspectors, as we call our detectives, were placed on his trail and he was arrested, put into jail, and confessed."

"Now, it is a fact that I myself possess much of that strange faculty we have been discussing, and, do you know, as I entered the bank and shook hands with the president, whom I

had never met before, through my mind there ran vividly the thought, that something was wrong with the president himself. I cannot say why it should have been so; but so it was; distinct as an electric shock. At once, however, it faded. The president was pleasant and agreeable; a man of high standing in the business world; to all appearance just what he was supposed to be; and I went on with my work, dismissing that queer impression from the surface of my mind. It abated, however, in the depths.

"My investigations showed that the young clerk—he was a mere boy—had yielded to a sudden temptation. He had been lured into gambling at a poolroom; lost his bets; had stolen to make good the first debt he had contracted; and then stolen to cover up the theft. Then, seeing no issue out of his dilemma but flight, he had taken several thousand dollars in cash and fled, leaving his accounts in a badly muddled condition. So many of our stories may be told in about the same terms.

"His mother came to see me, to beg me to be lenient with her boy, and it was most painful to have to tell the pathetic widow that I had nothing to do with the boy's prosecution and could not interfere in the matter, as it rested now, with the bank officials to prosecute. She cried, then, breaking down completely and pitifully, saying between her sobs: 'Then Billy must go to prison. The president is determined to put him there.' I became interested in the sad case. Believing as I do, that you ruin a young man, in the majority of cases, by putting him into prison—that his life is blasted—that you simply confirm him in crime, I determined in this case to do what I could to help the lad and his mother. I was convinced that the boy might turn out a decent man if given another chance. So I went to the president and laid my views before him and begged him to give the boy a chance.

"He banged his fist down on his desk vehemently, crying: 'No sir; no man can steal from this bank and

escape the consequences: That lad goes to jail—he deserves it, too!'

Here the claims agent passed and looked at me strangely.

Said he: "And—at that very moment—that— —" (let us charitably slur over what the claims agent here said) "that blanked scoundrel was himself an embezzler to the tune of ten thousand or more. Think of it!"

"It will remain as a blessed memory to me that I was able to get the best of that infernal hypocrite. The strange impression I had received when I shook hands with him at our first meeting recurred strongly to my mind, and stayed with me, haunted me like an obsession which I could not shake off—and to-day I know, by experience, better than to try to get rid of such feelings without probing for their causes. It stirred me into a little investigation beyond the immediate field of my work; and I looked into the president's affairs—and it ended in my discovering, with documentary evidence to prove my discovery, that the president was an embezzler—worse—that notes which he had himself collected had been changed to the boy's account, after the boy had absconded, thus heaping on the lad's already burdened shoulders the crimes of his superior.

I shall never forget the scene when I walked into the president's office and bluntly told him what I knew, and what I wanted him to do. I have been in other dangerous situations in my life, but I think that never have I stood so near to a violent death as then. He jumped up, fumbling at a drawer in which I knew he kept a revolver, and the will to kill me was fairly flaming from his eyes. I got away.

"Stop right where you are," I said. "I've got you covered and will shoot you through my pocket if you stir a hand." This was a bluff, for I had no gun. But the bluff was not called. His wrath cooled—or, anyway, he mastered it; and I brought him to arms. He signed an agreement not to prosecute the boy, and signed a release on my company for the larger amount of the boy's bond,

we simply making good the lad's actual shortage, which did not amount to nearly what the president had claimed; and he also made good his own shortage. The documents in the case are in existence to-day, tucked safely away in a vault. The boy is doing well, and the president seems to be walking circumspectly in the dangerous paths of frenzied finance. But we do not bond his clerks."

While, as we have seen, the surety companies emphatically declare that most of their clients are honest, they neglect no precaution that their great experience suggests to keep the clients honest, and never forego the punishment of those who go wrong, except in such exceptional case as the one just related. Powerfully do they impress upon the money handlers that go coins must stick to their fingers by the relentless manner in which the defaulters are hunted down. The companies will grudgingly spend an amount far in excess of the bond they have to make good, in order to bring the defaulter to the bar of justice. The president of one company showed me the documents in a case just then finished. A ticket seller in the employment of the railroad had absconded. The company had to pay a bond of one thousand dollars. The company's detective—or inspector—had run down the man, and the cost of the job was just \$4,000.

All the surety companies maintain large staffs of expert man-hunters. Among them are many remarkable detectives. As an instance of intuitive genius on the part of one of these detectives—worthy of the best feats of Sherlock Holmes—let me relate the story of the claims agent for a western surety company and a Chicago meat market cashier with a taste for literature.

This claims agent is a remarkable man even for his remarkable business. He has been for years in the detective branch but was too good an executive, too good as a business man, to be kept in that department, important as it is, and so he was placed in the claims department. He possesses a natural genius for detective work, which he

utilizes in his present work on many occasions.

In the case in point he had been sent to Chicago to investigate the books of the meat market cashier, who had absconded. While he was at work in the defaulter's office, the detective of the company entered. The detective was at the end of his rope; and morosely confessed his inability to get a clue to the runaway's whereabouts. Three days had elapsed since the cashier had disappeared. He was as a man who did not exist. The detective had once before looked through the defaulter's desk, and was now bent on making another investigation, with the vague hope that "something might turn up" to help him—a Micawberish hope which showed how helpless he felt. The claims agent suspended his own work to help the detective. They again went through the papers in the defaulter's desk. There were old love letters; there were bills, memoranda; much to show why and how the cashier had stolen, but nothing that the detective considered would be a clue to where he had fled. Then the claims agent picked up a slip of yellow cardboard issued by a free library. It contained the defaulter's name and old address, and a number of dates stamped in columns marked respectively "Books Issued," and "Books Returned." The claims agent examined it, and then tossed it to the detective.

"Here is your clue, I think, Tom." "Fine!" cried the detective, eagerly grasping the library card. Then his face grew overcast, he scanned the card back and front, went over it with a microscope, and then glared sorrowfully at the claims agent.

He said: "It's a poor joke, Mr. Mac."

Said the claims agent: "It is no joke. Doesn't it seem queer to you that this fellow should have joined the library and read so many books during the time when he was up to his eyes in troubles here. Compare the dates—you see, it has been during the past month or two that he has been reading so much. Go to the library and find out what he has been

reading. You may gain a light on his character. Some indication of what such a man might do in his situation may crop out."

The detective growled: "Oh cut it out, Mr. Mac. He's been reading love yarns, I guess. Anyway, I'm no Sherlock Holmes. These tricks are too fanciful for yours truly."

The claims agent said: "All right; give me the card and I'll try my luck."

"Oh, I'll go with you," said the detective. "It's a blanked long shot, though."

"They win, sometimes," said the claims agent.

Then the two men went to the library. The claims agent interested the librarian in his idea. A list of the books issued to the defaulter was given him. The first book on the list was Prescott's History of Peru. The second was the history of the South and Central America republics. The third was on rubber planting in the Isthmus of Panama. In short, of a score of books, all dealt with South or Central America.

"Well," said the detective, gazing at the claims agent, "Well—well! The long shot certainly looks good to me, now!"

Said the claims agent: "Sure—it's plain as the nose on your face, Tom. Our man is going South. He's been reading up on the business doing down there. Let's get busy."

They hurried to the office of the Pinkertons. Telegrams containing a description of the defaulter were rushed through to El Paso, Eagle Pass, Laredo, San Antonio and other points near or on the Mexican border, and also to New Orleans and Galveston.

By noon of the next day a telegram came from the Pinkerton agent at New Orleans, reading, in substance, as follows:

"Caught your man in office of Morgan Steamship Company buying ticket for Mexico."

An instance in which a man's hand-writing proved the agency whereby a surety company tracked him down, after he became a defaulter, was told by the same claims agent. The defaulter was a ticket seller in New

York, at the time when he ran away and disappeared with several thousand dollars. The detectives failed to locate him, and then the claims agent took up the job. The records of the man's previous life were closely studied. At one item the claims agent paused, considered, and then acted. The item was to the effect that the absconder had formerly been employed, not once, but several times, with different traveling shows, and with a circus, as a ticket seller. The claims agent thought that the man might again try to get a position in a similar capacity. So he inserted an advertisement in the New York Clipper—a widely circulated theatrical and show periodical—purporting to be from the business manager of a circus, asking for the services of an experienced ticket seller, who also could make himself useful in other directions. Within a week a large number of applications had been received. Then the claims agent spread a sample of the defaulter's hand-writing before him and compared it with the hand-writing in the letters of application for the circus job. The fifth letter he opened was in the defaulter's hand-writing—above another name, of course, but giving his address. A detective was hurried right along and the next day the defaulter was under arrest.

And sometimes the chase for defaulters will go on for years, but it is seldom that the surety company is defeated. The defaulter may grow careless, or trust that time has buried the memory of his crime—but the surety company never forgets, never gives over the hunt. If at the end of a year, say, a defaulter has not been captured, and the chase is seemingly at an end, the papers in the case are filed away, marked to be brought forward again at the end of three or six months. The hunt begins again. If it again fails, it is again put by for another period, and then resumed. But it is never abandoned. And the detectives develop a most remarkable memory for faces. They study the actual features of defaulters—if the opportunity comes—or photographs (and in one way or another most of the companies

see to it that they are in possession of photographs of their clients), and engrave them upon their minds indelibly. A curious instance of this faculty came to my knowledge only a few weeks ago.

More than six years ago a ticket seller at a remote country station on a New England railroad absconded. There was not much money involved, but as usual the surety company set out to capture him. The attempt was fruitless. The detective on the case failed completely to locate his man, whether through the defaulter's cleverness, or through his luck. The detective had never seen the absconder but had once seen a photograph of him. Every six months or so the case was brought up for consideration, but nothing resulted, and the years went by.

Then one day on Broadway in New York, at the corner of Liberty Street, a gawk from the office of the surety company, the detective, while on his way to the office, saw a man standing with his head turned back gazing at the skyscrapers—a countryman whom the cows were still missing by every indication. Something in the man's aspect brought the detective to a standstill—a bird-dog stiffens to attention when scenting a quail. He seemed to discern in the rustic's face a resemblance to the photograph of the defaulter for whom he had been looking for six years. Three times he walked completely around the absorbed countryman, each time narrowing the circle, uncertain, and yet strongly impressed by the idea that this might be his quarry. Then he decided upon a bold plan—to take the man by surprise.

Walking briskly up to the countryman, he clapped both his hands on his shoulders, crying:

"Why, Tom Jones! How are you! Tom, why did you steal that money at Mountain Meadow?"

Quickly came back the answer, flashed out of the man by the shock of the surprise: "I was up against it hard, and I just had to!"

"All right, Tom," said the satisfied

detective, "and now come along with me!"

"Who are you?" gasped the man.

"I'm from the American Surety Bond Company—come up and see the president."

And the defaulter modestly followed.

The whole continent of North America is covered with a network of the surety companies, and their agents and detectives, although even yet the bulk of the bonding business is done by individuals. The companies are rapidly absorbing it, however, as they are safer than individual bondsmen, and business naturally seeks to be protected. The work of the companies has also done good in other directions than in better insuring the honesty of money handlers.

By refusing to bond men for large concerns where the companies considered that the wages paid did not give the money handlers sufficient to live without pressing temptations to steal, the surety companies have very often forced up the wages of thousands of men. They have also bettered methods of book-keeping and of safe-guarding funds by their recommendations to business houses, and to state and city officials. Interesting, however, as are all the details of this business of trading in honesty, the scores of true stories of human interest—the tales of adventures in which the detectives pit their wits against defaulters—the tales of men and women involved in defalcations—form the most fascinating parts of this peculiar business.

Are You Needed?

Have you made yourself important? Are you needed in your place?

You complain that you are slighted; gloom has settled on your face;

Younger men are passing onward to rewards you cannot claim.

And you cry that luck betrays you, but is luck alone to blame?

Others blessed with little talent have been pushed ahead, you say;

But their services are needed and they give the best they may;

Would the world care if to-morrow you sat on some distant star?

Have you made yourself important—are you needed where you are?

The Use of Forest Reserves

BY E. A. STERLING IN THE SURVEY MAGAZINE

Mr. Sterling is chief forester of the Forest Service, and was formerly assistant forester in the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. His article is the first in this series to be published in the Survey Magazine in connection with a subject which is of increasing importance to the nation as a whole.

THE West has prospered by virtue of great resources, exploited by the energy of an enthusiastic people. It can remain prosperous and attain the maximum of industrial development only by the conservative use of these resources. Nature has been prodigal of good things in this big, free country of gold and romance, still referred to reverently in the East as "Out West." The earth hides uncounted mineral treasures which need only the revealing hand of the prospector; the mountain ranges support the finest and most extensive forests on the continent, and from them flow the streams essential to the intensive agriculture of the valleys; upon the wide ranges feed millions of cattle, sheep and horses; while over all is the unsurpassed climate of the West.

Of these many resources, so generously bestowed and all so lavishly used, none, save that of climate, are absolutely inexhaustible. The stores of mineral wealth are sufficient for many generations, but are by no means limitless, and once exhausted there is no remedy—no art of alchemy can put them back. One of the far-sighted men of the age has recently sounded a warning note on the comparatively early exhaustion of some of our most valuable minerals, particularly iron. Actual exhaustion of any of the mineral supplies is, of course, an occurrence of the very distant future, and estimates would be worthless, but that an end must eventually come in any worked field is as certain as that a bank receiving no deposits must fail if continually drawn on heavily.

Less problematical is the available supply of timber, and with most of the big lumber companies cutting on tracts containing only a fifteen to thirty years' supply, the time of scarcity is not so far ahead. The forage

of the range is not usually looked upon as exhaustible, and the new annual growth justifies such a view, but overgrazing and fire may so reduce both the quality and area of a range as practically to destroy it as a resource. Water likewise is used and the supply renewed continually, but abuse of the drainage basins may reduce and change the flow to any extent approaching exhaustion. Thus the climatic factors of sunshine, precipitation, wind and temperature are really the only resources, if they may be so called, which are not materially changed by the ambitions and extravagance of men.

Of the more perishable resources of the forest and range the cheering fact, in the face of present wastefulness, is that they can be recreated and thus preserved—that what is properly utilized can be replaced. The land once under forest can be made to produce another forest; the forage plants can be maintained, and the water conserved, but only by careful use.

There is a grave danger threatening the younger portion of the Nation unless these things are recognized and prompt action taken; there is a reckless, selfish use of natural resources which, if unchecked, will lead to blighting poverty. The virile men of the West, who have been building a new empire toward the setting sun, are intensely human. Their personal ambitions and desire to make money quickly, to roll up fortunes for quick success, especially since competition became keener, have led to short-sighted utilization of the resources most quickly convertible into cash. Enormous timber tracts have been acquired by means not always fair or legal, while the lumbering operations have been conducted with the one view of immediate profit. Fire usual-

ly follows the loggers, and complete denudation results, or at the best only worthless chaparral and scattered reproduction replace the trees. As a secondary result the streams heading in the cut-over catchment basins go dry in Summer and become raging torrents in Winter.

The utilization of commercial timber is, of course, an economic necessity, and in doing this the lumberman is no more of a vandal than the farmer who reaps his wheat. It is in the lasting destruction of the productive power of forest land that the harm lies, and every acre thus destroyed is a national loss which future generations will feel. On one hand we see enormous sums spent in reclaiming waste land which has never been productive; on the other the steady destruction of areas once highly productive. This certainly is not good national economy.

The abuse of the range by overgrazing and fire comes in the same category with destructive lumbering, but is less excusable. The men who so overstock a range that its supporting capacity is reduced a half or a third are gaining a temporary increase in income at a cost for which Nature will soon present the bill. From the broader standpoint of public utility none of these things really pay, and the selfish individual must be made to think of those who come after him.

Ours is not a paternal government, but it is obvious as a matter of business and for the public good that Federal control of certain resources is essential. Recognition of this necessity led President Harrison, after a long educational propaganda by public spirited individuals, and associations, to issue a proclamation creating the Yellowstone Park Timber Land Reserve on March 30, 1891, under authority of an Act of Congress of March 3, 1891. The creation of new national forest reserves has followed steadily since that time, and is now a settled government policy.

On October 1, 1906, the aggregate area of national forests was approximately one hundred and thirteen million, eighty-seven thousand, five hun-

dred and fifteen acres. The number of separate reserves was one hundred and sixteen, distributed among eighteen states and territories. All of them are west of the Mississippi, except one small reserve in Porto Rico, which is not under management. California, with twenty reserves, comprising eighteen million, eight hundred and seventy-seven thousand, one hundred and ten acres, leads numerically and in area.

Within these reserves lie most of the primal resources which needs safeguarding for the future greater West, but in fulfilling this function they will in no way be closed to the needs of the present. At all times their resources will be available in the largest possible measure to the people who need the wood, water, minerals, and range.

The inevitable opponents of every move for a greater country and the public good have argued that there is no necessity for forest reserves; that the laws of supply and demand and the action of individuals will suffice. A glance at statistics of lumber consumption and supply, coupled with even a superficial investigation of our forest lands will show the folly of such arguments. It is estimated that at the present rate of cutting, our available timber will be exhausted in thirty-five to forty years unless radical conservative measures are applied. Fortunately, the vital importance of forest reserves to the western states in preserving their greatest industries is now generally recognized, the opponents are comparatively few, and the appreciation of their value will grow with the certain advance of settlement and development.

To a selfish few the reserve policy, which means legal use of public land under government regulation, will always be "a thorn in the flesh." It is too much to expect the true parasitic type of man to drop old habits and become honest. The public domain has long been the prey of wholesale landgrabbers, and subject to more petty pilfering by the little fellows who lacked the nerve or the capital to make a big haul. The vigorous action of the Department of the Interior and

the creation of forest reserves have, however, largely put a stop to these land-grabbing practices.

The keynote of the present forest reserve management and the policy which guides in their administration is conservative use. As summed up in the reserve "Use Book" of the United States Department of Agriculture it means that:

"Forest reserves are for the purpose of perpetual supply of timber for home industries, preventing destruction of the forest cover which regulates the flow of streams, and protecting local residents from unfair competition in the use of forest and range."

From a letter of the Secretary of Agriculture to the Forester, dated February 1, 1905, when the reserves were transferred from the Department of the Interior, we have: "All the resources of forest reserves are for me, and this use must be brought about in a thoroughly prompt and business-like manner, under such restrictions only as will insure the permanence of these resources."

In its practical application this all means that the honest settler who formerly was obliged to commit a theft in order to get a little timber from government land for his cabin or fences can now get it legally for the asking; the individual for corporation wanting lumber for commercial purposes can purchase it in the desired quantity, providing he will cut under specified regulations which insure a future forest; while the stockman can secure grazing ground by paying a nominal fee and observing certain regulations which are necessary for the permanent good of the range. No restrictions are placed on prospecting and mining other than observance of the general reserve regulations against fire and trespass. Water having source in the reserves is free except when used by companies for developing light and power. Special privileges of all kinds are granted for all legal purposes, and include hotel, camp, and mill sites, rights and way for roads, telephone lines and flumes, etc. A charge is made only for com-

mmercial enterprises, and is based principally upon the value of that which is actually furnished to the permittee.

At first the regulated utilization of reserve resources was resented, because it was thought to curb industrial development and settlement. This misunderstanding, however, has rapidly passed away during the short two years of Forest Service administration, as the people learned that the reserves are not closed to legitimate use. There has grown up also a closer relation between the reserve officers and the public, and as far as possible local questions are now decided on local grounds. As the purpose of the reserves and the regulations governing them became better understood the relationship will be more cordial. Ten per cent. of the income from reserves now goes to the counties in which they are located, for the support of schools and roads. This is in lieu of taxes. By the Act of June 11, 1906, all parcels of agricultural land within the reserves, after classification, are open to settlement under the homestead entry. This removes the last logical objection that could be made to a national reserve policy, since it opens the last reserve policy to full use.

Entirely to fulfill their purpose the reserves must be maintained for the development of the present. There immediate needs of settlers and others are supplied from existing resources. These used under technical direction will remain productive, and thus the broader, far-reaching benefits will be secured. A new empire in the West is not an enthusiast's dream, and the completion of every irrigation project brings it nearer to realization. With the increase in population and the building up of new industries the demand on natural resources will become greater. Then will the value of well-forested watersheds, permanent sources of wood supply, and well-preserved stock ranges be fully appreciated. The present utilization of decrepit forests and their replacement by younger and more vigorous stands, the regulation of grazing, the protection of drainage basins, and the pre-

vention of fires is the process by which the western reserves are being brought up to their maximum productive capacity for this future time of need. The income received from grazing, timber sales, etc., except the ten per cent. paid to counties, is used for the protection and improvement of the reserves, and in addition part of the Congressional appropriation for general forest investigations is used for this same purpose.

In addition to conservative utilization the reserves are being improved as fast as the resources will permit. Protection from fire is one of the main duties of the forest officers and a regular patrol is maintained by rangers and guards during the dry season. During 1905 only one-tenth of one per cent. of a reserve area of 92,741,000 acres was burned over. To facilitate local management, trails, fire lines, telephone lines, and rangers' cabins are being constructed, while both personnel and equipment are being put on a more permanent basis. Large scale topographical maps are being made in co-operation with the Geological Survey. To these maps are transferred the data on stand estimates, timber sales, planting sites, etc. Many cities and towns are dependent on reserve drainage basins for their domestic water supply, and these as well as watersheds important to irrigation are being improved by planting, protection, and the exclusion of stock. Planting open areas and old barns and replacement of inferior stands by better species are also under way, while the stock ranges which have been injured by over-grazing and fire are being improved by reducing the number of stock. In these and many other ways the reserves are being made to

conserve in the highest measure the function for which they were created. Their present value is estimated at more than \$270,000,000 for the timber alone and they are increasing in value at not less than ten per cent. per annum. Eventually they are bound to become more than self-supporting and constitute one of the greatest assets of the growing West.

A word of praise is due the men who are devoting their lives to the management of these national forests. In most cases underpaid, they are nevertheless, giving their best energies to the work, and from supervisors down to temporary guards, are setting an unexcelled example. Among these men are college graduates, surveyors, and others trained for special work, who have gone into forestry for the love of it. In selecting these non-technical administrative officers, preference is always given to those thoroughly familiar with local conditions. The administrative officers in Washington keep in closest possible touch with the reserve officers, and through their inspectors and technical field men are able to direct the work wisely and promptly.

The organization to which is entrusted the administration of the national forests is the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is one of the younger branches of the Government, and like the Reclamation Service, has sprung into prominence with unprecedented rapidity. Its duties and responsibilities are tremendous, and the importance of the work is not yet fully realized. The guiding hand is Clifford Pinchot Forester, and to his unselfish energy is due the remarkable development of a far-reaching national forest policy.

A Matter of Form

BY BRUNO LEMING IN THE COSMOPOLITAN
A case of Jew money, Jew, and how the lay of the matter unfolded

"When one has not the menemeh (money) one goes machallah," (bankrupt) remarked Sidolsky, the lawyer.

"Bah!" replied Shulem.

"But when one has the menemeh," continued Sidolsky, "one pays."

"Bah!" said Shulem.

"Or transfers one's property to one's wife," went on Sidolsky, calmly indifferent to his client's scornful ejaculations.

"Have I a wife?" sneered Shulem.

"Or one's daughter."

"You mean Rebecca?" asked Shulem.

"Of course. You have no other child."

"H'm!" said Shulem.

"Then when one is asked for the menemeh one can say, with truth: 'Alas! I have none. I am but a humble employe, dependent upon my daughter's bounty. My daughter is the proprietor of this store.' It is just a matter of form."

"Rebecca?"

"Of course, Rebecca. Then, when all the trouble is over, and one has settled all claims nicely, one can have the property transferred back from one's daughter to oneself."

"But what does Rebecca know about the business?"

Sidolsky shook his head impatiently.

"What does she have to know about it? Absolutely nothing. You can run the business just as before. Only you keep your book account in your daughter's name, and let her give you a power of attorney to sign all your checks with her name. You had better hurry; pretty soon it may be too late to do it."

And that same afternoon Sidolsky came to the jewelry store of Moritz Shulem, with the papers all prepared for his signature.

"We must have a witness," said Sidolsky.

"Nathan," cried Shulem, "come here!"

Nathan, the clerk, obediently approached.

"Write your name here as a witness," said his employer.

Nathan gazed at the spot indicated, and at the pen which Shulem held out to him.

"Why?" he asked.

Shulem looked at his clerk Nathan, by the way, had big, dreamy brown eyes.

"Why?" exclaimed Shulem. "Sky, sometimes when I look at those cow-eyes of yours I wonder how a young man can be so stupid and live. Write your name there, and don't ask fool questions."

"How can I write my name when I don't know why?" protested Nathan. Shulem looked around for something to throw at his clerk. Unfortunately there was nothing but jewelry in sight.

"Mister Shulem," hastily explained the lawyer, "is transferring his store to his daughter, and he wants you to sign the document as a witness."

"Rebecca?" asked Nathan, in surprise.

"Yes, stupid," said Shulem, "to Rebecca. How many daughters have I got? Now sign, or something will happen."

Nathan signed, and, fortunately, nothing happened; that is to say, nothing more important than the arrival of Rosenstein.

"If it is convenient," began Rosenstein, "I need the money. The amount is small. I wouldn't trouble you, but really money is scarce."

"Very," commented Shulem.

"And the bill is due."

"My dear Mister Rosenstein," said Shulem, "I have not a cent. You know how gladly I would oblige you, but as you yourself said, money is scarce."

"To be sure—to be sure. And for that reason—just to oblige you—I made up my mind if you were hard pressed, I would take the amount in trade. My wife needs a diamond ring."

Shulem fairly beamed upon him. "Mister Rosenstein, if this store belonged to me, nobody in the world would be more welcome to help himself than you are. But how can I give away my daughter's property?"

Rosenstein glanced quickly at the lawyer, who nodded.

Mister Shulem, said Rosenstein, "you are a loafer. I am going to see my lawyer."

The same scene was enacted half a dozen times that afternoon, and each time Shulem seemed to enjoy it more.

A ragged urchin came in with a note for Nathan.

"What is that?" demanded Shulem suspiciously.

"My mother wants me to be sure and come home early."

Another visitor arrived and, to Nathan's surprise, Shulem greeted him with extreme cordiality. Nathan had never seen the man before. He was middle-aged, rather prosperous-looking, and treated Shulem with more deference than visitors usually paid to him. They entered into an animated conversation of which Nathan could hear nothing save an occasional mention of Rebecca's name. Nathan meanwhile, was writing a reply to the note he had received.

"Nathan," said Shulem presently, "show Mister Ivanovitch some diamond rings." And, to his visitor: "I must go to my lawyer's office. I will be back in a few minutes, and then we will go home together. You will have supper with us."

"What kind of rings would you like to see?" asked Nathan.

"Engagement rings," replied Mister Ivanovitch, twirling his mustache.

Nathan produced a tray laden with the flashing trinkets, and while Mister Ivanovitch was examining them began to chat good-naturedly.

"Going to get married, eh? Anybody in this neighborhood? I think I know all the nice young ladies

around here. Not that I'm at all inquisitive."

"The lady is Miss Shulem—your employer's daughter. I guess you know her."

Nathan clutched the counter for support.

"Rebecca?"

Mister Ivanovitch nodded. "That's her. Fine girl. Tell me—do you know what her tastes are—do you think she would like a big stone, or a fine, little one?"

"Does—does she know about it?" asked Nathan.

Mister Ivanovitch looked up. "What's the matter? You look excited."

Nathan laughed falteringly.

"Er—that is—don't you see, I know her a long time, and—and—only last night I saw her, and she didn't say anything about it."

Mister Ivanovitch smiled good-naturedly.

"Because why? Because she didn't know anything about it. Do I look like a man who has got time to fool with young ladies? No sir-ee. I'm a business man. Her father and I settled it between us."

A light dawned upon Nathan.

"Oh, I see," he said. "I think Rebecca would like a fine, big diamond."

Soon after the ring had been selected Shulem returned. He found Nathan on the sidewalk whistling to attract the attention of a small boy who was playing marbles.

"What are you doing now?" he demanded.

"I want to get a boy to take a note to my mother."

"I thought you sent one before."

"Oh, yes," replied Nathan glibly. "This is another one."

When Shulem and his guest arrived at the Shulem house Rebecca was out.

"Where is she?" demanded her father of the servant.

"I don't know. A boy brought her a note, and she went out. She said she would soon be back."

When Rebecca returned her cheeks were red and her eyes were sparkling. She kissed her father with more than

her customary enthusiasm, and gazed smilingly at the guest.

"Rebecca, this is Mister Ivanovitch. He has asked me for your hand, and I have consented. He is a fine business man."

"The clothing business," volunteered Mister Ivanovitch, smiling approvingly upon Rebecca.

"And he has a good income."

"A fine income," vouched Mister Ivanovitch.

"But I can't marry him," said Rebecca.

Her father's eyes opened wide. "What did you say?"

"I said I can't marry him."

"Tut! tut!" said Mister Ivanovitch. "Let us not be hasty. We have plenty of time to talk the matter over."

Shulem, paying no heed to his guest, folded his arms, and gazed long and intently at his daughter.

"And why, may I ask? Why can't you marry the man your father picks out for you? Who is supporting you? What will you do if I tell you you must marry him?"

Rebecca's eyes fell before his stern glance, but the sparkle did not die out of them.

"Because—because," he murmured, "Nathan and I—"

"Nathan? What Nathan? My clerk?"

Rebecca nodded.

"If I might be permitted—" began Mister Ivanovitch.

"Keep still!" roared Shulem. "Now tell me, how far has it gone between you two? Are you married?"

"Oh, no, father," replied Rebecca quickly; "only engaged."

"Hm! Is that all? Well, you may consider the engagement broken."

"If the lady—" began Mister Ivanovitch.

"The lady," said Shulem, "will do exactly as her father tells her."

Rebecca hid her face in her hands, but her father, for the life of him, could not tell whether she was laughing or crying.

"What's the matter with you? Are you crazy?" he asked.

"Father, I cannot give up Nathan."

Shulem's hands clasped his head in bewilderment.

"Am I dreaming? Does my own daughter defy me? Come with me, Mister Ivanovitch. The store is still open. We will have a talk with that clerk of mine that he will not be apt to forget very soon."

Rebecca started toward her father with hands outstretched imploringly, but before her lips could utter a word there came a gentle tap upon the door, and Nathan entered followed by a long-bearded individual in a ruffled silk hat whose Shulem promptly recognized as a rabbi of the neighborhood. With a cry of rage Shulem sprang toward his clerk, but, in a flash, Rebecca had interposed herself between them. Shulem folded his arms and gazed upon his brown-eyed employee.

"You are discharged," he said. "Nathan's eyes opened wide."

"Why?" he asked.

Shulem felt himself choking with anger.

"You are a loafer. Never come in to my store again."

Nathan, open-mouthed, scratched his cheek and gazed from one to the other. Then a sweet smile crept into his face.

"Rebecca is the boss," he said.

"Hah!" demanded Shulem.

"Don't you remember, Mister Shulem? You transferred the store to Rebecca. Weren't I the witness?"

Look, here is my name on the paper."

With a cry of rage Shulem seized him by the collar.

"Thief!" he cried. "Give me that paper. You stole it."

Nathan meekly banded him the document.

"It is only a copy," he said, "but it has my name on it."

A sudden chill seized Shulem's heart.

"Where—where is the original? I left it in the store."

"In Rebecca's store—yes," said Nathan. "I gave it to her when she came in. What did you do with it, Rebecca?"

Nathan was seized with such a sudden fit of coughing that he was com-

pelled to lean upon the rabbi's shoulder. Rebecca, whose face was very red and whose eyes were twinkling like stars, puckered her forehead.

"I think—I—let me see— What was the name of that lawyer you told me to go to, Nathan?"

Nathan, a handkerchief stuffed in his mouth—to stifle his coughing—could only say, "Blub—blub." He kept his face hidden from Shulem.

"Oh, yes," said Rebecca, "that's the name. Silverstone. You know him, papa, don't you? He put it in his sale."

"He blub—blub—blub," began Nathan, but human endurance could go no further. With a shout that resounded through the room he burst into a roar of laughter, in which, after a moment's hesitation, Rebecca joined. The rabbi, who had not spoken a word, led Shulem gently to a chair.

"You had better loosen your collar," he said. "A stout man like you never can tell."

"It seems to me—" began Mister Ivanovitch.

"Ho! ho! ho! roared Nathan. "I forgot all about you!"

"Mister Shulem," said the rabbi, "be a man! Shulem could only gurgled.

"Come, Mister Shulem," said Nathan, and Shulem detected a note in his voice that he had never observed before. "Rebecca and I have been in love a long time. So you had better give your consent. You see, I'm a smart business man."

Mister Ivanovitch twirled his mustache and sneered.

"My lawyer, Mister Silverstone," Nathan went on, "says you are in a pickle."

"Pickle?" asked the rabbi, gazing curiously at Shulem.

"He says Rebecca is now the boss," Nathan went on. "If you don't give your consent, nobody can tell what Rebecca might do can they, Becky?"

Rebecca thrust her arm in Nathan's, and hid her head prettily upon his shoulder.

"Mister Silverstone," she said, "told me I could give the store to Nathan if I wanted to."

A violent shudder went through Shulem's frame.

"Look," said the rabbi to him. "Don't they make a fine picture? Just made for each other."

And indeed it was a pretty sight to see those two young people side by side, handsome, youthful and happy. But Shulem's eyes had a bilious tinge at that moment.

"Or," continued Rebecca, "he said I could run the store myself, and give Nathan all the wages I wanted to. And turning to Nathan, 'Are you a good business man, dear?' she asked.

"The finest in the world," promptly replied Nathan.

"Then your salary is doubled from to-day on."

"Business man—bah!" said Mister Ivanovitch. "Here, Mister Shulem, take back the ring I bought to-day. Give me my money."

"If you will excuse me," said Nathan, "Mister Shulem has with the jewelry store nothing to do. The lady here is the boss."

"Shall we give him back his money, Nathan?" asked Rebecca.

Nathan shook his head.

"It is not good business. But I'll tell you what I'll do, Mister— What did you say your name was?"

I need a ring just like that. I'm going to be engaged to a young lady. She doesn't know anything about it. Do I look like a man who has got time to fool with young ladies? No sir— I'm a business man. How much will you take for the ring?"

"One hundred dollars—just what I paid," said Mister Ivanovitch.

"Pooh! Nonsense!" said Nathan. "It isn't worth anything like that. I'll give you sixty for it—not a cent more."

I'm in the business, you see, and I know what they're worth."

"Thief!" cried Mister Ivanovitch, and, jamming his hat over his ears, he rushed out of the room.

"Come, Mr. Shulem," said the rabbi. "Wouldn't he make a fine husband for the young lady?"

"Tell him," said Shulem faintly, "he can have her if he brings me back that paper."

Nathan shook his head.

"No," said he. "We are going to get married, anyway, to-night. Right away, I guess. Hey, rabbi? But the paper only comes back if you smile and look pleasant and give us your blessing. If we don't get the blessing, we need the paper. We must have something, you know."

When youth and love and shrewdness are allies who can resist them! They were married. And just as Shulem, with a very face, had reluctantly embraced his son-in-law, Mister Ivanovitch returned.

"I have been to six jewelers. They all tell me I have been swindled. The

ring is not worth a hundred dollars. Give me the sixty dollars you said you would, and take your swindling ring."

Nathan counted out sixty dollars, and Mister Ivanovitch, with many a muttered imprecation, took his departure.

"Let me see the ring," said Shulem, and after carefully scrutinizing the inside of the bank he looked at his son-in-law in surprise.

"He is right. It's only marked sixty dollars."

Nathan grinned.

"Sure it is!" he said.

Economy in Smoke Abatement

BY A. S. ATKINSON IN BOODY'S MAGAZINE

Factory smoke is not only a nuisance to the general public, but a detriment to the manufacturer and a badge of lost engineering and management. In this paper an attempt is made to show how it can be overcome.

THE movement to abate the smoke nuisance has extended pretty generally throughout the country in the past few years, and the civic organizations of New York, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Washington, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and other important cities have aroused public attention sufficiently to cause the enactment of prohibitive laws.

The elimination of smoke from our municipalities means the saving of millions of dollars through direct and indirect effects upon property and our health. In the city of Pittsburgh alone dozens of important industries have been driven away in the past simply through the ruinous effects of the smoke, dust and soot which filled the atmosphere. The manufacture of lace curtains, delicate linen and cotton fabrics, and scores of other merchandise is inconceivable in an atmosphere where it is impossible to expose a white handkerchief to the air for a few hours without dimming its purity.

In some cities, like Pittsburgh and Cleveland, heroic measures have been undertaken to fight the smoke nuisance, and millions of dollars have been spent for smoke consumers in the past five years in such cities. In

other cities, where smoke has never gained such headway, the work has been largely one of prevention rather than of heroic surgery.

It would be manifestly unfair to pass and enforce strict laws prohibiting the fouling of the atmosphere with smoke in a city where 99 per cent. of the mills and factories were accustomed to the use of soft coal without any smoke-consuming equipments. Therefore, the agitation against the nuisance in Cleveland, Pittsburgh and St. Louis is all the more worthy of special mention. The elimination of the smoke from these towns has been going on steadily for the past five years, and within the next ten years it is pretty certain that no dense pall of smoke will hang over, any important city of the United States.

When the movement to abate the smoke nuisance began there was strong opposition to it from manufacturers, and it was considered an impossible and unjust agitation. Give up burning soft coal? That would be equivalent to asking the manufacturers to close half their plants. Yet without resorting to such a radical

course there seemed to be no solution of the problem.

It is to the credit of inventors that a way out of the dilemma was discovered, and to-day the factories can use soft coal in the heart of a city and not foul the atmosphere with soot, dust and smoke. More than that, there is a distinct economy in not spreading dense columns of black smoke on the air. It is cheaper to consume the smoke than to vomit it forth in the upper atmosphere. This feature of the case has probably been more influential in correcting the evil than any moral suasion. Our cities could never have been redeemed from their terrible pall of smoke had not modern appliances been invented to do away with the smoke economically.

Black smoke issuing from a chimney in dense clouds is a sign of great waste in the heat of the fuel. It is imperfect combustion, and the science of engineering in the past ten years has been largely directed toward improvement in combustion. In the effort to get rid of the smoke nuisance, engineers have found a way to burn coal in the average furnace which gives at least 15 per cent. greater efficiency. In other words better methods of burning coal have made it imperative to lessen the escape of smoke even when no other considerations enter the question.

The improvements of our furnaces with smoke equipments annually call for an expenditure of several million dollars, and in the hope of recovering from this investment, power companies are almost lavishly putting their money in such mechanical contrivances. The mechanical stokers intended to prevent smoke are important factors of economy in every plant. Under certain conditions, and for certain classes of fuel, the improved mechanical stokers prevent the waste of imperfectly burned fuel. They prevent sudden changes due to firing, and they produce uniform combustion. As a factor in the smoke-prevention agitation the modern mechanical stoker has saved millions of dollars' worth of coal and materially lessened the fouling of the atmosphere

of our cities. The mechanical stoker is to-day adopted by nearly all plants of any considerable horse-power, and this alone has proved a mighty benefit to the cleanliness of our cities.

But while mechanical stokers greatly lessen the evil, and prove economical in increasing uniform combustion, no one would claim perfection for them. If the coal tends to cake badly, which certain grades of soft coal will do, the mechanical stokers act somewhat irregularly, and smoke will appear up the chimney in fitful gusts. Other appliances have been invented to overcome this difficulty and various plants are differently equipped for their work. In fact, there are so many kinds of smoke appliances on the market that the engineer is somewhat puzzled which ones to adopt. In Cleveland, where great sums have been spent in abating the smoke nuisance, a large per cent. of the total has been used in experimenting with the different classes of smoke preventers. Many of these have to do with changes in the fines, grate bars, bridge walls and air-floes in the side walls. The theory of the different appliances is to pass heated air through the fines and increase combustion, and many of them have produced excellent results.

In some plants, where no forced draft is used, coking arches are put in the spaces in front of the furnace. In these arches fresh coal is coked to prevent the cooling of distilled gases and to force them through to the hottest part of the furnace. Another method is to get results by reserving the dead plates near the furnace doors for warming and coking of the fuel for the same purpose.

In down-draft furnaces the air is supplied to the coal above the grate. By taking the products of combustion from beneath the grate a downward draft through the coal is effected. This carries the distilled gases down to the hotter coals in the lower part of the grate. The result of this is that the freshly fed coal has no chance to part with its smoke through the imperfect combustion, and when a down-

draft furnace is properly operated it is practically smokeless.

Working on the same theory as the foregoing, some plants have installed steam jets to draw in air just above the fresh coal. This mixes air with the combustible gases and causes them to ignite and burn more readily. A rapid forced draft is thus obtained at the same time. Other methods of mixing air with combustible gases include the use of baffle plates placed just above the fire in the furnace.

Inventors have shown great ingenuity in making various sorts of smoke preventers, and each one naturally claims the highest merits for his own. Engineers have been conservative in recommending any particular ones without extensive tests. This being the case it is not strange that manufacturers have gone slow in making the changes.

There is little question to-day that smoke can be almost totally abated, and at a gain instead of at a loss. The factory which to-day sends forth clouds of smoke from its tall chimneys carries a badge of either bad engineering equipment or management. If it is the former it should be changed to conform to present-day methods of economical operation, and if it is due to poor engineering management the effect on the profit and loss of the books will be noticeable in a short time.

In Cleveland, which was formerly such a smoky city that one could not wear clean linen more than a few hours without getting it smudged with soot and smoke, the improvement in the agitation for abating the smoke nuisance is conspicuously noted. In the past five years the manufacturing and other plants have invested several million dollars in mechanical stokers and various kinds of smoke-preventers. The latest report indicates that at least three-quarters of the concerns are equipped with some sort of smoke-preventers to-day. In Washington the smoke-prevention law has been more energetically enforced than in most cities, and now measures are being taken to compel railroad locomotives entering the city to abide by

the smoke law. This means either the burning of anthracite of the finest quality, the equipment of the engines with special appliances, or the substitution of electric engines. In New York City the smoke nuisance has periodical outbreaks, but as a rule it is quickly suppressed. It has never proved a severe menace there, and the control of it is growing more energetic each year. The civic organizations keep a close watch on the large and small plants and the appearance of voluities of dense smoke from the chimneys would quickly arouse them to action.

In St. Louis marked progress has been made in the past year in suppressing smoke. The redemption of Pittsburg from its pall of sooty smoke has also begun in earnest. The enforcement of the smoke laws is now being carried on firmly, but it must take time to secure general results. From three to nine months' notice is given to the manufacturers to change their furnaces and boilers so that the smoke can be abated. Changes of this nature cannot be made at once, and often a large plant requires extensive engineering alterations before economical equipments can be installed.

In Cincinnati it is reported that over 80 per cent. of the manufacturing plants will be equipped with smoke preventers before the close of the present year, and the remaining 20 per cent. will probably be prosecuted for not obeying the law. The movement has such a backing that it is not doubted the desired results will be obtained in the near future. In Baltimore the change for the better is already conspicuous. The new smoke law passed in 1906 demanded compliance by the first of the present year, and 90 per cent. of the concerns have either installed smoke preventers or have them in the course of preparation. Many other cities have served similar notice upon offenders in their districts, and it is safe to predict that within five years few manufacturing plants located anywhere within the limits of an American city will be seen to belch forth clouds of black, sulphurous smoke. The artist depicting his in-

dustrial town of the future must, therefore, revise his stock pictures and rub out the clouds of smoke. Even the poet who speaks of the columns of smoke ensuing from a forest of tall chimneys as the sign of industrial prosperity must change his language. Instead of a sign of progressive industry, smoke hovering over a manufacturing centre will indicate antiquated, uneconomical work.

It is poor business to let 15 per cent. of the energy of the fuel escape up the chimney when it could be harnessed to turn the wheels of commerce. This is the principle at stake, and it is the most powerful argument to present to business men. Once convince them that their engineers are wasting their fuel, and the change will follow. It is a simple business proposition of saving at the most important end of the factory system. This is recognized to-day by all of the large manufacturing concerns who have installed a careful system of keeping track of waste. The greatest offender to-day is the small manufacturer who has not taken the time to study the problem or who clings to old methods in spite of the mathematical demonstrations furnished him

that he is unnecessarily wasting valuable fuel.

There is, of course, one other phase of the subject for which allowances must be made. The operation of every new device depends for its effectiveness largely upon the skill of the operators. Smoke preventers can be neglected, abused and disused by the firemen and engineers. A poor stoker is the most costly factor in a manufacturing plant. Incompetent men are often employed as firemen, and not understanding the value of firing economically, they cause the chimney to belch forth smoke in spite of all preventive devices. Firing a furnace to-day means something more than throwing coal on the grate and poking the coals occasionally. A good fireman will save more than his wages in a month. The installation of new appliances increases the demands for good firemen. The abatement of the smoke nuisance cannot prove thorough until better firemen are employed in all our plants. It is this feature of the work which gives manufacturers more trouble to-day than anything else. The firemen must be educated up to the new science of firing the modern up-to-date furnace.

The young man starting out for himself ought to make a study of his power of penetration, of his character-reading ability. He ought to make it a business to study men, estimate their capabilities and the motives which actuate them. He should study them, scrutinize their actions, watch their tendencies in little things, and learn to read them as an open book. The involuntary acts and natural manner of a man indicate more than does his studied conversation. The eye cannot lie. It speaks the truth in all languages. It often contradicts the tongue. While the man is trying to deceive you with words, his eyes are telling you the truth; his actions are indicative of the real man, while the tongue may only represent the diplomat, the man who is acting.

The Hindu Invasion

BY FRED LOCKLEY IN THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

The young Hindu at the bottom of these Port Lockley hills in Canada from the United States coast, going to work on a logging-rail, empty gun. (Continued on page 53.)

HAVE you ever watched a band of sheep in a rocky and barren field, pastured till the grass has been eaten down to the roots? You will see the sheep gather near the fence and look longingly at the luxuriant bunch-grass in the next field, while they march back and forth along the line fence in hope of finding a chance to get into the grassy pasture. Presently some old ewe, her faculties made keen by hunger, will discover a loosened wire where she can wiggle under the barbed-wire fence. How long do you suppose it will be, if you do not mend the gap, till the green field is dotted with hungry sheep making the most of their opportunity?

India, densely populated, plague-smitten, famine-stricken, is that overcrowded and over-pastured field; British Columbia and the United States are the green fields toward which the ever-hungry hordes of India are eagerly looking. They have found the gap and are pouring in. Will the rest follow their leaders in an overwhelming flood? Will India, with her 250,000,000 population, of whom more than 100,000,000 are always on the verge of starvation, become an immigration menace?

Who are these tawny-skinned, black-bearded, turbaned Asiatics? Do we want them? Have they come to stay? Are they desirable immigrants? Shall we welcome them or oppose their coming? These questions and a score more of similar import are being asked by the citizens of British Columbia. The question became acute when over two thousand Sikhs and Hindus were landed at Vancouver and Victoria last Fall.

During the past few days I have been endeavoring to find the answer to some of the above questions by interviewing American and Canadian immigration officials, the officers of railway and steamboat lines, working-

men, capitalists, politicians, sawmill owners and other large employers of labor, British army officers who have retired after having spent half their lifetime in India, as well as the Sikhs and Hindus in Vancouver, Victoria, Port Townsend, New Westminster and Port Moody.

The more one studies the question the more one is brought to a realization of its complex and far-reaching character. It is a question of such serious import and one involving such grave consequences that it should not be used as political capital in party discussion nor settled in the heat of debate between Liberal or Conservative of British Columbia. It is a question to be decided only after the most thorough discussion, not only of the present aspects of the case, but of its relations to the welfare of the country. Laying aside all prejudice, either for or against Asiatic labor, it should be settled on its merits on the broad plane of statesmanship.

Before entering into the question of the causes which led these men to cross the sea, it will be well to inquire who they are and whence they come.

In that most ancient of classics, the Veda, we read: "Aham bhumin adadum Aryaya." "I gave the earth to Arya."

"Who is Arya that be should be given the earth?" you ask. Look in your mirror and you will have your question answered, for you yourself are a part of the answer.

Arya, or to use the more familiar term, the Aryan race, embraces in its western division not only us who speak the English tongue, but also the Greeks, the Italians, the Celts, the Slavonians and the Teutons and, in the Far East, it includes the Iranians and the Hindus. Thus it will be seen the Hindus are our kinsmen. I can see you are talking at that term "kinsmen" as applied to the Hindu; yet,

no matter how much you may wish to repudiate the bond that binds us to them by the ties of blood relationship, the proof is too convincing to be set aside. Were we to disregard all historical evidence our language alone would be proof sufficient to establish our common origin. Many of our most familiar words trace their lineage in an unbroken line to the Sanskrit roots. Such words as God, mother, home, son, heart and tears, as well as scores of others, are from root words which, in a slightly modified form, are still in use in India.

When we lived together in our early home in Western Asia two thousand years or so before Christ, we spoke a common language, but, with increasing numbers, our fertile plains and valleys became crowded and we began pushing our borders onward and outward and, because we were more intelligent and enterprising than the bordering non-Aryan tribes and were their superiors in the use of arms, we overcame them and pushed our outposts throughout Central India, and from there we went farther afield till we had overrun all Europe. On account of our removal from our early home, and because communication with it became more and more infrequent till it ceased altogether, new words crept into our language and old words, by a gradual transition, changed their form till we had evolved from our parent tongue many new dialects. Now, after the lapse of forty centuries, our kinsmen in the Far East are turning their faces westward. Here and there a tiny crevice has appeared in the dam that has held them in check for so long. They are trickling through in a slight and apparently insignificant stream into the western lands, but will the stream gradually enlarge till it floods our land and menaces our institutions?

At Port Townsend I said to the United States immigration officer: "Suppose those Hindus prove undesirable. How can we keep them out?"

"The two dollar head tax and the price of a ticket from Vancouver or

Victoria is all they require to come in," he replied.

The American immigration officials in British Columbia put the case in this way: "As we have no discretion in the matter of their admission, they being British subjects, the only thing we can do is to enforce the regulations very strictly and endeavor to keep out the least desirable of the applicants for admission." Out of the six hundred or more who have applied so far for admission into the United States, nearly one-third have had the cabalistic letters L.P.C. or D.C.D. placed opposite their names and in consequence have been refused admission. The letters L.P.C. signify that the intending immigrant is liable to become a public charge, either through old age, slight physique, or through want of means, while the letters D.C.D. indicate that the immigrant has a dangerous contagious disease, the most common form of which is trachoma, a disease of the eyes, contagious and difficult of cure. The third and last chance to keep out an undesirable person is to prove that he is seeking entrance in violation of the alien contract-labor law. If the applicant for admission to our shores can steer his barque without coming to grief on these three rocks in the entrance he has clear sailing.

About four years ago six Sikhs who had been working in Hongkong and other Chinese treaty ports, having heard from the sailors of the scarcity of labor in British Columbia, came to Vancouver. With their swarthy skin, erect and military bearing and picturesque garb, they attracted considerable attention and were made welcome, and given work at what, to them, was fabulous wages—a dollar and a half a day. It was not strange that they wrote of their good fortune to their friends at home and said that they had discovered a land of gold at the edge of the Western sea. By twos and threes, by dozens and scores, the East Indians began coming to Vancouver till, by the middle of last October, there were 1,686 in Vancouver and vicinity. The working-

men were becoming uneasy as more and more of the turbaned laborers were seen at work in the mills. When word came that thousands more were coming and that six or seven hundred were then in transit it served to further intensify the feeling of uneasiness, and it only needed the arrival of the Empress of Japan, October 15, with a large number of Hindus aboard to crystallize the feeling of uneasiness into one of active hostility. A Canadian Pacific steamer arriving soon thereafter landed its cargo of over 300 Orientals at Victoria instead of Vancouver. The East Indians who had arrived on the Empress of Japan were placed in the detention shed for examination by the immigration officials. Right here, however, the City of Vancouver stepped in and took a hand in the game. The mayor of Vancouver ordered the police force to guard the detention shed and to see that not a single Hindu be allowed access to the city. As the regulation of immigration is a prerogative of the Government, this move on the city's part brought it into immediate conflict with the Dominion Government. Next to become involved in the vexed problem were the Canadian Pacific Railway and the city officials. The city clerk served notice on Mr. R. Marpole, the general superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that the city police had been instructed to prevent any of the East Indians from leaving the detention sheds. Mr. Marpole, in his reply, refused to co-operate with the city in detaining or deporting the East Indians, and said:

I write to say that this company cannot in any way accede to the request contained in your letter. So long as the passengers on the company's vessels comply with the immigration laws of Canada, and pass the inspection of the Dominion Government officials, the company has no right to detain them. The city will have to take the risk of any action the city may take, and damages resulting therefrom.

At the meeting of the city council that evening, October 15, Mr. Marpole's letter was read. The reading of this letter led to some very spirit-

ed debate. One of the aldermen, who has the reputation of being somewhat impetuous, suggested shipping all the Hindus to Ottawa, so that the question would be up to the Dominion Government in a concrete form. He further advised that the mayor be authorized to cut the hawser of the Empress of Japan to prevent the landing of the East Indians. Calmer counsel, however, prevailed, and the following telegrams were written, signed by the Mayor, and sent to Winston Churchill, Colonial Secretary at London, and to the Colonial Secretary at Hongkong:

East Indians are being shipped to British Columbia in large numbers under false representations respecting state of local markets. Feeling very acute against people responsible, as liable to be large mortality among destitute. Please take such action as you deem necessary to prevent further shipments.

Another, even more emphatic, was called to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which read:

City of Vancouver will not stand for any further dumping of East Indians here. Mass meeting called to consider active preventive measures unless definite authoritative assurance received that Government has prohibited importation of these undesirable immigrants.

In answer to these messages the Colonial Secretary of Hongkong replied:

Indians mostly in transit from India. Advise you should ask Canadian Government to approach Government of India.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier answered:

With reference to your telegram. Government not prepared at this moment to take action. Will wait for further communication on the matter.

These answers not proving very satisfactory, on October 18 a mass meeting was held at the City Hall, at which Mayor Blaisdell and others spoke in strong terms on the subject under discussion, some of the speakers being greeted with cheers and others with hisses. Finally the following resolution was passed with a shout of assent by the large audience:

Whereas, from reports appearing in the public press, the present immigration of East Indians may be taken as

a more indication of a much greater influx of this class of labor.

Be it resolved, that the Dominion Government is respectfully requested to take immediate action toward determining whether or not further immigration shall be allowed, such immigration being in the opinion of this meeting, against the best interests of this country.

These telegrams and the action of the mass meeting indicate the attitude of the city officials and of a majority of the citizens of Vancouver on the question of the coming of the Hindus yet, as most questions have two sides, this is no exception to the rule.

In my inquiries I constantly heard the charge made that there was some capitalistic organization back of the influx of East Indians. If reiteration of a statement would lead to belief in it I would have to believe it true; however, I believe the charge is absolutely without foundation. In all my inquiries among the Sikhs I could find no evidences of it.

"No work at home. Too many people. High wages here. My cousin write and tell me so, so I come," was the tenor of their reply.

Colonel Warren, a retired British army officer, who served for twenty years in India and understands Hindustani and Punjabi, has talked to at least five hundred of them, asking this question, and he has failed to find one who has been solicited to come. Said a very bright native of the Punjab, who has traveled extensively throughout Asia and who is from the same district whence these men come:

"Hunger, actual hunger, is what is bringing my fellow-countrymen here. In India the wages are low, unbelievably low, so low that it is hard work to keep body and soul together. During times of famine the British Government gives relief work, paying four cents a day to the men and three cents a day to the women. For work on the streets and similar work the usual wage is about \$2.25 a month.

Naturally these men who have seen other parts of the world realize that they can do better away from home and hence come here. They prefer to come to a country under the British flag, for many of them have fought

for that flag in the hill wars in India, in Egypt, in the Boxer troubles in China, and in the Boer war in South Africa. They see the English people received gladly and welcomed royally in India, and they suppose that, having borne the brunt of England's wars in the Far East, they will be welcome wherever the British flag is flying. But it seems they are mistaken. I have traveled all over Asia and I have not heard a word or read a notice in all my travels inviting my countrymen to come to Canada. They have heard of this as a country where a man has all he needs to eat, so they come."

Henry N. Gladstone, a nephew of the eminent statesman, William E. Gladstone, while in Vancouver a few months ago, said:

It is amazing to me that these Sikhs will come over here to do coosie labor. They are men of very high caste in their own country and have been employed in military work. These men work in India as policemen and military patrol. I was for fifteen years in India, and it is a matter of keen interest to see these men coming to Canada to do manual labor. Not many years ago it was against a rule of their caste to travel overseas, but their work as soldiers of the Empire has broken them away from this idea.

You need have very little fear in British Columbia that they will not assimilate. If I have any knowledge of them they do not want to assimilate. They will make a little money among you and then slip back to their own people. At home they get about ten shillings a month and save money out of it. If they get \$150 a day here they will soon make a fortune and go home again. A couple of hundred dollars is a fortune to them, and, living as they do, they can save that amount in a short time. The Sikhs are scrupulously clean and I regard them as a very fine race of men.

Dr. Munro, the Canadian immigration inspector at Vancouver, in speaking of the Hindus and Sikhs, said:

"I believe that much of the dissatisfaction as to the work of the Sikhs has arisen from the fact that they are unfamiliar with our tools. Though they have never used an ax in their lives, they are given one and told to work in the timber. Until

they become accustomed to its use they cannot do as much work as an experienced man, and because they cannot they are condemned for poor workmen. Another thing which stood in the way of their making good at once was that they went to work almost immediately after landing from a long sea voyage. They had been sea-sick and were weak and not up to their usual form. Another serious handicap is that when a few of them are hired in a lumber camp the boss expects them to eat what the Chinese cook prepares for the crew. Pork and beans, corn-beef and cabbage are set before them, and they will have none of it. To a Hindu pork is an abomination, and he would rather die than touch it. The cow is their sacred animal, and it is a sin unforgivable to touch it as a food. This condition of affairs puts the East Indian at a serious disadvantage. He prefers to prepare his own food; his staples are rice, bread, milk, fruits and vegetables, and he would much rather starve than eat what is forbidden by his religious beliefs."

I asked the police department as to the character of the East Indians. "They give us absolutely no trouble," was their report. Six of the Sikhs were arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct and assault and battery, the complaining witness being a white man. During the trial it developed that the white man, while drunk, had entered one of their houses and, going into a room where six of them were quartered, and seeing their head-dress he had decided they must belong to members of the fairer sex, whereupon he immediately had embraced one of them and so vigorous was his love-making and so fervent were his kisses that the disgusted Oriental had thrown him out and when he tried to force his way in again, he had been roughly repulsed. The case was dismissed.

Of the East Indians now in British Columbia a considerable number are Sikhs, a semi-religious organization which has been in existence for the past four hundred years or more. They differ from the Hindus in com-

bining the leading doctrines of Brahminism and Mohammedanism. They are splendid warriors, and were not subdued and annexed to Great Britain till 1849. The boys marry on reaching the age of from fourteen to sixteen years, their wives being younger by several years, so it follows, as a matter of course, that practically all of the Sikhs in British Columbia are married and have families in India. At New Westminster I knocked at the door of a long, red, shed-like building, where a score or more of Sikhs were quartered. A grey-bearded Sikh opened the door, and with a courtly bow motioned me to come in. The air was so cold that you could see your breath. Built about the sides of the room were shelves upon which they slept. On each of these shelves sat a Sikh wrapped in a blanket. Sitting cross-legged on these shelf-like beds, with their huge turbans, their dark skin, their black beards and their impassive faces, they looked like a collection of terra cotta statuettes such as you may buy at a curio store for paper weights.

One of the number responded to my question: "My name is Sergeant Singh. There are forty-four of us at this mill, but even now the ice locks the river and we may not work."

I asked if he and his people were good workers, and were thrifty. Reaching under the matting on his bed, he took out a package wrapped carefully in many folds of cloth. Taking out a small, black, leather-bound memorandum book, he said, with a radiant and dancing smile: "This will prove. See, herein you may behold what many men have written of me; you may examine this, my character book," and he held it out to me.

Opening the book at random, I read aloud: "This is to certify I have known Singh for some time and he is not nearly as bad as he looks."

Singh beamed with satisfaction. "Ah, is it not so, as I told you? All are like that. All say I am honest and work hard."

I turned the leaves over idly and saw that many officers in India, merchants in Australia, bankers in Hong-

long, all had testified that Singh was industrious, trustworthy and would do as he promised.

At another house where the Hindus were quartered I knocked. The door was opened and instantly, at sight of me, seven or eight Sikhs in the room sprang to attention and with heels together, bodies erect and hand at urban in salute they stood as if caste in bronze.

"Is Ram Chand in?" I asked. Six heads nodded in unison and one of the number called a message in Punjabi to someone in the back room. A moment later a slender young lad, beardless and with closely cropped hair, stepped into the room.

"Is it for me you have enquired?" he asked.

Telling him my errand, I asked him several questions. He translated the questions to his fellow-countrymen. A moment's excited talk ensued. He turned to me and said:

"They ask me to petition you to make known to them for why you wish this information. It is very particular you do not cause to be published anything which will cause to promote prejudice against our race. We do not understand why your people look at us with hard faces and feel angry with us. We wish to enquire that you enlighten us what they say we have done. We wish to secure respect to the end that we be good citizens, so they petition you not to cause to be published that which is not so."

I told them I would endeavor to "cause to be published" only the truth. I asked Ram Chand why he wore no turban or beard as the others did?

"I am Ram Chand," he said, proudly, "a Brahmin, which is of the highest caste of all castes in India. You see I talk English very exact since I go to the university in my own land. My caste is the same as your caste here of padres or priests. Of our caste we wear not the turban, we cut the hair as with me, we wear not the beard, we eat flesh of no creature. We may not eat that which has had life. It is forbidden. These Sikhs here, they may eat flesh of the

hare, the deer, the mutton, but not of the buffalo, the bullock or the cow, that is sacred—that they may not eat."

I asked if these others were Sudras. He translated my question, and instantly the smiling and attentive Sikhs started an uproar which seemed to increase rather than abate. I asked Ram Chand what seemed to be the trouble.

"You have asked me a question which is a very great insult. They say to tell you the Sudras are of the lowest caste, coolies, so low that these men here may not associate with them without loss of caste. These are of the Rajput and the Vaisya caste, soldiers and farmers. This man's uncle owns a large farm in India, where in one year he grew \$500 worth of crops. Sudras are like the dogs, and wander from place to place and starve. These are not Sudras. Our castes in chief are the Brahmins, which is by caste; the Rajputs, the warriors; the Vaisyas or the farmers, and below all are the Sudras. In my country it is not the custom that the high caste work, there the Brahmins do not labor, but here I see it is not so disgraceful to labor with the hands, so I desire to be conformed to the customs of the country that I may not create prejudice against my people, so I lay aside my caste obligations and I labor. Always on all former times my hands were soft, but no longer are they so since I handle boards at the mill where I labor."

By this time a dozen or fifteen of the Sikhs had gathered in the room. As the questions were translated to them they would discuss them with animation and finally refer them to one of their number, a stately and dignified Sikh, grey-bearded, slender, with a finely-cut face and with the bearing of a soldier. Had you taken off his turban and changed the color of his skin you would have taken him for a general or some distinguished statesman. They would give the most respectful attention to his terse comments, nod their heads in assent, and then I would get my answer. When I left they followed me out into the yard to bid me good-bye. They made

such an effective group against the white background of the snow that I took my kodak from my pocket and leveled it at them, thinking to get a picture. They scattered like a covey of quail, while Ram Chand, who had taken refuge behind me, said excitedly:

"It is desired that you be caused to hesitate briefly, my fellow-countrymen desire to make sufficient preparation for their portrait, as it is very particular we make a good appearance so not to cause a bad impression. It is desired you hesitate so they will make a more neat appearance."

A moment or two later they appeared, some clad in Hongkong police uniforms, while others had on their army coats, those not up to the mark in the way of good appearance being rigorously excluded from the picture.

At the Rat Portage mill I watched the Hindus at work. They seemed to be competent and industrious. Those who know them best say they are obedient, faithful, respectful and exceedingly loyal, or "faithful to their salt," as they term it. One of the Sikhs who is working for Colonel Warren for \$25 a month, and who reads and writes English, was offered \$3 a day to work as time-keeper and overseer in one of the saw mills that employs a large number of East Indians, but he refused to go in spite of the higher wages offered.

In the late Summer a considerable number of Sikhs went into the Cariboo district to work in the mines. In November the weather turned quite cold and the Sikhs, after staying about camp for a day or two, shivering about camp, struck out about for Vancouver, several hundred miles distant and, being old campaigners, they footed it in.

Several of the high-caste Hindus have died during the past Fall in British Columbia and, as it is a delinquent to be buried, they have been cremated according to the prescribed rites of their religion. On November 4, Rudub Singh was killed in one of the saw mills near Vancouver.

Here, far from their native land, his co-religionists gave him his shroud of

fire. A pyre of wood and brush was built, and on this the shrouded form of Rudub Singh, liberally sprinkled with butter, was placed; and as the flames leaped up and wrapped the white-robed figure in a garment of flame, the Hindus, in a plaintive minor key, chanted a funeral hymn that was old ere Rome had been thought of.

Here in the new world, as the acrid smoke rolled up from the funeral pyre and lost itself in the overarching boughs of the evergreens, they chanted:

Depart thou by the ancient paths to the place of our Fathers. Meet with the ancient ones, meet with the Lord of Death, clothe thyself in thy shining form, depart to the mighty in battle, to the heroes who have laid down their lives for others, to the place of those who have bestowed their gifts upon the poor, depart thou to the place of our Fathers where we also shall soon come.

It may help us to decide whether the East Indians are desirable immigrants or not by glancing at the conditions which prevail in their home land. It is a land under a curse, or, rather under a threefold curse, that of the caste system, of a gaunt-eyed famine, and of poison-breathing plague.

The caste system, with its iron-bound regulations, holds the people of India in its cruel and relentless grasp, and from its decrees there is no appeal. From birth to death the victim of this system is bound hand and foot, for him there is neither liberty, nor hope of freedom. If he is born a Sudra a Sudra he must remain, a thing too low to set upon, a creature so debased that his mere touch would defile one of higher caste. There is neither outlook nor outlook for him nor for his children after him; wealth, nor wealth, nor energy, nor any other thing can raise him to a higher level, and unlike the other castes he can sink no lower. For he is classed with the dogs and unclean creatures, and is denied all benefit of hope here and hereafter.

More than a hundred million of India's people are always hungry and

weakened by lack of food, have not the power to resist the epidemics which sweep over the land.

Of sanitation they have not the faintest idea, in consequence the water supply is polluted, the very air filled with infected dust.

Millions of people perish in the prolonged agonies of starvation during the frequent famines. In the famine of 1900, which raged throughout the Punjab and the central provinces, more than eight millions of people died from lack of food. These famines are followed by devastating epidemics—cholera, smallpox, fever and the dread bubonic plague, the latter disease alone claiming more than a million and a quarter of victims during the year of 1905. While these

diseases originate in the overcrowded and foul slums of India, they threaten the world at large, especially the bubonic plague, which thrives not only in the tropics, but where the thermometer hovers around zero, and which, through the instrumentality of rats, has been brought to Honolulu and San Francisco, to Liverpool and Hongkong.

Do you wonder when you look at India, with its low wages and high taxes, its famines and plagues, its absence of all incentive toward advancement, that the dam which for so long has held the people in check is weakening? Do you wonder that the East Indians are turning their faces westward toward the land of progress and opportunity?

A City of Ten-Acre Lots

BY FERTHA H. SMITH IN THE SUNSET MAGAZINE

An Ontario when Ontario was—The home of a Canadian colony in Southern California

To fieste city mind a lot is a rectangular space with a frontage of some twenty-five or fifty feet, and running back a hundred feet or so to where one's lawn looks into another's woodshed, unless the two are separated by a rubbish-choked alley. In a big, big city the measurements are always the minimum of these and the house takes up so nearly all the space that there is none left at the back for anything more than a clothesline and a fence for cats to huddle on by day and howl on by night. To finite city mind, then, it almost passes understanding that a city can be wherein an ordinary citizen owns a ten-acre lot, the well-to-do owns two or three such lots, and the very modestly circumstanced may have at least five acres. But such a city is Ontario, one of the half-score little cities of like sort in the southern part of California—a place which, without half trying, ranks commercially among the foremost. In its fruit shipments it has third place in that section of the state, with an annual income from these products of about somewhere near two million dollars.

Yet for a year less than a quarter of a century Ontario has been truly a city of the golden afternoons. It has indulged in a siesta undisturbed by the boom and clatter of rival cities 'round about. Its people have been content with their share of the gifts of an indulgent nature, and have not cared to rouse themselves to further effort than a modest enjoyment of them. The city's future was cast this way when the plan of it was made back in the early '90s. It never knew the ugly stages of Tepep-like growth, so common to young western towns, with pioneer houses squatting about haphazard until some mature plan sweeps them aside for something newer. Homes built more than twenty years ago are there to-day beautified by a wealth of trees and shrubbery of palms and fowers that only years can afford.

The Canadian founders who came here as to the very antipodes of their own bleak land conceived a city where each man's acres should be at once his place of business, his city home and his country seat. They laid it out in ten-acre lots, running from one tree-lined avenue

to another, with no hint of a side street, much less an alley in the town. And through the centre they cut a two hundred-foot boulevard stretching in an unbroken line from the heart of the city for eight miles to the foot of a mountain over whose shoulder—lest they forget who came here from a colder clime—towers San Antonio and snow-crowned Baldy. This boulevard, named Euclid Avenue—reminiscent of Cleveland's world famous street—with its four belts of splendid peppers and palms, eucalyptus and grevillea trees, rises gradually a thousand feet from the broad valley checkerboard with dark-barked orange groves and paler lemon orchards to the mesa where quite recently San Antonio Heights have been cut into one-acre residence sites. Along the centre of Euclid Avenue is a car track which in the early days furnished a novel sight when the horses which dragged the car to the farther end of the line were placed on a platform at the rear end of the car and were tobogganed down the avenue by gravity. These faithful horses have long since gone to their reward, and in their stead an electric car whizzes up and down Euclid Avenue, from whose mountain end, on a clear mid-winter day, the view reaches far beyond the checkerboard of gold-bearing groves. It runs over thousands of acres yet unreddeemed from the sage and greasewood, and still other thousands of acres of velvet green fields, beyond a line of low-lying hills, all money with the spring's first growth, to a silver streak of sea with Catalina's Isle floating in its grey mist.

Take any other of Ontario's hundred miles of well-kept avenues you will, and in all but the one direction the vista closes yonder with a mountain range, sapphire-hued by day, but growing with tinges of ruby and amethyst as the sun goes down.

This much Nature did for Ontario in the beginning, and man has laid no unfriendly hand upon it. Rather the opposite, for to-day the land is lovelier far than when men first came across the great waste of sage and greasewood and cactus, which they knew needed only water to transform it into one vast garden. The water they needed was to

be found in plentiful quantity in San Antonio canon where the snow waters from the mountains pour in a rough-and-tumble stream over the rocks. Those to whom the word Ontario spells only a name of the far-away north should know that it is an Indian word that means "at the foot of a mountain." And surely Mount San Antonio in its paternal care of the valley deserves at least this tribute.

The water piped down from the canon proved sufficient in the early days of Ontario. But toward the late '80s came the warming dry seasons. These did not drive the ranchers away discouraged. It merely gave them a hint to take time by the forelock, which they did forthwith. At the mouth of the canon they built a power plant and they sent the electric power generated there away to the mouth of the Coconino canon, four miles to the east of the town, where seven wells were bored to tap a subterranean reservoir upon whose supply the driest season makes a scarcely perceptible drain. In ordinary seasons the original water supply is enough, but always now there is this safe surplus to fall back on. And the land-owner should never be at the mercy of the water-owner, the two have been made one and the same by a certain number of shares in the water company being included in the purchase price of each ten acres of land.

In years of average rainfall there is a surplus of water from the original source beyond the city's need for domestic uses and the irrigation of the land. This the people make use of for power which is manufactured at a cost so low that Ontario ranks many cities many times its size in the use of electricity. It is used almost exclusively for lighting purposes and it is becoming more and more common for cooking. The low rate of electric power was the inducement that secured for Ontario its first manufacturing plant, a concern which manufactures electric flat irons and cooking appliances. This is one of the four such plants in the United States and during the present year the capacity in being increased two-fold owing to the continued growth in the demand for such appliances not only locally but through

the territory west of the Mississippi and in foreign countries.

By this sign Ontario is roaming from her siesta. Almost unwillingly is she feeling the new future that stands well revealed before the town has rounded out its first quarter of a century. The men who have made Ontario have for the most part come there to be rid of the hurry and worry of ordinary life. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, men of various callings from Canada, from the east from the middle west, came here where cleared land was an assured water supply could be had for one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. And they have somehow proved by all the rules of opposite and contrariety that when a man comes to California he should do first the thing he knows how to do, and not stick an orange or a lemon tree in the ground and then sit down and expect oranges and lemons to drop off the trees and roll away and market themselves.

Few of these Ontario men were even farmers in that other country whence they came. One was a clerk or a small storekeeper somewhere in New York, and it took all his savings to buy his ten acres and plant it with orange trees. But to-day there is hardly a finer ten-acre orange ranch in the state, and his crop last year brought \$6,000. From it he has earned a snug fortune, for he owns other Ontario lands and he is considering an offer of \$15,000 for his ten acres.

A Scotchman came down from Canada and planted his ten acres with lemons. Perhaps it was well he was Scotch with a Scot's hard head for staying by a purpose, for in the years before the California lemon-grower found himself and learned his market his soil has been looted in the land, and thousands of acres of lemon trees have been dug out to give place to things held more profitable. But the dauntless Scot last year sold his crop for \$10,000, and his average through good years and bad is not less than \$3,000, or almost as much as his original investment.

Men who have thought to pass a well-earned rest on a small ranch where they and their children could gather whatever crop might come, have had to change

their reckonings as the years brought their orchards into full bearing. And almost unawares the community has grown until twelve or fifteen packing houses have had to be built to handle the citrus fruit which three railroads have been anxious enough to haul, to place Ontario on their maps. For some matter of convenience in the handling of its products the town has been divided, one part taking the name of Uplands. But though separate towns, they will probably never be distinct, and though one may be shown the dividing line somewhere on Euclid Avenue, he would not know it again a moment after. The interests of the two have always been, and must always be, identical, and not until one of them forswears Euclid Avenue, which they now have in common, will they become two distinct towns to the world at large.

While it is by the citrus fruit route that Ontario has made its way to a place of importance among California growers, its deciduous product is of no mean value. Its peach and apricot crops have out-grown the capacity of the cannery that employs five hundred people during the season. Even the two large drying yards employing several hundred more people have difficulty in handling the surplus.

Adjoining the place is one of the largest vineyards in the world. Already some seven thousand acres are in grapes and it is expected that eventually the vineyard will include fifty thousand acres. That these grapes and much of the deciduous fruit are grown in this section without irrigation speaks the last word for the quality of the soil.

But it is a quiet, not a blatant prosperity that breathes in the air of Ontario. The stranger senses it. It is not thrust harshly upon him, by the usual outward signs. The railroad trains enter the place, not by some ugly back street disfigured by shacks and smoke-grimed car abuts, but through rows of smiling fruit-laden trees. Only prosperity can afford such entrance for a railroad; only prosperity can afford not to hurry. From the station one sees a small grass plot with a shaded resting-place, a club house opposite, and for the rest—there is nothing but trees with

a broad avenue lying between. Only prosperity can offer such peace and beauty at the city's gate.

A little way down this avenue there is a group of business blocks, banks and shops and offices; just those that are of necessity severe in architecture. As for the hotels, they are like homes and set back in beautiful grounds, almost

hidden from the street by the trees and flowers. School houses and other public buildings, including a new Carnegie Library, are likewise softened by garden-like surroundings. Just beyond the business blocks the ranch homes begin. But nowhere, even at the height of the picking and shipping season, is there hurry or bustle.

Vacation Suggestions

BY FRANK HACKETT IN THE HOME MAGAZINE

This writer points out that entire change of scene and occupation is the essence of a most restful holiday.

Once a year, at least, every one who has been working should take a vacation. A change in occupation rests the mind as it rests the body, and no one can continue to do good work unless for at least two weeks in the year he lives a different life. A man can compel himself to do many disagreeable things which are not good for him. Some even boast "twenty years at work and never a week's vacation," but even if work is pleasant, routine is deadening. The man whose brain has revolved around one set of ideas for twenty years is preparing for a peevish, ugly and tiresome old age when those ideas will have been set aside.

The object of vacation is complete mental and physical relaxation. The way to rest from one occupation is to change to another and the completer the change the better. Hence an indoor worker should spend his time out in the open. A man who has been "on the road" would do well to visit some quiet place in the country or by the sea, away from hotels and the anecdotes of his fellow missionaries, and in two weeks he may get to know something of his own family and of the world that does not suspect his heart is a blank which only an order can fill.

A man who lives in the country does not always think that he and his wife and children need a vacation. But if he can possibly afford it he should take them every year to one of the great cities and see what the gay life of the restau-

rant and theatre, concert hall and art gallery has to offer. The city presents everything that is charming and cultured in its life to the visitor from the quiet country. In two or three weeks his friends can show him enough to color half his year with memory, the other with fresh anticipation. If no change is brought into one's life the activity of the mind slackens, the interests grow dull and we tint with our own grey spirits the whole world beyond. It is not always because we have not enough money, either. More will be spent in attempts to relieve monotony at home than would provide for a good vacation. What really holds us back is the old fears and doubts which chilled the blood of our forefathers, to whom a journey from home was often a leave-taking from life. We inherit these half fears, and we indulge them, though the cause is removed. What other reason is there that there are men and women living the Eastern States who have never seen a railroad, who have never traveled fifty miles from home, who believe that New York is a sink of iniquity and Chicago a prairie hamlet? These are people with native intelligence, but the great life of their country is as legendary to them as the deeds of figures woven in an ancient tapestry. They have never learned that it is the wisdom of others which makes us wise.

The man or girl who lives and works indoors for the greater part of the year owes it to himself to spend his vacation

hygienically. A great deal can be done in two weeks to renew vigor and a keen interest in work. But care must be taken in selecting a place for vacation. If you know what kind of rest you ought to have, the choice will not be so hard, and if you remember that mental weakness is cured best by moderate physical exertion, you will be on the road to a right decision. Of course, if one is really "run down," a rest cure may be necessary, but by the time one has to give up work one is in the hands of a physician, and he, if everything is suitable, will recommend the Weir Mitchell treatment.

The young man and the girl both intend to have "a good time" when vacation comes around. Ideas of what "a good time" exactly is differ. Many look forward longingly to one kind of it which is sought very dearly. To go to some overcrowded seaside resort, stay at an overcrowded hotel or boarding-house, sleep in a room with another or several others, have as regular both every morning, dances very late every night, eat a good deal of candy and drink a good deal of "soda," is not the best way in the world to spend vacation. To go to some stupid country place where there is nothing to do but to gossip or dawdle, no boating or fishing or swimming, no cycling or golf or tennis, no dancing, no lively companions, is no way for any one under fifty to rest who is not an invalid.

On the other hand, health and pleasure can be combined.

If you live near the sea, the best place to go for your vacation is to the mountains. The change of air and of scenery has even more than an aesthetic value. To go into the idea thoroughly, one can get from nearly any railroad a book giving prices, possibilities and descriptions of vacation resorts on its route. The information is generally reliable, but it is well to be prepared to spend a little more money than they set down. The judgment of your friends is not always satisfactory about pleasant or unpleasant places. Some people have the gift of bringing out the pleasant side, others of drawing forth the unpleasant in everything.

If one's home is inland it is advisable

to get to the sea or the lakes or the woods. To join a party and camp in the woods is as healthy an outing as any one can have. Few who live where the engine holds sway and the traffic grinds along realize how vast are the primal woods in our country. The trail of civilization is gradually being blazed over them but there are many square miles where man can see what his forefathers found when they pushed their plowshare farther and farther into the heart of nature. The pure air, the restful silence, the morning plunge in the cold lake, the long day spent clambering over a trail, the cool night, when darkness slips around and makes the camp cooler than a house—is not this a welcome change from the hard street and the din of our wheel? You can be miles from the railroad, where the only paths are grass-grown and the men you meet have lived so earlier years, silent for weeks, glad to have an Indian friend, even if he could not talk a word of English. This is the sort of change that vacation should bring—a change in the trend of thought, a path out of the groove of one's narrow experiences.

There are two things which you must take with you to the woods: adaptability and good humor. Be ready to go anywhere, to sink your own personal objections and tastes, to make life as easy as possible for your companions. Money can save you a good deal in selecting comfortable hotels, but the best vacation is that which is "home-made." Hotels, as a rule, are inhabited by elderly people, who have no initiative, who require good care to be taken of them, and who, in the end, come to regard the three meals as the three great events of the day. They are given as many things to eat, mostly unsuitable, that digestion becomes a permanent occupation. With any robust person the fun of cooking and housing for oneself, of the jolly companionship of boys and girls, and the novelty of life in a camp, is a wonderful tonic after boarding-house existence. Even girls who live at home find that a visit away from home does them good. Self-reliance, independence and the ability to face what life brings are very seldom learned under the family roof-tree. Many a girl who is moping around

her own home is suffering from a congestion arising from monotony, an ailment that has no name. If it is possible, such a girl should leave her own people, the little circle that cages her in, and fluster out into the wider world. Very likely she will come home believing in her heart that she can be as happy nowhere else. That discovery is the best one in the world to make, but it can only be truly made away from home.

If camp life is undertaken for vacation, hygienic principles are to be remembered. The cleansing of the skin must never be omitted, and a daily bath should be taken. Food should be as carefully looked after as at home, and

all the fresh fruit, cream and butter-milk that can be had be taken. Little ment is necessary, unless one goes in for considerable exertion, but vegetable salads and fish are excellent.

If mountain climbing or a walking tour is proposed, much benefit to muscle and spirits may be expected. A reaction, a depression, usually occurs after the first day or two, but after that the spirits mount and keep mounting. Cold water should not be drunk much during the day. Light clothes should be sent ahead, unless a round trip is being made, so that fresh linen and underwear can be had at the stopping point after a warm bath.

Easy Money by Mail

BY ALBERT E. UELMAN IN APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

The number of business concerns obtaining money fraudulently from the credulous public is rapidly increasing. The daily exposure of the schemes adopted to obtain funds has little influence on the thousands who are ever ready to surrender a part of their pocket money. The following article illustrates the methods used by such establishments.

It would be futile to attempt to estimate the amount of money that is annually contributed to the "get-rich-quick" schemes, high and low, large and small, that are perpetually thrusting their allurement upon the credulous public. From farms and plantations, villages and cities, the pluckings are drawn into the swindlers' hands, thanks to cheap publicity and the United States mail. The bucket shop, the wildest mine, the tropical plantation, and a multitude of other varieties of investment charlatanism that maintain some of the forms of legitimacy are conspicuous enough, and well enough identified and exploited.

But in addition to the vast sums siphoned from the thrifty by uncaught scoundrels, there are other millions taken from the almost empty pockets of the poor. Some of the schemers use the same old offer of something for nothing, and their dupes yield to the cries of the barbers and are numbered among the sadder and wiser thousands. Again, they pose as philanthropic employers trying to induce you to do a little light work for a princely wage, and if you fail to be-

come entangled in this variety of web you will receive more conservative offers of fairly good salaries for a fair amount of work. But always a dollar or two of the applicant's little fund is required as a measure of good faith.

Some of these schemes fall under the ban of the federal statutes prohibiting the use of the mails for purposes of fraud, while others preserve the forms of propriety and keep within the law. It is upon the former group that the penalty of the post office "fraud order" falls, when attention is drawn to a culprit. But the force of post office inspectors is inadequate and the punishments are light, so that the swindler feels a minimum risk of conviction and punishment.

The post office department has the right to issue a "fraud order" at will when the fraudulent nature of an affair is proven, and the last report of Postmaster-General Cortelyou contains a remarkable resume of the benefits conferred upon the public by the vigorous exercise of this power. In the two years ending with June 30,

1906, the post office department issued 630 fraud orders, which was seventy-one more than were issued in the preceding four years.

The line between "fraud," "sharp practice," "smartness," "good business," and "legitimate business methods" is a difficult one for some to trace. It is to be presumed that the enterprises which do not bring down upon themselves the application of the fraud order are not frauds; but with this admitted, it is still not without interest to observe the intricate and astute methods utilized to draw money in small sums from a multitude of people.

Imagine that you are a hard-working man with a large family, earning a wage that barely supports your household. You would like to discover some means by which you could make a few dollars extra each week. Your regular employment occupies your daytime, but the evenings might help to relieve your burdens. Your thoughts naturally drifts to the "want" columns, where "business opportunities" are arrayed in great variety.

Among the advertisements you observe the following:

\$7 per 100 collecting names. Book holding three hundred names and instructions 10c.
AMERICAN DIRECTORY Co., Brooklyn, N.Y.

This sounds reasonable, and a hundred names should not be difficult to collect in the unoccupied moments of the evenings. So you write, inclosing the ten cents, and in reply come the following instruction, accompanied by a small blank book with spaces for your names and addresses:

INSTRUCTIONS

For Collecting Names

\$7 per 100 made collecting names. Book and instructions 10c.

AMERICAN DIRECTORY Co., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Friend—Your reply to the above or a similar advertisement has been received by us. Our method of collecting these names is as follows: We publish a Mail List or Agents' Directory. This list is used by the leading publishers and novelty dealers in the United States to mail agent's propo-

sitions, Catalogues, Papers, etc., thereto. Persons having their names inserted in this list will receive Papers, Catalogues, Circulars, and useful articles free of charge, and the cost is only 10c. Our collectors charge 10c. for each name to be published therein. In returning to us they keep 7c. off for their pay.

Look ahead among your friends. You can find dozens who will accept a dime, and they will receive a large mail in return. Write your name on the slip below, cut it off and let your friend read it. We can furnish you a rubber stamp to print your name for 30c. post-paid, with pad and ink.

Three Parties Concerned in This Business.

They are the collector, the subscriber, and the publisher, and this business is mutually beneficial to each party, thus: The collector receives a large commission for collecting, the subscriber receives an abundance of mail matter, and yet, as publishers, gain the usual profit in the printing business. We send you herewith a blank book, holding 300 names. You can return it at any time, whether it contains 300 names or less, remitting us 7c. for each name collected. If you cannot collect names now, please preserve the blank book, and if you can find time in the future we will be glad to receive names from you at any time. Others are sending us names right along and report the work easy, and it is profitable. Many of our collectors employ sub-collectors, paying them 7c. for each name. Do not enter the name of any person free. Always collect 10c. for every name. Remember this: Every person whose name you send us with 7c. gets a big package of Circulars, Catalogues, etc., by return mail and they keep on coming for months after their name has been published in our Directory. Go to work and see what you can do.

Yours for business,

**AMERICAN DIRECTORY CO.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.**

You look at the empty blank book and begin to reflect. You have paid ten cents for an article worth half a cent. It is perfectly plain how this has proved beneficial to one of the parties. Next you are to collect names—a salable commodity—which you hand over to the publisher of this mailing list, with 53c. bonus. He promptly sells his list to various manufacturing, novelty, and cheap publishing concerns, thereby drawing down a third profit. In other words, you

pay him \$3 a hundred for a commodity that he would be glad to buy from you. Whether you get ten cents a name from your subscribers or not is none of his concern.

Accompanying the directions comes a batch of samples—the sort of literature the subscriber may be expected to receive for the privilege of paying ten cents and surrendering his name. A book on health and disease, or rather a prospectus or leaflet of one, published by the American Book Agency, Brooklyn, N.Y., the price, \$1. The same agency in more colored leaflets offers to sell you "500 Successful Money-making Formulas and Trade Secrets" for twenty-five cents; a "Reliable Coin and Stamp Value Book" for ten cents; and "5 Great Money-making Schemes" for the same trifling sum. That is all the American Book Agency offers you, but now on a green paper slip the American Agency, also in Brooklyn, puts before you the "Name Desler," a guide to the selling of lists of names—you can have this for a silver dime. It likewise offers you a packet of "Ceped's Sachet Perfume," the odor of which "it is almost impossible to wash away!" The name of the American Mailing Agency of Brooklyn is on another strip of paper. Thus you have received printed matter from the American Agency, the American Book Agency, and the American Mailing Agency—all in Brooklyn, from the American Directory Company, of the same place. In this same Brooklyn also the Progressive Monthly offers you a three months' subscription. It begins to look rather like a fourth profit—does it not?—and your share of the "mutual benefit" seems to grow smaller the nearer you get to it.

Perhaps you are still uncertain. Well, hold on. Down in one corner of the envelope in this, printed on a little pink slip:

YOU CAN EASILY MAKE \$50 per 1,000 Paying up small gummed stickers. Positively no further work whatever. It's new and a sure winner. Send fifteen cents stamps to start at once. For name of company that furnishes stickers and full instructions, Address,

American Novelty Co., Fairville, Brooklyn, N.Y.

This new offer may have something in it. So you send fifteen cents. Now you open the return mail to see how "you can easily make" that fifty.

You get no reply from the American Novelty Company, but in a few days a communication arrives from the Waverly Brown System, of Merrick, Mass., with a circular explaining the "gummed sticker" plan. It is headed with a statement that the Waverly Brown concern is the largest mail order house of its kind in the world, with over two hundred co-operative companies, and possessing a cable address. Here is the "sticker" idea for getting money as set forth:

Attached to this circular you will find a Gummed Label, and on it you will see the nature of the article advertised and its attractive method of selling it. It is the only article of its kind on the market that is sold on this plan. It is estimated that more people are in actual need of this article than any other known to mankind. There is ALWAYS a demand for it. Now, all you need is some stickers like this with your firm name on them. Select any name you choose, such as the "Star Mfg. Co.," "Brown Mfg. Co.," "Form Mail Order Co.," or any name you may desire. All orders will come direct to YOU and you keep the money from the first order and send us the order to fill direct to your customer. **HALF OF ALL THE MONEY THAT COMES IN IS YOURS** and the other half is OURS. Now add your name and address (firm name) to attached sticker and address to the 3000 Century Adv'g. Agency, Springfield, Mass., and have them print you 1,000 stickers at \$1.50 per 1,000. When you get the stickers paste one in the corners of every Saloon, Hotel, Barber Shop, Depot and other public places.

1,000 STICKERS ARE THE SAME TO YOU AS 1,000 AGENTS WORKING FOR YOU AND THESE AGENTS NEVER SLEEP! But keep making orders for you for years. They would bring you in many DOLLARS before they would have to be replaced. The number of orders you will get will depend ENTIRELY on the NUMBER of stickers you paste up. Remember this also, that if 1,000 STICKERS WOULD BRING YOU IN \$500.00, THEN 20,000 WILL BRING YOU IN \$10,000. Not bad for the small amount you spend for stickers, is it not?

MANY MEN AND FIRMS WOULD CHANGE YOU FROM \$5.00 TO \$10.00

FOR THE ABOVE PLAN that we give you for a mere trifle. Try and appreciate this by giving the business the trial it justly merits. It's NOW "UP TO YOU." Are you with us??? If so, SEND US \$1.50 AND LIST US PLACED YOUR FIRST ORDER WITH THE LABEL COMPANY FOR 1,000 STICKERS.

WAVERLY BROWN SYSTEM,
Merrick, Mass.

The articles offered for sale by the sample "stickers" make it improper to quote them here.

Now, is not this an easy way of making \$50? Surprising you never thought of it before. Thus far you have paid the American Directory Company ten cents for a half-cent blank book and an offer to accept names from you for a mailing list, accompanied by three cents each; fifteen cents to the American Novelty Company to discover how "you can easily make \$50 per thousand, pasting up small gummed stickers," which brings you an offer to sell you the "stickers" at \$1.50 per thousand, and if you receive any orders for the thing advertised to share the money with you. With this last advertising matter you find a slip of the Twentieth Century Advertising Agency, offering you the same inducement to secure names for a big mailing list that the American Directory Company took your ten cents for. Thus one circle is completed, and your effort to make some extra money has ended where it began.

It would appear that a chance to earn money after work hours, in the comfort of your own room, merely by writing postal cards, would be a lucky opportunity, and you feel fortunate indeed when among a column of advertisements you happen upon this:

\$30 a week made by writing postals at home during spare hours. 10s. for particulars. Eastern Brokerage Company, P. O. Box 365, Montreal, Can.

You send ten cents and receive in reply the following information printed on cheap paper and addressed to you in lead pencil:

DEAR FRIEND -

Your remittance received for which we send you two of the best formulas yet

invented and each worth more than a dollar.

EXCELSIOR BEAUTY CREAM

Mix: 1 oz. cast. Borax, Glycerine, Tincture Benzoin, 10 oz. Rose Water, with enough boiled water to make one quart. Directions: Apply to hands, face or body as often as desired, a very small quantity usually suffices, rubbing well until dry.

FEELLESS PAIN KILLER

Mix: 2 oz. Spirits of Camphor, 4 oz. Tincture Quinine, 4 oz. Tincture Myrrh, 4 oz. Grain Alcohol, with enough boiled water to make one quart. Directions: External. Apply to part rubbing well in. Saturated liniment and use over affected portion. Internal, 4 teaspoonful in 4 glass water twice a day (see internal pain).

I also send you free, full details, copy of postal, etc. of the greatest money-making scheme ever invented netting anyone \$100.00 a month if properly coached. Here it is.

Buy as many postal cards as you can afford, 35 will start you. On each write or have printed the following:-

DEAR FRIEND, One hundred dollars a month simply mailing postal cards from your own home is leisure hours, nothing to sell or buy: No Medical, Toilet, Bock or Cough Scheme. Perfectly honest and legitimate. I will send you full details if you will send me 25 cents for two formulas each worth a dollar for making preparations used every day in every home but in no way connected with above plan, which I remember I send you free. Send to-day and address.

Sign your own name and address and mail to such people as you think would be interested in such a proposition. And to each who sends the 25 cents for formulas, send them "An exact copy of these instructions" from "Dear Friend" to the Signatures including every word.

This plan is perfectly honest and legitimate, as you send the two formulas for 25 cents and give the scheme absolutely free. Send out only 250 postals a week costing but \$2.50 and as more than one-half usually respond you make \$25.00.

Sign your own name and address.

Here is a concern that not only wheedles you and thousands of others out of a small sum but suggests and tells you how to go into business and wheedle others by an endless chain. And very guileless and easily caught you would be if you followed this advice to the letter. First you are told to write to such persons as you

think would be interested—naturally friends—and then sign your own name and address. Then you are told to use a postal system which is rather expensive. No hint is given of following the plan of advertising for "suckers" under a company name and thus saving money and keeping your identity under the surface.

About fifteen years ago in Chicago a firm began advertising broadcast in the "Help Wanted" columns of the newspapers for men to distribute circulars and advertising matter of one form and another and to tack signs. Since that time others have been born into the business until now some eight or ten concerns advertise for the same class of help in the same columns of the same newspapers.

The following want ad, clipped from a single advertising page, shows the kind of appeal offered to those out of employment or seeking to better their lot:

WANTED—Men everywhere, to distribute samples, circulars, etc., \$3 to \$5 thousand, permanent occupation. American Union, 12 State St., Chicago.

WANTED—MEN EVERYWHERE: good pay, to distribute circulars, advertising matter, seek sign, etc., no canvassing. National Ad. Bureau, Chicago.

WANTED, EVERYWHERE—HUSTLERS to tack signs, distribute circulars, samples, etc., no canvassing, good pay. San Advertising Bureau, Chicago.

WANTED—Hustlers everywhere: \$25 to \$30 made weekly distributing circulars, packages, overseeing outdoor advertising; experience not needed; new plan; no canvassing. Add Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Co., 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

\$25 WEEKLY easily earned (position permanent) distributing circulars, samples, etc. For particulars, Commercial Advertising Association, Philadelphia, Pa.

Now, to the man in search of employment the similarity of the advertisements would prove puzzling, to say the least. They all offer the same work at the same business for about the same pay. Well, of course, some of them may have filled the position in your locality and the act of Talley-

rand would be to address postals to all of them and then accept the first offer of a position.

In response to your query there is a perfect avalanche of mail. The first to win the race to your mail box is the Commercial Advertising Association, of Philadelphia, with a small brochure from which some paragraphs are submitted:

Our object is to obtain a man in every district to distribute samples and advertising matter for over 800 different advertisers in the United States and Canada who require the services of Distributors, Bill Posters, Sign Painters, etc. As you have perhaps learned, the house-to-house system is fast taking the place of newspaper advertising, and it has been demonstrated to the larger advertisers that the former is less expensive and vastly more remunerative.

There is no business under the sun for any and all classes that will equal the distribution of samples, circulars, and general advertising matter, no business that can be gone into without capital or business training that promises such certain and rapid results. We can tell what's in a man by the way he distributes his first ten thousand circulars and samples. Some men after earning fifty or sixty dollars in ten days or two weeks, feel like loafing awhile and are apt to get careless. Getting so much money so easily is a new experience to them.

Our success has induced many other concerns in this and other cities to pattern after our literature, and to flood the country with advertisements and other printed matter containing offers of work that are outrageous misrepresentations, to say the least.

We have, at a great expense, compiled and published a Directory, giving the names and full addresses of the firms in the United States that would employ the services of our representatives. The Directory, of itself, is worth many times the first payment of membership fee either to those who are in the business or contemplate engaging in it.

TO BECOME A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION you must use our Directory, so this is the key to success. The price of the Directory and blanks is \$2.00, which includes a life's membership in the Association. But in order to convince you that the business is solid and profitable you can avail yourself of the following offer: send us \$1.00 and we will send you (charges prepaid) the Directory, Full Instructions, Membership Certificate, Etc., Etc., and everything to start you in business.

You now turn your attention to one of the other letters. The first that reaches your hand is that of the Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Company, Chicago. This concern lays the same kind of a proposition before you that the philanthropic association in Philadelphia has made.

We demand membership fee in advance for several reasons. It takes money to conduct our business properly and it would be quite unfair to expect us to advance all the money to start a distributor in the Out-Door Advertising business, the membership fee of \$2.00, paid in advance, does not begin to cover this expense.

Like the Commercial Advertising Association the Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Company has a few words to say about its esteemed rivals in the same line of doing good for the out-of-work. It must edify the others to read this:

Several firms claiming to be engaged in the Out-Door Advertising business have copied a portion of our circulars, and have attempted to imitate our methods, but we want it understood that we are in no way connected with any firm, association, or league.

The next appeal for money in the shape of a collection of printed matter is that of the Continental Distributing Service, Douglas Arcade, also Chicago. Its literature seems to have been written by the same hand with the exception that in one paragraph it is more candid than the others so far.

Our Charges for all this-for establishing you in a pleasant and profitable business of your own, a business that may pay you thousands annually-is One Dollar. Do not imagine, however, that we desire you to suppose that we are conducting our business on purely philanthropic principles. What, therefore, do you care if ninety-five cents of the dollar invested with us, in exchange for the above advantages, was a net profit to us? You would be rather pleased than otherwise, hence to discuss the matter further is folly.

Following in close wake is the Sun Advertising Bureau, Chicago, with the same literature and an offer to take only \$1 of your money. The advertising brings you the information that they have been doing business at the same old stand since 1895. The

Oakland National Bank is given as reference.

Comes another, the National Advertising and Distributing Bureau, established in 1885, with offices in the Oakland National Bank Building, to which financial institution the Sun Advertising Bureau refers, as also does the National. The National wants \$1 for putting you on the road to fortune, and tells you to make haste before the fee is raised to \$2.

The motto of the National is "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." A second letter coming from them a day or two later has this significant statement from Mr. O. F. Griffin, the manager:

The moment I saw your letter I was impressed with the fact that we ought to have you with us. I can see an opportunity for you to build up a lucrative business. We want honest, hard-working men like you, and I feel absolute confidence in your success. We have had some difficulty in getting just the man we want in your town, and I wish to appeal to you to reconsider your decision if you have made up your mind not to join us.

All of this is laughable when you discover that this extremely flattering letter is printed in imitation of typewriting, and that even Manager Griffin's signature is printed. The National also has a word to say about the others in the same business—in fact it shouts a warning to "Beware of fraudulent bureaus."

Next to gain your attention is the Universal Advertising and Distributing Company, Drexel Bank Building, Chicago, which bank it gives as reference. Its printed matter is worded like that of the others except in the case of one leaflet, which, with the exception of a change of five or six words, is a duplicate of a similar leaflet put out by the National.

The Empire System, Chicago, now comes along with the same talk and the same proposition for \$1. It claims to be the oldest in the field.

It is refreshing to read the several ounces of circulars and leaflets sent by the American Distributors' Union, Chicago. The A. D. U. desires \$2 of your money, but it asks for the

coin in a slightly different way. Namely, you do not join an association; you merely pay them to represent you. They seem almost original until you strike the "general information" circular which is simply a repetition of what the others have given you.

Now by this time you have discovered that all these concerns use "come-on" advertising; that is, they offer employment to you without mentioning that any of your money is wanted. Next you find they do not offer you employment—they are merely beseeched to join and association or hire them to represent you.

Next—no distinct promises of employment are given; only vague generalities, beating around the bush. They promise only to attempt to get you distributing, to send your name to some leading advertisers, and to send you a directory of advertisers, to whom you can write. Therefore you are not given the immediate employment you seek which the little "want ads" would lead you to believe was offered.

Again you notice that all the printed stuff with the exceptions of a few twists and changes, is identically alike, and all make similar propositions with similar objects in view. Then you have the word of the majority of them that the others have copied their literary efforts, have broken their promises, and are running fraudulent games.

Still to be absolutely convinced you may want more evidence. So you get a friend to write them and he receives the same choice of assortment of the job printer's art. All of them say they need a representative or member, or want you to represent them in your particular county, locality, vicinity, or section. So you sit down and write the Commercial Advertising Association of Philadelphia, enclosing a \$1 bill in the registered letter. You state carefully that as they want a representative in your county, you wish to be that representative, and that unless you are to have your county exclusively they can count you out and send you luck the dollar.

Back comes a neat certificate of membership, dated and numbered, and setting forth your name; also a forty-eight-page booklet, containing a list of firms and companies that advertise largely, and several pages of old almanac stuff on hints to the injured, rates of postage, how to clean marble, and so on. When your friend, who has received a letter from the same association, writes to them for the same county exclusively, and sending \$1 receives a beautiful certificate like your own, you are finally convinced that another effort to earn money in your spare time has gone astray.

Another enterprising business is the Rogers Silverware Company, 608 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. A young lady in Wisconsin was the recipient of a letter from this concern that surprised and delighted her. The text of it is given here:

Dear Friend:

The list has just been completed of the fortunate persons who are to get a present and you are one of them.

The present, which we hold subject to your order, is a beautiful four-piece set of silverware (full size for family use) which we will send prepaid in a Lin Leatherette case, silk lined, bound, securely packed in a strong outside box, upon receipt of 97 cents, a charge which we make for packing, shipping and cost of preparing charges to your door, and we guarantee safe delivery and against breakage.

We positively will not ship C. O. D. but will deliver the set unpacked, without charge, to anyone who calls at our office and presents this letter duly signed by you.

In sending charge of 97 cents, kindly do so in cash or 3-cent stamps, express order or registered letter; and this 97 cents covers charges of every description, including promptness to your door. It is necessary that you reply within fifteen days or we will not hold present for you.

Yours very truly,
ROGERS SILVERWARE COMPANY.
Diet G. M. R.

The letter head upon which this was printed in imitation of typewriting—despite the "Diet G.M.R."—has a beautiful cut in red of a chased silver teapot, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, and tray. The telephone and cable addresses are given and the

name of the firm is printed in black with the information that they are "Wholesalers and Retail Dealers, Distributors and Importers of Silverware Sets, Silver Services, etc."

It burst upon this "dear friend" as something of a surprise that a number of gentlemen associated as the Rogers Silverware Company—but totally unknown to her—had especially selected her among others as the fortunate recipient-to-be of the "beautiful four-piece set of silverware" shown in the letter head, so doubt. To be sure, admirable artistic self-restraint is evidenced in the text itself. No mention is made of the composition of this "beautiful set," but, surely, any seeing eye can count the four pieces in the engraving and read the "four" and "family size" in the letter. What need of further identification? And "silverware," too, is such a deliciously vague word; so full of undefined hopes—they might be solid!

This letter, of course, was sent to a distance from the office of the address. Probably the addressee would find it inconvenient to make a journey almost across the continent to inspect in person a "present" which, except for the ninety-seven cents shipping charges, would come free for the asking. In this instance, however, it aroused such avid curiosity that advantage was taken of a coincident visit to Philadelphia, to call in person for the gift. Telephone connection, "Walnut, 139," and cable address, "Silvo," looked very impressive on the letter head, but no Rogers Silverware Company appeared in the telephone book, the city directory, or in any financial rating list. In the building directory of 608 Chestnut Street, an office building, no Rogers Silverware Company either. The name of a Rogers appeared as having an office on the fourth floor, but apparently without connection with the silverware company, which inquiry of the elevator man developed had an office on the sixth floor.

Getting off at that floor, there indeed the visitor found "Rogers Silverware Company" showing black against ground glass of a door. The

"company" occupied several small offices filled with desks and typewriters and inhabited by a number of boys and girls.

Upon the caller's entrance, and before any word could be spoken, a somewhat noisy youngster called out loudly a name which brought a comely young girl from an adjoining room. She arranged a scattered wisp of hair deftly with her right hand, at the same time placing a lead pencil snugly into her psychic knot as she came forward to greet the visitor. The letter of gift was presented to this amiable young woman, and she smiled sweetly and said: "We have had such a rush on the sets that we are all out, but we will have more in a few days, and if you leave seventy-five cents we will reserve one for you."

"What is the charge of seventy-five cents for?" she was asked.

"Why, sir, for the set," she said, smiling even more sweetly; "we charge twenty-two cents for packing and sending and seventy-five cents for the set. Er-r the letter—that must be a mistake. We don't give them away; no, sir."

Could the visitor see a sample set. "Oh, yes, there is one," she interrupted. A small box was handed over. The covering was not even leatherette but an imitation—or in other words, an imitation of an imitation of leather. Then the cover was removed, revealing the set. The sumptuous silver service so seductively shown in the cut on the letter head, but a humble butter knife, a sugar spoon, a fork, and a gravy ladle. No stamp indicated the manufacturers, although the young woman said, "Yes, we make them."

"We guarantee them for three years, she called as the visitor opened the door to take leave.

Although the letter expressly stated that the "set" is a "present," and will be given "unpacked, without charge" to anyone presenting the firm's letter, duly signed by the recipient, at the home office, seventy-five cents was asked, the other twenty-two cents covering packing and shipping charges—the letter set down the whole

ninety-seven cents as against the same charges.

One more mystery to be cleared away: the benevolent solicitude shown

the interests of an unknown addressee. The young woman volunteered quite frankly that all names were bought from a name broker!

"Napoleon the Scoundrel"

BY PIERRE MULLIN IN THE GRAND MAGAZINE

A striking story by one of the best of the younger generation of French writers

He walked very stiffly, his head thrown slightly back, one hand resting on the arm of a soldier of the 75th Regiment.

"Lyons is a beautiful place," said the soldier, more for the sake of speaking than for any other reason.

"I don't know," answered his companion, "I am from Romans."

"Do you mean to say you really see nothing, nothing at all? Are you quite blind?"

"Yes," replied the other briefly.

The soldier looked moody and embarrassed, and the two men walked along by the quays without exchanging a word for quite a long time.

"Here is the Military Hospital," said the soldier at last. He breathed freely again now, evidently relieved. When he stopped, the other man stopped also. The soldier lost no time in speaking to the gate-keeper, for his companion's silence weighed on him.

"Look here," he began, "this man has come by train alone, with a paper signed by the surgeon-major at Romans; at any rate he arrived here by himself. When he heard the porters calling out Lyons he got out of the train, but he just stood in front of the carriages without moving. 'I have a paper for the Military Hospital here,' he kept on repeating. 'It seems you can't see,' said the adjutant on duty, after reading the paper. 'I will send somebody with you to the hospital!' and then, as I was on the platform, the adjutant sent me with him."

"All right," said the gate-keeper; "you may go now."

The other man during this colloquy stood silent and motionless.

"Where's your letter from the surgeon-major?" said the gate-keeper.

The stranger drew some documents from his pocket and held them out towards the gate-keeper.

"So your name is Dienteurgard, is it? It's a queer enough name!"

There was no reply.

"It seems that you are not only blind, but dumb into the bargain," the gate-keeper continued sharply. "It wouldn't hurt your eyes if you were to answer me, would it?"

He sent one of the infirmity attendants upstairs with the man, however, and the attendant was gentle enough, thanks to the great pity which nearly everyone feels for those who cannot see.

"Dienteurgard—of the 78th," said the surgeon-major. "I have heard of him. My confrere at Romans tells me that the fellow is an anarchist, and that he is only shamming. Bring me the ophthalmoscope."

The surgeon-major was still a young man, with an eager face full of intelligence. He loved his profession, which was as fresh and fascinating to him still as it had been on the first day.

"You were a member of an anarchist club," he said to the man. "A few days before you had to draw lots for the army you did not put in an appearance at your work at the Magnobos spinning mill, alleging that you had suddenly become blind. You could see all right one day, and the next day you were blind! I must tell you that is a most improbable tale. The surgeon-major at Romans

has sent you to me because he had no ophthalmoscope. You are believed to be an anarchist who wishes to escape military service by feigning blindness. We are now going to find out whether this is the case or not."

He spoke quietly and firmly in an impersonal way, as if he quite admitted that the man had a right to tell a lie if he wished to do so. It was merely a question now of proving to demonstration that the man lied.

"If you had gone in only for partial blindness," the doctor continued, "you might have carried the thing off, but total blindness! How do you say it occurred?"

"I was on the St. Etienne road with some friends," said Diestegard slowly, "and the sun was blazing down on us. Suddenly I felt dizzy, and it seemed to me as though a thunder-bolt had entered my skull. I fell down on a heap of stones, and I said to my friends, 'I can't see anything!'"

Dr. Roger let him talk on, pretending not to notice him, but to be exclusively occupied with arranging the ophthalmoscope. Then, without warning, he suddenly shot out his first and middle fingers like a fork right in front of the man's face, to within an inch of the raised eyelids. This is the classic, the best, and the oldest known method of procedure in such cases.

The man did not even flinch. "The deuce!" muttered the doctor. "You are well up in your part. Close everything," he continued, speaking to the attendant.

The attendant shut the door, drew down the blinds, and pulled the heavy green curtains over the windows. Artificial darkness being thus obtained, the ophthalmoscope was lighted, and the doctor turned the dazzling rays all at once on to the two pupils. Such reflected beams are of the most trying intensity, as anyone may judge by looking fixedly at the lantern of a locomotive or of an automobile.

Diestegard did not so much as blink.

"That's very smart," said Dr. Roger jeeringly. "You have prac-

tised a long time, have you not? But it is difficult to think of everything. Your pupils react against the light."

When a man has been kept for a few seconds in a room that is almost completely dark, if light suddenly strikes his eyes the pupils react. It is as impossible to prevent this as it is impossible to prevent a sensitive plant from curling up its leaves.

"There is nothing in your eyes, nothing at all. Not the shadow of an injury. You are fit enough for military service, my friend!"

"It's not my fault if there are ailments that doctors know nothing of," replied Diestegard, so indifferently that it seemed as though he were speaking for someone else instead of himself. "I tell you that I cannot see."

"Why do you not tell me that you have no legs? I know that you can see—that's enough, sir!"

The soldier, Diestegard, now definitely incorporated in the regiment, was sent to prison for a month for pretending to have an infirmity that unfitted him for military service. For thirty days and thirty nights he lived in a cell, six feet wide by twelve feet long, where there was nothing but a wooden bed fastened to the wall. Air penetrated into the cell, but no direct sunlight, so that there was never more than a sort of dim twilight. To take one's meals, such meals as they are, in the gloom of military prisons is one of the most unendurable things which those who are looked up in these have to complain of—when they have eyes that see. Diestegard lost his appetite, but this was not sufficient proof that he was acting a part.

Want of exercise was quite sufficient to explain his loathing for food. Certain rather hard tasks are assigned to the prisoners. They have to wheel stones about and to carry heavy loads. Diestegard persisted that he could not see and, therefore, that he could not work. The non-commissioned officers and those who had to take him out would walk suddenly straight up to him very roughly to try and throw him off his guard, but he never flinched, allowing them

to knock right up against him. His pale, beardless face had procured for him the nickname of Napoleon, though some, on account of the comedy he was supposed to be playing, called him "the scoundrel." Eventually the two nicknames were coupled, though "Napoleon the Scoundrel," whose apathy at last triumphed, was left in comparative peace.

On the thirty-first day of his imprisonment, however, his cell door was opened, and, accompanied by two soldiers, he was taken to the Lamotte fort. Holding his head erect and with eyes that seemed to see nothing, he walked with his two guardians through the long Faubourg de la Guillotière. It had rained during the night and the streets were still very muddy. Diestegard walked right into every puddle.

"If you'd look where you're going as other people do you would keep your fetted drier," said one of the soldiers.

"How can I when I'm blind?" was the simple answer.

"Look on the ground and you can't help avoiding the holes. Feet and the eye obey each other unconsciously. Bend your head a little, just to see!"

"To see?" Diestegard repeated ironically.

"Yes, to 'see,' you humbug! Even if you don't do as I suggest now, I should strongly advise you to do it later on. Take the tip from me, my friend; it's for the benefit of your health, I assure you."

The other soldier laughed jeeringly. He knew what was being prepared.

Diestegard maintained a disdainful silence; it was evident that he was trying to think of other matters. The three men at last came to the end of their long walk.

The Lamotte fort, originally built to protect Lyons against a possible attack from a foreign army, to-day provides accommodation for a comparatively small garrison. Deep moats surround it, rendering the surveillance of the men very simple. A

man who may risk scaling an ordinary wall, finds a rampart thirty feet high quite another matter. Diestegard passed through the gate without giving the salute. His guards reproached him, with that sort of uneasy timidity characteristic of soldiers afraid of being punished themselves for faults their neighbors commit. The blind man at once put his hand to his cap, with an apology. After the two had traversed the first courtyard, where the barracks of the infantry are, a rather stiff soldier confronted them, and up this the blind man stumbled in a perfectly natural manner. At the top Surgeon-major Rogers was awaiting him, talking to a group of officers.

"He plays his part very well, in any case," one of the officers observed.

"I strongly protest against this experiment, you know," said the surgeon-major.

"Protest as much as you please," answered the captain. "The fellow belongs to you no longer. He is enrolled in my regiment. You declared he could see, therefore—"

"And supposing I have made a mistake?" said Roger's.

"If you are mistaken, that is your affair. All I have to consider is that a man is sent to me who has had a month's imprisonment for pretending he could not see. Consequently, I have the right to give orders to the soldier Diestegard. Is everything ready?" asked the captain, breaking off, as he turned to a sergeant.

"Yes, captain. All we have to do now is to take the man by the steps at the back of the canteen up to the glacis and to start him on the path. The path is only about thirty feet long, and at the end of it is the moat, above the northeast casemate."

"Have you taken all your precautions?" asked the surgeon-major. "It's pretty stiff, your experiment, you know."

"Stiff!" echoed the captain. "Are you afraid that he will let any of those confounded journalists know about it?"

"No," answered Roger, "or else I am mistaken in him. He may be an

anarchist, he is certainly not a boaster."

"Nor even a chatterer?"

"Nor even a chatterer. If he had cared to, he could already have—well, I may as well tell you, I like the fellow."

Commandant Lecamus, an obese man, much given to literature, and recognized by all his fellow officers as very intelligent, happened to be present.

"You like an impostor, then?" he said to Roger. "It is clear that if you let him go through with this trial, you must believe him to be an impostor?"

The surgeon-major made no reply. He was loth even to analyse too closely his own thoughts, although, professionally, fully persuaded the man had lied. The man's simple statement: "I cannot see," seemed to mock science. The various experiments, according to all the manuals and all the authorities on the subject, ought to have sufficed to confound this malingering.

Diente-gard was now standing motionless, an indifferent expression on his face. His eyes were bright, too bright under so strong a light. His pale, thin, melancholy visage, knitted brows, dark hair, and imperious, debilitated look, at once tragic and droff, made him a sort of cross between a Bonaparte and a Picrot.

"Napoleon the Scoundrel is what his comrades call him, is it not?" observed Lecamus. "A suitable name, too?" Then, changing the subject, he added: "What a fine view there is from here!"

Scarcely had Lecamus spoken before all those looking on turned pale.

They beheld the little bare path, the scant grass on the glacis, the man dressed in his prison clothes, and the two military warders. Suddenly, the rampart fell away and only a wide gap could be seen beyond the edge of red sandstone. Obliquely, the eyes then turned towards the moat, the terrifying signification of which the mind realized with a gasp of tragic horror, as it perceived in imagination all its filth and vileness, with the pool of

muddy water at the bottom. Over yonder, green meadows stretched away into the distance, red roofs stood out, and small reddish cottages dotted in gardens, looking like toy buildings. On the far horizon was the misty Rhone, solemn, heavy, slow, and white, shimmering under the bright sunlight. A fine view, indeed, as Lecamus had remarked. Yet, in spite of its beauty, the mind's eye ever returned to that abominable ditch with its foul grass, its stones, its pool of yellowish water, its filth—

"Diente-gard," ordered the captain, "march straight ahead!"

The man involuntarily turned his head in the direction from which the voice came. His body followed the direction of his head and he moved away from the rampart.

"Straight ahead!"

Straight ahead lay the ditch with its stones, its pool of water, and the broken tin boxes, flashing in the sun.

"Straight ahead!"

The two soldiers, who looked pale and were very awkward, led Diente-gard into the centre of the path, and this time he walked forwards—straight ahead. His lips rolled up over his teeth, and, for a second, his face wore a troubled expression. It reminded one of a portrait suddenly coming to life by some miracle.

Thirty feet is no great distance. It is but twelve or fifteen steps, even when the steps are those of a blind man. One, two, three, four—Diente-gard's face, as he advanced, became once more expressionless and bloodless. Five, six, seven, eight, nine—he continued, unhesitatingly, to walk towards the precipice. Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen—

"Enough, enough!" exclaimed Lecamus, breathless with emotion. "It's idiotic! Stop him!"

Fourteen, fifteen—

The fifteen step had brought Diente-gard to the top of the precipice, and amid breathless silence he disappeared without a sound.

Everyone rushed forward to look over the edge.

"The netting is strong," said the

captain to the surgeon-major. "There is nothing to fear."

He, too, however, ran with the others. Some strong netting had been fixed beneath to the casemate, arranged "like a circus," as the sergeant said. There, lying amid the ropes, was Diente-gard, unhurt and tranquil.

A few minutes later Roger and Diente-gard were alone together, face to face, in the surgeon-major's office. The doctor was standing up, almost trembling with the shock to his nerves. He seemed to be even more overcome than his patient, who, his two hands on his hips, and smiling tranquilly, was seated on a chair. Commandant Lecamus had pressed him to take a cordial, "a good glass of rum, or something of the kind." The man had refused politely, but in the level tones of an equal.

"Listen," said the surgeon-major. "You have just been put to a severe test, and you must be aware, from its severity, that it is the last you will have to undergo. I permitted it because I wanted to know the truth. It was my duty to discover it. Now I am going to have you taken before the commission for your discharge. This, however, is a mere formality, as my report will be accepted without discussion. You will be discharged under the No. 4 clause; that is, without indemnity, on account of an infirmity contracted before entering the service. This report I have already prepared, and am now signing it before you. I have something to ask you, though. No doubt your treatment has, to you, appeared nothing less than persecution. Will you now believe my word?"

Diente-gard reflected for a moment, and then replied simply:

"Yes, I will trust you."

"I was sure of that," continued the surgeon-major, with equal simplicity. "I now promise you that, no matter what answers you make make to my questions, nothing shall be changed in my report. In two days from now, at mid-day, you will receive your discharge. What I now want to know is whether science is in the wrong, and whether the symptoms which led

me to believe you were feigning blindness, deceived me.] Will you answer?"

"Yes," said the man, nodding his head.

"Tell me, then, are you really blind or not?"

Diente-gard rose to his feet. He was still smiling, and was visibly proud—victorious, in fact. Advancing towards the table, with a quick, easy motion he picked up a small-blue-covered book which the surgeon-major recognized at a glance. It was the "Theory of the Home Service for Infantry." Diente-gard opened it and read calmly, without hesitation, from the first page:

"General principles with regard to subordination.

"Domination, being the chief strength of armies, it is necessary that every officer should obtain from his men absolute obedience always, that orders should be executed without hesitation and without murmuring; the authority which gives the orders is responsible for them, and no complaint is to be received from the inferior unless he has first obeyed."

"Enough!" said the surgeon-major.

"Every soldier," continued Diente-gard, "in all circumstances, day or night, and even outside his regiment, owes respect to his superiors, of no matter what branch of the army or what regiment—"

The so-called blind man, whose pale face had now a somewhat insolent expression, wished to continue, but the surgeon-major interrupted him, speaking in so dignified a way that the other at once stopped.

"It was not your officer who questioned you," said Roger, "it was a man like yourself, who had promised you that he would never make use of what you now confess. You should not make my promise too hard for me; because that is—well, it is cowardly."

Diente-gard's eyes filled with tears. "I beg your pardon," he said in a changed voice, with a ring of sincerity in it. "I cannot stand the idea of being taken for a coward! Just now, the netting might have broken, and you risked that, or allowed others to risk it, as you must own, much

less to satisfy your scientific curiosity than for the sake of getting the better of me. But you were almost sure that it would not break. With me it is the same thing. If everyone were to do as I have done in France, without my example being followed in other

countries as well, France might be invaded with impunity. Such risk, however, seems to me so improbable that I consider I am justified in taking no notice of it. If I have escaped military servitude, it has been at the peril of my life!"

Is the Doctor a Shylock?

BY EDGAR ALLAN POERRE IN THE SHOES OF A DOCTOR

Facts and figures about medical fees and incomes.

MENTION the subject of medical fees in the average group of men and you will learn that the American doctor is "out of the money"—is a kind of licensed pirate, overhauling every disabled patient that enters the harbor of his office. Wherever an article on the subject appears outside of the medical press, which only physicians read, such is generally the point of view. Whenever a literary man is confronted with a doctor's bill, railroad corporations and trust magnates dwindle into pygmies beside the medical "plunderbund," and the editor or writer finds solace only in giving the doctor wide and scathing publicity. But it is a long search to find, in the protests against medical greed actual figures on which the man without a grievance may base his judgment.

It is a commonplace thing to hear men speak of the exorbitant fees of to-day as a new development in our civilization—but our fathers and our grandfathers and their grandfathers engaged in the same criticism. In a serious examination of the first collection of the laws of the Virginia Colony, I remember finding a statute aimed at "divers avaricious and gripping practitioners in Physick and Surgery," a statute which permitted the patient to have his doctor arrested if he thought his bill too large. And this rebellious attitude is extended also to other bills in relation to sickness—the charges of the druggist, of the trained nurse, and of the undertaker—but the doctor is regarded as the arch-pirate.

It is a strange fact that although life and good health are priceless possessions, we begrudge all that it costs us to preserve them. The probable reason is that such payments seem a dead loss; there is nothing to show for the expenditure. Another curious fact is that the size of the fee has little to do with the outery. The Arkansas farmer, whose doctor charges \$4 a visit for a five-mile trip over a rough road, howls as loudly as the New York business man who yields up \$10 for a visit that he himself made to the physician's office.

It is too much to expect that the day will ever come when patient and doctor will be agreed on the subject of fees. Their points of view are too widely different. The physician, it is true, refuses to be considered in the same light as a business man or a lawyer, and insists that he is a public servant; but he looks at his income as a whole, not on any particular fee. He compares the number of his working hours and his responsibilities with those of men of equal standing in other lines; and then he contrasts his income with theirs. And what is his conclusion?

"One thing I am sure of," said one of the most skillful and most conscientious surgeons I ever knew—a man who has unquestionably dragged scores and scores back from the borderland of death—"is that physicians are the poorest paid of all the professions when you consider the kind of service they render. A doctor's bill is the last to be paid,

and they seldom do it with graciousness."

This view is practically universal among medical men—specialists, city doctors, country practitioners, and all. It is simply a case where the men who pay the bills think one way, and the men on the job think another way. The patient divides the number of dollars he pays by the hours of service he individually has received; the doctor divides his receipts for the day by the hours of medical service he has actually given.

The doctor makes no secret of the fact that he bases his charges partly on the service rendered and partly on the patient's ability to pay. The well-to-do classes resent this as an injustice; the poorer classes ignore it and complain equally loud. The doctor still insists that the burden of his ministry to the suffering poor should be shared by the well-to-do. If he were to be paid for all—or most—of the professional visits he makes, he could afford to cut his prices in two; but the ethics of his calling demand that he respond to every ring of his bell, however hopeless the prospect of compensation. The reputable physician who would demand financial references before putting his finger on the pulse is as rare as the steamboat captain who deserts his passengers when the ship strikes—and shares the same odium. He would be forced out of the ranks of any reputable medical society in America. That he should not patent nor conceal any new formula whose merits he discovers; that he should give to his profession the rights to all instruments he may invent, or improve; that he should leave his family or his bed at any hour at the call of any man; that he should risk his own life and that of his children whenever an epidemic breaks out—all this and more is accepted by the public as a matter of course. His is a thankless task, for the doctor has no press agent. The only member of the community who realizes the extent of his public service and the smallness of his recompense is the doctor's wife.

I recall a certain medical student who in his senior year took charge of an obstetrical case "for practice." The patient was a poor Negro woman living in a tumble-down shanty on a disreputable street. The student cared to secure from his professor a promise that he would respond to his aid when needed. One night the call came unexpectedly and the student rushed for the telephone. The professor's wife answered that the doctor was out of the city. Heads of perspiration burst out on the young man's brow and he worked his thinking apparatus quickly and hard. He could recall but one other, and for him he called with the haste of a man turning in a fire alarm. To his great joy the second doctor answered—but said that his wife had that hour returned from an absence of several weeks and would leave again the following morning. But when the student explained the situation, the doctor left his fireside and sat with the student in that poor woman's hovel until nearly daylight the following morning. But he did not do it "for practice!"

And if a physician be called from the bedside of a patient whom he has perhaps visited for weeks without the prospect of a single dollar, to attend a millionaire man with an aching stomach, he regards it as only the capitalist's duty to society that his check should balance the poor devil's recent ailment.

What are the real facts about medical incomes of to-day? In the effort to reach an honest answer, we must differentiate between the New York specialist, the average American specialist, the average successful practitioner, and the country doctor, at least.

The New York specialist receives the largest fees in the country and the most of them for two reasons. Here are found a few physicians of exceptional reputation and highbrow gravitate the country's wealthiest patients. Those who have not come to New York to live, come now and then for consultation. While figures that can be relied upon are not easily

obtained, there are doubtless a number of specialists on Manhattan Island whose incomes run above \$100,000 a year. It is easy to imagine that those who attend New York's great magnates receive large fees and that their prestige attracts many other wealthy patients. These belong in a class to themselves and are representative neither of the American specialist nor of the average specialist of New York City.

The largest fees, quite naturally, are charged for surgical work; the operation for appendicitis is a familiar example. The customary New York charge was brought out some months ago in the published letters that passed between the surgeon and the mother of a wealthy patient. The case was one of gangrenous appendicitis, "with impending disaster"; the surgeon went twenty miles from the city to operate, and saved the patient. He sent a bill for \$1,080; the mother sent a check for \$600 and a friendly letter saying that she had found \$500 to be the customary fee in the city. The surgeon replied that it was pretty well known that he never undertook the responsibilities of an abdominal operation for less than \$1,000, that in some such cases his fee had been several times that amount, but that he would submit the correspondence to three other surgeons. All of them endorsed the charge as reasonable and one specifically stated that in all abdominal operations he also charged \$1,000 or more. These charges, it seems, are made for services to families well able to pay. Some patients doubtless pay more; most undoubtedly pay less—all the way down to nothing.

These figures, standing alone, will appear large to some. Their proper proportion will appear only when they are viewed in comparison with what other professions receive for an equal amount of skill, labor, and responsibility. The average fee for the hazardous task of opening the abdomen and subsequent attention will look trivial when compared with what a corporation or criminal lawyer would charge in a suit of equal grav-

ity. And beside the \$100,000 income for a year's work among the wealthy, place the statement recently made by Senator Dewey with reference to Senator Spooner:

"Had he resumed the law when he desisted to, he would have been employed as counsel in nearly all the big railroad reorganizations, in some of which legal fees of \$1,500,000 were paid."

In considering the average American specialist and the average general practitioner, let us take a city in the central part of the Union, with a population between 300,000 and 300,000. I have before me the figures relating to such a city and have the advantage of an intimate knowledge of the physicians themselves, which is a check on accuracy. Of the many physicians—and the proportion of men with far-reaching reputations is usually large—about 20 per cent. do the bulk of the medical and surgical practice.

Of the surgeons, there are about a dozen whom their colleagues call "successful." In round numbers, their yearly incomes are about as follows:

1 makes from \$15,000 to \$20,000
1 makes from 15,000 to 20,000
6 make from 10,000 to 12,000
4 make from 5,000 to 6,000

Among those whose annual incomes are less than \$5,000, are the dozens of surgeons who have never risen above mediocrity and the younger men whose reputations are yet to be made.

So much for the yearly incomes of the surgeons. What about individual fees? I happen to know the most important facts so far as three of the leading surgeons are concerned. Dr. A. is a specialist in operations within the abdominal cavity—next to brain surgery the most perilous of all. His standing in the profession is such that every medical society is glad to have him as a member. He is also a professor of surgery in an important college. He is therefore entitled to receive as much as, or more than, any surgeon in his city. This specialist has never received a fee larger than

\$1,000, and that amount has been paid him but a few times. A number of times he has received \$400 and \$500, but the majority of his fees range around \$200. To the laity, the average of these fees looks like "easy money," but the actual operation is the smallest part of the surgeon's work, as the following typical case will show:

The operation is to take place at eleven o'clock. There have been at least three careful examinations of the patient beforehand, one of which included microscopic for chemical work. No less than two assistant physicians are required—one to give the anesthetic, another to pick up blood vessels as soon as severed, to avoid hemorrhage. The preparation of doctors, patient, instruments, and bandages has consumed most of the forenoon. The patient is back in bed within an hour, but the surgeon lingers until consciousness is fully restored. He sees the patient again late in the afternoon, and probably again at bedtime. He counts himself fortunate if he gets no telephone call at midnight and if he escapes a hurried call before daylight to check hemorrhage or allay pain. This average patient will require regular attention for two weeks. Such intangible cares as nervous strain, weight of responsibility, liability for mishaps, and loss of prestige through unavoidable failure cannot be reduced to figures. And if this average patient were rich—unfortunately, he is not—the surgeon would not feel overpaid if a grateful family should send him a check for \$500 or even \$1,000. The patient's earning power, perhaps his life, has been saved.

There is another fact that must not be overlooked. Dr. A.'s average fee is about \$200 for these operations—not his average for each operation performed. I have seen this surgeon operate in at least a dozen cases, each requiring as much attention as the case above, from whom he could not possibly have expected to receive enough to pay for the ether used during the operation. Yet his technique was as thorough and his attention as

conscientious as any patient could have required.

Dr. B. ranks equally with Dr. A. in almost every respect. His largest fee, up to the present time, is \$500; it was for an abdominal operation when the patient's life was at stake. His smallest fee has been nothing—many times. I called him once to come in haste to a laboring man whose ankle had been badly crushed; it was a protracted case and upon the surgeon's skill depended the man's ability to support his family. The charge for all services was \$25.

Dr. C. is an older surgeon, and there is none in his city who outranks him. Before me lies the record of his first 100 operations for appendicitis, read to a small group of surgeons the evening after the last operation. Every man in the room sat straight up when he began to read it, for it was well known that his operations had been the most desperate of all. "Fortiori hopes," upon which other surgeons refused to operate sent for Dr. C. If there appeared one chance in ten to save life, the surgeon took reputation in his teeth and went in. His colleagues accused him of occasionally operating after death! His remarkable success with these cases does not concern this article so much as his compensation. For no operation out of the hundred did he receive more than \$1,000; the average was \$100.

In this representative city are eight "successful" specialists in diseases of the eye, ear, nose, and throat. Their annual incomes are about as follows:

2 make from \$12,000 to \$15,000
3 make from 10,000 to 12,000
3 make from 3,000 to 6,000

Besides the foregoing, there are probably not more than two or three specialists in other lines who receive as much as \$10,000.

Of the general practitioners, there are probably fifteen in the upper ranks—men of excellent reputations, prominent in medical societies, most of them professors in medical colleges. A fair estimate of their yearly incomes is the following:

5 or 4 range above \$10,000 a year
4 or 3 range from \$5,000 to \$10,000
6 or 5 range from \$4,000 to \$5,000
General average of the fifteen: \$5,000.

What do they do to earn it? They are in their carriages so constantly that it is difficult to keep the office hours, rarely possible to leave the city for a few days, and impossible to take a vacation without serious loss. To gain an income of this size, they do much more than ordinary day-and-night medical work. Most of them are also insurance examiners and physicians to institutions; many of them lecture to students more hours than the average college professor.

With regard to fees, I systematized the accounts of one of these general practitioners and kept his books for two years. His practice is large and wealthy, and his standing is such that when he rises in a medical society to discuss a case, all others sit down. His scale of prices, which rarely varied, was fixed in this way: Day visits, \$2 or \$3; night visits, \$5; office consultation, \$1 or \$2; consultation with other physicians in serious cases, \$5 or \$10; special examinations, \$5 to \$25. His bills were rendered all the way from three months to a year after the service, according to the patient's circumstances. The only instances I can recall when payment was insisted upon were cases where well-to-do patients were in flagrant default. At the end of every month, the number of calls I was instructed not to transfer to the ledger was surprisingly large; they were profit and loss. Medical service to students and to institutions was not recorded, even on his daily memorandum. "At least half of our work is never paid for," he said one day "except in thanks or the reverse."

Yet this man, like most of his colleagues through the country, is stamped as a Shylock by the easy writer who feels the sting of a recent bill for medical attention.

All these whose incomes are given fall within the 20 per cent. doing the bulk of the business. Of the remaining 80 per cent., one thoroughly competent to judge says that the young

doctor probably makes from \$500 to \$1,000 a year during his first five years of practice. After his business is established, his average should be about \$1,800, gross. Another places the average income for the entire country at \$1,000; he thinks 80 per cent. collect less than \$3,000 a year.

The income of the doctor in the small town, if his practice be established, will range from \$750 to \$1,250 a year. A western physician made the statement last year that careful inquiry made by him in nine different states had shown that the charges of physicians had not increased one cent in twenty-five years, though the incomes of the people had more than doubled. The schedule for four states was about as follows: Day visits in town, \$1; office consultation, 50 cents; country visits, 20 cents a mile, charged one way only; obstetrical attendance, \$10. In five states, the charges for visits and office consultation were twice as much.

These figures are offered by way of protest against careless statements—growing out of exceptional experiences—that reflect on the medical profession at large, a profession that does more practical relief work, without credit, than any other class of men. For the figures seem to show that—

(1) A very few physicians of pre-eminent have large incomes, but smaller than men pre-eminent in other lines.

(2) Something like 20 per cent. of the physicians in the larger cities have handsome incomes, in return for expert work and much of it.

(3) Eighty per cent. of city physicians and most of the country doctors make little more than a decent living—many not even that.

(4) The average of fees charged in city and in country is no larger than it was twenty-five years ago.

(5) The code of medical ethics (established by physicians themselves) is such that no class of the American people need suffer for medical attention because of inability to pay.

Is the doctor a Shylock?

William The Goat

BY F. WALKER BROWN IN AUSTRIA

The obliging man very often suffers himself through his good nature toward others. This is a story of that kind.

I didn't want him. I had no use for him. I didn't like him, and yet I meekly permitted them to crowd him into my hands. He belonged to my nephew, Bobbie, whose parents lived in a flat during the Winter, and really couldn't take him with them. I understood that. A city flat is no place for a goat. A goat needs atmosphere, and a lot of it. Lacking it, he quickly makes his presence smelt.

On the other hand, I argued—childly—that a five-room cottage in the country was no place for him, either.

"But you can keep him in the shed, Robert," said Nan; "and Bobbie's so fond of him."

"But I don't want to bother with the beast," said I.

"He's not a bit of bother," cried my sister. "You can just turn him loose, you know, and he'll pick up his own living."

"What'll he pick, when there's two feet of snow on the ground?" I asked witheringly.

"James will pay you for his feed," she answered, as though I had insulted her.

"That's it exactly," said I. "That's where the bother comes in."

"Oh, well," she returned, "if you don't want to be accommodating, Robert—"

"Oh, send him over, Nan," I said. "I was just talking. I'll take him, and the Lord have mercy on me!"

William and I got along very well for a time. I locked him up in the shed at night, and in the morning led him to a gap in my fence, shoved him through by main strength, and fastened a board over the opening. At this period I cherished the delusion that he could not jump that fence. The adjoining house was unoccupied, and William browsed on the succulent buds of the fruit trees all day, and waxed fat.

At evening I enticed him to me with some caprine delicacy, secured him by one ear, and led him to the shed. It was a beautiful arrangement, which I hoped would last. I saved my own fruit trees, and at the same time did not injure my neighbor, since there was no neighbor there to be injured.

In time William came to understand the routine of the day, and even trotted of his own accord to the gap in the fence, and returned at my bidding in the evening. I judged him a model goat. Belligerency was faithful from his thought. Not once did he offer to attack me, though his horns were long and flourishing, and, if at times of a chilly morning he stood on his forelegs and kicked at me with his hind ones, I recognized this as merely an evidence of goatine spirits, and was glad he felt so well.

To be honest, I came to be rather fond of him as he upset, one after another, my preconceived ideas regarding goats. He was most dainty about his food, his presence was not intolerably offensive—in the open air—and he seemed never to have been taught the gracious art of butting. I found it rather interesting and amusing than otherwise to watch him rise upon his hindlegs, and posing delicately in air, strip off the buds and bark from the trees in the neighboring yard.

But all things change. Mutability is the bane of earth. It could not last. I might have known it. The shock came in the shape of a moving-van, which backed up before the next door, and began disgorging a cataclysm of furniture.

Now he it known that I am a bachelor, living alone with my books and my garden. I am no misanthrope, but merely a lover of solitude, which, believe me, is too little cultivated. Neighbors I had already experienced, and, all things considered, I much preferred a vacant house next door.

Imagine my disgust, therefore, at

the advent of the moving-van, and, later, at the appearance of an elderly gentleman of benevolent habit, whom I took to be a retired clergyman, and a young woman of energetic aspect and athletic build, who hustled the said elderly gentleman into the house, and apparently locked him in. I detected at once that this young woman would prove both strong-minded and executively efficient. The old gentleman obeyed her with an obvious desire to please.

In considering these additions to my cosmos, I forgot William, which was unfortunate. It is a safe rule never to forget a goat. I was presently aroused from my forebodings by a scarp-writhling shriek from the neighboring yard, and, looking up, I was just in time to see the athletic young woman scrambling to her feet, and William backing off for a second attack. Even as I looked, he lowered his head and charged.

What followed was most distressing. He caught her half-up and unprepared; a second shriek assaulted my horrified ears, and the girl squawched on her face in the grass. In a moment I was out of the house, over the fence, and had secured the brute by an ear.

The girl rose, and with one hand on her hip surveyed me struggling with the insane William. Perhaps he didn't like women, or perhaps he objected to trespassers on what he considered his private domain. At any rate, he was making frantic efforts to break away and resume the war.

"Is that your goat?" asked the girl severely.

"No," I said; and would have explained, but she cut me off.

"Well, will you please take him away for me?" she said, with unsmiling dignity, and proceeded to the house with her hand still on her hip, and I thought a slight limp in her walk.

I conducted William to the gap in the fence, shoved him harshly through, and followed him myself. I was overwhelmed. I fixed the board in its place, and with bowed head started for the house. How could I explain?

Had he been my own I would willingly have sacrificed him as a peace-offering, but I held him, so to speak, on trust.

I was within ten feet of my door when the avalanche hit me. It took me in the bend of the knees, and hurled me headlong. So far as its effects on my mind were concerned, it partook of the character of the judgment day, a dynamite bomb, and an eruption of Vesuvius. It was as unheralded as an earthquake, as irresistible as a ten-inch shell, as incomprehensible as the binomial theorem.

As I struggled to collect my scattered members and rise to face this cataclysm, a peal of uncontrolled laughter smote my ears, and like a flash I realized that the author of my ruin was William, and that it seemed funny to the athletic young woman.

Instantly I burned with anger. I assumed a sternly dignified mien. My feet were under me and my finger tips just leaving the ground as I raised myself, intending to silence this untimely amusement by my lordly scorn, when William arrived once more.

Why dwell upon the scene? Again I spread-eagled over the lawn, and again the peal of joyous laughter scared my ears. It was almost more than blood could stand. I got up with speed, and, as William drove past in this third assault upon the bulwarks of my dignity, I nearly seized him by an ear and made him prisoner. Swiftly I hustled him to the shed, shoved him violently within, and, closing the door, sought refuge in the house.

I did not glance toward the neighboring yard. I would have no dealings with such Philistines. It seemed to me positively uncivilized to laugh at a fellow creature being battered to a pulp. The down-thumping Romans in the circus seemed humane and compassionate beside this athletic daughter of a superannuated minister.

I flung myself down in my favorite chair, and instantly was aware that I must be careful how I flung myself. That was where the second

ten-inch shell had landed. The fact added to my resentment. Fiercely I reviewed the situation. Had I laughed when she was the butt and I the spectator? Certainly not. On the contrary, I had been horrified, and had rushed to the rescue.

Unquestionably they were Philistines of a peculiarly barbarous brand. I would have nothing to do with them. I would ignore their presence. The fine-fence should be as a mountain between us.

But I was counting without William. He languished in the shed the rest of that day and the succeeding night, and emerged next morning a chastened goat. Even his usually perky tail drooped, and as I felt him at large in my yard, he made no move to attack me. I know, for I watched him.

I went to my work, which is the construction of fiction. Peace reigned till about eleven o'clock, when my door-bell rang violently, peremptorily, imperatively. I hastened into the hall and flung open the door, to find the young woman of my aversion. She appeared distraught. It occurred to me that it was probably my turn to laugh, but I refrained.

"Will you please come over and help me?" she said hurriedly. "That goat is in our yard again. He's eating my handkerchiefs."

"Certainly," I said, in my best manner. I felt humiliated. It was really unpardonable to let a beast like that trespass a second time. And at close range the girl appeared rather attractive.

"I don't see where he comes from," said the girl, as we hurried out of my gate into hers.

It may have been my sense of guilt, but I fancied she glanced at me in an accusing sort of way as she said it.

"He doesn't belong to me," I began—

"It's really very kind of you to take so much trouble," she burst in, "but I'm afraid of him."

At that moment we rounded the corner of the house and sighted William. On the green lawn in the sun were spread sundry squares of lace

and fine linen. Why, I do not know, unless as a temptation to goats. In the midst of them stood William, his eyes fixed mildly on vacancy, his ears drooping, each of his four feet planted on a separate square, while a fifth dangled from a corner of his mouth.

"Oh!" cried the girl, "he's got my best one. Quick! Stop him!"

I rushed to the rescue. William awaited me. When I was ten feet away he suspended his chewing, and viewed me with surprise in every feature. As I reached for his ear, he wheeled suddenly, and was off toward the foot of the lot, the bit of handkerchief fluttering from his mouth.

With condemnations on my lips, I gave him chase. It immediately developed that he had twice my speed, perhaps four times my wind and surely eight times my agility. Cornered, he evaded me with a neatness and despatch which was exasperating to the point of madness.

In a straight-away chase he toyed with me. I had no more show to overtake him than I had to catch a swallow on the wing. After five minutes' furious rushing, I halted for breath. "I'll catch that damned beast," I said to myself, "if I have to shoot him."

Next I tried wiles. Extending my hand, I called him cajolingly. Time and again he had come to me under those inducements; now he gave me no more attention than would a cushion goat. He had halted, also, and placidly resumed the consumption of the handkerchief.

When I reopened the campaign by a quiet attempt to approach within reach of him, he flung up his stub tail insolently, and fled around the house.

I followed. Round and round we went without result. Once more I resorted to tricks. As he disappeared round a corner, I turned and ran in the opposite direction to meet him.

I suppose he had played that game before with Bobbie. He waited midway between corners till I have in view, and immediately vanished with a frivolous flirt of his hindlegs. I was becoming badly blown. The girl had gathered up her handkerchiefs,

and now approached, as I halted for breath.

"Really, it doesn't matter," she said. "Let him go. I'm much obliged to you. I suppose he'll go home when night comes."

I wondered frantically if she meant that as a thrust at me.

"No," I said. "I'm going to catch him, and when I catch him I think I'll kill him. He isn't mine, but that doesn't matter."

She seemed surprised at my ferocity.

"Really, it makes no difference now," she assured me. "I've got my handkerchiefs—what are left of them—and he can stay in the yard if he wants to. Please don't bother him any more."

But my mind was fixed. Have that goat I would, or perish miserably in the attempt. Now was the only question, and, as I stood debating what ruse to attempt next, William solved the difficulty himself.

There was a shed in the yard with a sloping, shingle roof. Beside it stood a barrel with a board across the top. William, tired of inaction, suddenly side-stepped coquettishly up to the barrel, sprang lightly to the board, passed thence to the roof, and next instant stood in all his glory outlined against the sky, upon the peak. I viewed him with amazement, which immediately gave way to joy.

"Now we'll get him," I said. "Have you a stepladder?"

"No," she answered.

"Would you mind going over to my shed and getting mine," I said, "while I watch him? You can go through that gap in the fence by pressing away the board."

She was back in a minute with the ladder.

"Now," I directed her, "stand it against the other side of the shed and climb up. That'll scare him down on this side, and I'll catch him. Take something to hang on the roof with."

She picked up a bit of stick and vanished with the ladder round the little building. I took position close under the eaves, where William could not see me. A terrific banging on the

far side of the roof ensued, followed by a rattle of shingles on my side as William descended. Then he shot past me, and I fell on him like a tiger before he fairly reached the ground.

We went down in a heap, but I had him, and he knew it, and once my fingers closed about his ear he became on the instant the meek and pensive creature of the preceding week.

"Did you get him?" came the girl's voice.

"Yes," I cried.

She descended and came round to me, lagging the stepladder.

"Aren't you hurting him?" she demanded, as she noted my grip on the brute's ear.

"I hope so," I answered, taking the ladder in my free hand and preparing to depart.

"What'll you do with him?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'd like to kill him. But he belongs to my nephew, and I'm keeping him for the Winter. I'm going to try and think up some accidental death for him."

I departed with the ladder in one hand and the ear of William in the other.

"I'm so much obliged to you," she called after me.

"Don't mention it," I answered. I'll try and keep him home hereafter.

Again William suffered the durance vile of the shed for an afternoon and a night, while I sought a way to allow him liberty without license. I could think of nothing but a rope, and next morning I tethered him in my back yard as though he had been a cow. William took kindly to the arrangement and the difficulty seemed solved.

When the grocer's clerk came round for orders that morning I noticed that he stopped next door. Now I had no undue curiosity about my new neighbors. I was content to go my way, and let them go theirs—if only William would cease his machinations. But it seemed advisable, at least, to know who they were, so when the boy reached by door I questioned him, and learned that

the name was Baldwin, and that they had bought the place.

This put a different face on the matter. If they were but renters, liable to pick up and move at a month's notice, I could afford to ignore them. But if they were owners, then were we neighbors in perpetuity, and in the country one cannot live forever fifty feet from other people and decline to know them.

Two or three mornings later I happened to be in my yard when the girl came out. William dug at his grassroots on the extreme end of his tether, and I saw the girl smile reminiscently at sight of him.

"Good morning, Miss Baldwin," said I.

"Good morning, Mr. Stevens," said she.

I was taken aback, for I had fancied I had the better of her there.

"Will you tell me how you know my name?" I questioned.

"I asked the grocerman," she answered frankly. "And you?"

"I asked him yours," I confessed, and, cutting a bunch of my best chrysanthemums, I offered them to her over the fence.

"Oh, thank you," she said. "Father isn't very well, and he loves flowers."

"Not seriously, I hope," said I.

"Oh, no; a little cold. But I'm keeping him indoors."

She really was quite attractive, with a frankness that was refreshing. I cannot stand affectation in man, woman, or beast. I decided she might make a good neighbor, after all, as neighbors go.

But there was always William. For two weeks he grazed placidly and contentedly on the end of his rope. Nothing could be meeker or less formidable. In the meantime Miss Baldwin and I became quite friendly. I kept her supplied with chrysanthemums, and in return she unconsciously supplied me with a heron for the masterpiece of literature. I happened at that moment to have in hand *Then William*, to use a vulgarism, one more "bitted in."

I had not met the old gentleman. He had been kept within doors ever

since their arrival. But one morning I was torn from my work by the most heart-rendering sounds from next door. There were masculine shouts and feminine cries. I judged murder was being done, and I was not far wrong.

Rushing to a window, I beheld a shocking sight. The grey-haired old gentleman was on the ground, feebly endeavoring to rise. Before him stood the girl flourishing a broom, while about them circled that fiend incarnate, William the goat.

A yard of rope dangled from his neck, and the lust for blood was in his eye. Examination later showed that he had tired of grass, and had eaten enough of his tether to free himself. When I arrived he was so intent on finishing the old gentleman that I scared him with difficulty.

The girl's eyes shot fire as she helped her father up. An attack on herself she could overlook, one on me she could find amusing, but when it came to her father, the matter was more serious, and I respected her emotions. He wasn't much hurt, and there was a twinkle in his reverend eye as he extended his hand to me.

I stammered my best apologies, while he protested that it was all right, and that he had even enjoyed the experience. But the girl's manner was chilling as she urged him toward the house. I conducted William homebound, and in my mortification could have slaughtered him with rapture.

Evidently there was nothing to do but build him a pen, but and jump proof. I locked him in the shed, and at once began making plans. That same day I planted posts, and stretched wire netting seven feet high about a space in the back yard. The shed stood in one corner of the corral, and, as I viewed the completed structure with William inside, I took comfort from the sight.

There would be no grass within the enclosure when Spring came, and I should have to feed the beast all Winter, but at least he was secure. No more would he attempt murder on an inoffensive old gentleman. Yes,

and no longer should I be face to face with the problem of appeasing said old gentleman's righteously indignant daughter. I will be honest; perhaps that last thought was the heaviest stone in the foundation of my satisfaction.

I went over next morning humbly to tender a bunch of my last chrysanthemums, and most humbly to inquire as to her father's health. She met me without a smile, gravely thanked me for the flowers; informed me that her father was very stiff and sore, and that she was "keeping him in bed." I looked out of the presence with the feeling that I had been frost-bitten, and the more I thought about it the more my resentment flourished.

After all, it was not my fault. Why hadn't she examined to see if the beast was loose before she let her father venture forth? And she might, at least, have given me credit for a timely rescue, to say nothing of the butt-proof, jump-proof corral. As I returned home, I felt that I had a grievance as well as she.

She knew I didn't want to keep the brute. It was an act of charity on my part; an act which had cost me dear. "Really, you know," I said to myself, "there's no sense in her being so up-pish. Anybody'd think I had set a trap for the old man."

I went to my work feeling righteously aggrieved, and the work went very badly. My heroine in the masterpiece had an ugly streak that morning, and I could do nothing with her. I was much surprised, for I had almost fallen in love with that heroine considering her a person of truly beautiful character. But this morning she showed her cloven foot, and I left her in disgust, and went for a walk in the October woods.

It proved a melancholy diversion. Somehow I had lost touch. I was out of harmony with my world. There was no inspiration to be had from any of my accustomed fountains, and, after a tramp, which left me merely tired, I gave it up and came home.

This condition persisted for weeks. The masterpiece languished, while its

heroine sulked. I fumed and swore to no purpose. Nothing I put on paper could by any stretch of the critical imagination be construed as literature.

Miss Baldwin I rarely saw. When we did encounter one another we spoke with elaborate politeness, she unsmiling and I very stiff, after which I usually damned William with such fluency as was in me, and all heroines, and my art, and myself.

And yet it was William who saved the day. It took him nearly six weeks to solve the problem of escape from that corral. But he solved it. I might have known he would.

I was roused one afternoon by the most singular sounds from my neighbor's back yard. I could hear Miss Baldwin's voice crying something like: "Go it, William! One more try now! You'll make it. Go it!" Followed a bursting bubble of laughter and the clapping of hands.

I hurried forth, arriving in time to see William outside the corral and streaking it for the Baldwin lot. He cleared the line-fence with a mere spurning touch of his hoofs, and then Miss Baldwin fled for the house with shrieks, as he inconspicuously charged her.

Pursuing, I caught him at the steps, and looked up at the girl, who had turned to view the capture. She was all a-ripple with suppressed laughter. "I'm sorry this has happened," I said. "I don't see how he could have gotten out. I must have left the gate unlatched."

"Oh, no, you didn't," she said. "He got out all by himself. It was as good as a circus."

"I thought I heard some one encouraging him," I ventured.

"He deserved it, too," she answered, unabashed. "Put him in again, Mr. Stevens; do! I want to see if he can do it again."

Obediently, I led the reluctant William to the pen, and thrust him in. Then I returned to her side of the line-fence, and together we stood and watched him. Here I felt a great contentment stealing over me. Far from being angry, she seemed in the best

of humor, and singularly enough my own resentment, though nourished hitherto with the utmost care, died now without a struggle.

William meanwhile sulked in a corner, eyeing us balefully. Apparently he was not minded to perform. But after a moment the girl beside me suddenly clapped her hands and cried to him: "Go on, William! Do it again!"

At the word, the animal kicked up his heels, made a dashing circuit of the pen, and proceeded to accomplish the impossible. Against the side of the shed I had stacked my lime-beam poles for the winter. The upper ends rested on the eaves, and the poles stood at an angle just short of the perpendicular. That William could use them as a ladder to the roof was out of the question; it was against nature; it defied the law of gravitation. Yet that is what he did.

Backing off to the farthest limit of the corral, he went at those poles as if to annihilate them. But instead of lunging into them head down, as I thought he intended, he suddenly reared and started upward. First one foot, then another, touched like lightning some almost invisible step in the ascent; a knot, a hole in the bark, anything, and sometimes nothing it seemed, but all adding him in his upward progress, till presently he hooked his front feet over the eaves, and, with a heave and a scramble, landed fairly on the roof. I stood amazed, for the thing was incredible.

"Isn't he wonderful?" cried the girl delightedly. "Watch him now. This is the best part."

I still could not see how he was to escape from the open, for the fence was some three feet from the shed. But I did not know him. Without even stopping for breath, William

passed over the peak of the roof and descended on the other side, at a point directly opposite one of the posts of the corral. Said post was six inches in diameter.

Gathering his feet beneath him, William lightly passed the intervening space, landed squarely on the top of the post, swayed precariously for an instant, and stood upright and defiant on that incredible pedestal. Thence it was an easy leap to the ground without.

We cheered him together.

"Well," I said, "I'll have to move those poles."

"Oh, don't," she cried. "He surely deserves his freedom."

I viewed her with some astonishment. "But your father?" I said.

"Dad says he hates to see him shut up," she replied. "And he's safe enough, if you don't let him get behind you."

"Very well, then," said I. "I'll let him run."

"I'm afraid we've been very un-neighborly," Mr. Stevens," she said, after a slight pause. "But I've been so busy getting settled. Won't you come in to tea this evening?"

When I came home I went down cellar, selected the finest apple I could find in my barrel, took it outdoors, and fed it to William. I thought he had it coming to him.

It was June before I got rid of him. I parted from him without regret. But when Nan asked for the feed-bill, I told her, no, there was none.

"You see," I said, "I was at odds with my heroine, and William had a hand in smoothing things out. Now they're going to get married and live happily ever after, and under those circumstances I really can't charge anything for William's board. But don't ask me to take him again, Nan, because I think I'll refuse."

Building a Lighthouse

BY W. G. FERGUSON IN THE TECHNICAL WORLD

DeMille and his men by the sea were engaged in this work for the protection of the world's shipping.

Few tasks our engineers have to undertake are more difficult than the construction of what Kipling calls "the coastwise lights"—especially if they be off-shore and not on the mainland cliffs. Yet how well worthy the years of patient toil and heroic strife with wind and wave the structure seems when the beams of its lantern sweep the wild seas for the salvation of ships, freighted with human souls!

As to cost of construction, while a shore station may be built for any sum between \$50,000 and \$500,000, an off-shore light may cost as high as \$400,000 before it has finally conquered the fierce elements and is ready to send seaward its triumphant beams of perhaps 90,000 candle-power.

The cause of this enormous expense is not far to seek. Take for example Captain Alexander's famous stone tower on Minot's Ledge Rock just outside Boston Harbor. It cost our Government over \$310,000 and five long years of constant battle with the sea before it rose, as Longfellow said, "like a huge stone cannon, mouth upward."

Men told Captain Alexander that he was attempting the impossible. The rock was completely submerged at high tide. So slippery with sea weed was it that a man could not walk upright upon it; and it was only bare for three hours a day. And yet on this precarious perch Alexander contracted to rear a granite tower one hundred and ten feet high!

His men began by scraping away the treacherous weeds; falling face downwards and clutching one another as the majestic rollers came up and swept over the rock. Often enough no boat could come out for them through the surf. At such times they had to plunge into a boiling sea and be dragged on board by a rope.

Months passed away in this perilous, heart-breaking work, yet saw but

four holes drilled in the rock. The following year an iron platform was built, but a sailing vessel was driven against it, and in a second the patient labor of two long seasons was destroyed. Altogether it was five years before the six lower courses of stone, thirty feet in diameter, were securely built. The masons worked with lifeboats about their waists and their tools tide to their hands.

It was just the same with the famous Eddystone Light, off Plymouth. Its builder, Winstanley, was four years trying to drill the rock for the binding rods; and after all that his lighthouse was swept away in a furious storm, and its crew were never seen again. The second Eddystone Lighthouse, too, was burned one stormy night and the keepers again lifted—this time by a shower of molten lead from the lantern on high.

Another very interesting lighthouse from the constructor's point of view, is the well known Spectacle Reef tower at the north end of Lake Huron. A marvel of human enterprise is this. The light is perched on a lonely rock ten feet under water, and some nine miles out. As usual in these cases, it was the reef's terribly destruction record in shipping circles that forced its conquest.

Work has begun inside an area enclosed by wooden walls sunk to the lake floor. Then a kind of bottomless barrel was lowered over the tower's site. This barrel was next filled with concrete by mason-divers. Haste with the work was positively vital, because of the dreaded ice pack, which this lighthouse was to withstand, besides the terrific lake storms. Thus the men were often at work at three in the morning and their day's labor would often total twenty hours. Altogether from first to last the Spectacle Reef Lighthouse cost \$380,000; and its very

first season saw it undergo a very exhaustive test, for it was assailed by roaring, grinding ice-masses, that piled themselves up threateningly about its base to a height of thirty feet.

On an isolated rock eighty feet high off the coast of Oregon, towers the Tillamook Light, dominating a wilderness of turbulent sea. Its first prospector was drowned; and his successor had first of all to conquer and drive the sea-lions from their old stronghold before he could even look about him. Here it was actually necessary to use the breeches buoy for landing the workmen and taking them away every night to the mainland.

A cable was stretched from the mast of a ship at anchor to the islet's crest; and along this line the buoy traveled. It was merely a pair of short leather breeches, made fast to a lifebelt. You may be sure the passage was pretty exciting. One moment would find the traveling mason plunged into an icy, angry sea; whereas the next he would be literally flying in the air at a height of eighty feet, having been sharply snatched out of the water by a heavy bunch of the ship that held one end of the cable.

Great Britain has altogether more than nine hundred and fifty "coastwise lights," which are controlled by an ancient corporation known as Trinity House, which collects nearly three million dollars every year from ship owners for the maintenance of these towers.

One of the very latest built, is on the foreshore below Beachy Head, a towering cliff, six hundred feet high, on the south coast of England, near the town of Eastbourne. There was already a lighthouse on its summit, but it was often veiled in sea fog. And for this reason the Trinity House authorities fixed upon a new site, some six hundred feet out at sea from the base of the cliff, and of course in quite deep water at high tide.

It was necessary to establish work yards on the cliff top, at a point four hundred feet above the chosen site,

and transport both men and material to and fro by means of an aerial ropeway of six-inch cables. Upon these the great five-ton blocks of granite for the foundations and walls of the lighthouse were carried swinging and swaying on their dizzy journey from the four hundred feet cliff, down and out to sea, and thence, steam engines, cranes, cement, shingle, and every other requisite, along the journey.

A dam was thrown up around the foundations, so that work might continue for some time after the tide began to rise; but the moment the water began to overflow the walls of the dam the men had to flee for their lives and take refuge on the staging, taking with them all tools and movable machinery. The foundation of the lighthouse is twelve feet deep under low water in the hard chalk. At its base the tower is forty-seven feet in diameter; and it is over one hundred and fifty-three feet in height to the top of the lantern. The work has now taken several years. Over 50,000 cubic feet of granite have been cut for it, while 1,000 cubic feet of concrete were needed to fill in the lower courses.

But perhaps the most difficult of all the British lighthouses to erect was the Skerryvore. It towers proudly from a submerged reef on the coast of Argyllshire in Scotland; is exposed to the full, tremendous force of the North Atlantic; and is surrounded by innumerable ledges and sharp points of rock for nearly nine miles.

No secure anchorage could be found, and the prospecting vessel drifted along this terrible coast at the mercy of the waves. As to the rock itself, while building operations were going on its treacherous surface was swept by great green key seas, while the intrepid workers, with limbs and bodies drenched and benumbed had to save themselves from destruction as best they might. On one occasion the working crew were cut off from the ship for four or five days and were within an ace of dying from starvation.

It is no wonder that the Skerryvore proved one of the costliest lighthouses

in the world; nearly \$400,000 was spent upon it from first to last. Indeed, very few of the public have an idea what this magnificent service

costs the nations of civilization; the bill the United States Government has to meet every year, for example, is not far from four million dollars.

Under Suspicion

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING IN EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

A mysterious fair shortage in the paying teller's books, and how it was accounted for

WHARTON was "under suspicion." The fact came upon him overwhelmingly, astoundingly, as inconceivably impossible as if his white skin had turned black, or he had been extraordinarily the sudden possessor of four feet instead of two. He had been trusted ever since he could remember. He had always had a potentially honest face, brown eyes that looked at you squarely, a backward toss of the head that seemed to challenge the world, a mouth whose lines were both candid and strong. It was on the strength of his character that he had been given the place of paying teller in the new bank. He had now held the position for three weeks, and every day of these three weeks his cash had been twenty dollars short, no more so less. And the money went in banking hours.

After the first discovery of it he had gone at once to the cashier, an old friend, who had been instrumental in getting him the place.

"You're rattled, Wharton," said the cashier. "Of course, you have more responsibility here than in your old place, and you get confused—your entries are wrong."

"Confused!" repeated Wharton contemptuously. "If I were that kind of a man, would you have brought me here? I tell you, the money goes. I've been here till seven o'clock these nights trying to straighten out that difference. The money goes, and it's from my desk. There's something awfully queer about it! Every morning I say to myself that it's impossible for any money to get away from me that day—and every night it's

gone. Don't ask me how—there's nobody to take it—yet it goes."

"We'll go to the president," said the cashier, and to the president the two had gone. There was a secret conclave. The bank examiner was called in, and the books were thoroughly gone over, for it was argued that speculation would not stop at such a small sum. Yet no other theft was discoverable, and every day of the examination twenty dollars disappeared.

Every morning Wharton sorted the bills into neat piles in their separate compartments in the drawer; ones, twos, fives, tens, twenties, fifties, one hundreds, and the petty cash by itself. When he paid out money the drawer was pulled out; in the busy time of the day it might stand open for an hour at a time, as he quickly manipulated the bills. No one could possibly reach it from the front, through the grating and over the sloping top of the desk, and when any clerk had business with him Wharton closed the drawer. It was noticeable after a while that no man came within three feet of that desk if he could help it. With the strictest endeavors for secrecy it was known to everybody that from Wharton's desk money went daily, though he leaned upon the desk lid from nine until twelve each day, and from half-past twelve until he went home. In the intervening half-hour he dined upstairs on the bean soup, roast beef, canned corn, and apple dumplings furnished benevolently as being appropriate brain food for sedentary workers. During that interval the cashier or the vice-

president took his place. And at the end of three weeks the money was still going.

"There's nobody that can take it," said Wharton to his wife, in one of their many talks about the mystery. His wife looked at him anxiously, for the strain had told on him; he had become the shadow of the man who had proudly taken possession of the teller's desk at the beginning of the month. His brown eyes still met one squarely, but there were hollows under them. "I told you there wasn't a fellow in the bank that wasn't as straight as a string—not all the secret investigation has found one that was shady, or dissipated, or in need of funds."

"There's the janitor," suggested his wife for the twentieth time.

"Now, Esther! use your reason. How many times have I told you that that twenty dollars disappears during banking hours; Andrew is never inside of the railing until all the money is in the safe and locked up for the night. He's a thrifty Scotchman; I heard a piano in his rooms the other night, and he told me he'd been saving up for a year to buy it for his daughter. Esther, there is no one to take that money—but me."

"That's absurd," she retorted quickly, with a rising color. "I told you never to say that to me again."

"All the same, everybody else is saying it," replied Wharton quietly. "It's notorious that it is the men that are trusted who are the defaulters. Oh, it's true! I don't blame the boys for being suspicious of me. You see it's put them all in an awfully unpleasant situation. It's perfectly natural that they should feel sore over it, and there are times when I don't see what else they can think."

"Yes—you're too honorable to suspect others, yet you will make excuses when they suspect you," cried his wife loftily. "I've no patience with you, Curtis Wharton!" she put her arms around him in an embrace that was fiercely tender, though she suffered more than he.

He did not tell her that two of his fellow-clerks had patiently avoided

him as they left the bank that day, nor that he had caught snatches of conversation that reddened his haggard cheek. There was a secret conclave in the board-room, to which he was not bidden.

"It narrows down to one thing," said the president sadly. "We have all known and respected Mr. Wharton—we have trusted him—but it narrows down to one thing. There is no one who can take that money but him."

"But he was the one who told us of it," cried the cashier, starting up, "it is not likely—"

The president shrugged his shoulders. "That, of course, is the principle we have gone on. He might have thought it a clever way to avert suspicion. What good does it do to argue? A fact's a fact. Give me some other theory and I'll work on it. I am going to have a detective stand there by Wharton and watch every penny that goes out or comes in. I think the deficit will stop."

The cashier groaned. He and Wharton had been boys together. But he knew that Wharton had had heavy expenses lately; that besides his delicate young wife there was a sister out west who needed help, and that there were some unexpected assessments on property that had to be paid. Wharton had been glad of his advancement to the telerphship of the new bank for these reasons. Was it possible that—? Yes, it was the men who were trusted that defaulted, and yet—

The cashier met the suspected man's steady bright eyes, and said no! He held out his hand to Wharton and that grip and the faith of his wife kept Wharton's heart brave. He welcomed the detective with an eagerness which the latter interpreted in his own way.

"Downy bird," he said to himself, and awaited developments.

By Wharton's side he stood for three days, and watched every cent paid out or taken in, and every entry made. There was the drawer with the bills as before in neat piles in separate compartments; the ones,

two, five, ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, and the petty cash by itself. When the drawer was closed the twenties lay under the middle of the sloping stationary lid of the desk, and on every one of the three days that the detective stood there a twenty-dollar disappeared.

"No, I ain't found out how he gets it," he said to the president. "There's something mighty queer about the job. We've had that drawer out and looked it over a half a dozen times—and looked around in the place it came from—in every corner—just as you did—and there's not a crack where a bill could slip to, and nothing but three feet of empty space below it, and a concrete floor below that. And there's something queer about Mr. Wharton. He ain't like any man I ever watched before. It doesn't seem to make any difference to him—my being there, I mean. He ain't conscious, nor nervous, nor fidgety, nor too pleasant—and he ain't bluffing neither. The other day he knocked against me accidentally, and he said: 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Jex, I forgot you were there.' And he had forgotten it! It's a queer case."

It was a queer case, and to no one queerer than to the man who was under suspicion. A man with less character than he had always borne would have been ousted from his position long ago, but that character was a fabric that still held him up before the world, in spite of the unsettled foundation. In the long walks going to and fro from the bank, Wharton thought things over deeply; he could feel again sensitively each look, each gesture that showed his fall in the estimation of his fellows. But greater than his own smart was his pain for the hurt confidence of those who had liked him—he was sure it had hurt them to believe ill of him. But in this strange and shadowy scene that he had entered, shadowed with dark thoughts and foal suspicions, and overhung with a pall of dread—he still kept sanely a brave and dominant spirit. He refused to bear the burden of a sin which he had not

committed. There was the hand of his friend—a dear friend—the faith of his wife—Eather! and God knew.

"I don't like the janitor's face," said Eather stubbornly, at the breakfast table, the fourth morning of the detective's presence at the bank. "Well, never mind, I won't say it if it bothers you. But if it ain't the janitor—it must be rats."

"Rats it is," said Wharton good-naturedly. He had been awake half the night, thinking and he walked to the bank with a singularly clear resolution that the mystery should be solved that day. If human agency caused the disappearance of that money human reason ought to be able to find it.

Rats! For the first time he considered the question seriously. In a new bank, with new wood, new desks, and concrete floors, rats had seemed out of the question. And that would be a singular rodent that took daily a bill of the same denomination from the same pile, but fact was sometimes very singular. He went down in the cellar as soon as he reached the bank to consult with Andrew, who was indignant at the idea.

"What am I here for, Mr. Wharton, but to keep the place clean, and free from that vermin? Not a mouse, forbye a rat, is there in the whole building," said the janitor, "and you'll find neither mouse-hole nor rat-hole down here." There was an indefinable disrespect in his manner.

"Yes, I know," said Wharton, still peering around. The cellar had been gone through many times before unavillingly, and there was nothing more to be seen now.

Yet Wharton had "rats" on the brain; he could not get rid of the idea, which he imparted to the detective. Two or three times they pulled out the drawer with extreme suddenness to surprise a possible intruder—who was not there.

Wharton returned from his lunch at one o'clock. There was a lull in the business for a few minutes; the detective leaned against the side of the desk and Wharton sitting in

front on a high stool, rested his head down on top of it. Suddenly, through the loud noise and rattle in the street, the low noise and talking in the bank—was that a wee noise inside the desk? The rat! Quick as thought he pulled the drawer out and peered up around within the frame-work. There was nothing. He felt above, nothing—his fingers strayed across the under side of the lid—

His face turned white.

"Strike a match!" he said to the detective.

Both men dropped on their knees and looked up by the light of the flaring match. Pressed flat against the under side of the stationary sloping lid of the desk was a twenty dollar bill!

"Call the president," said Wharton to the cashier in a strange voice.

It was a clever trick. They had looked up there before and had never seen the workings of it—could not have seen it unless the trick were in operation. The bill stuck to a lump of shoemaker's wax which was fastened to an extremely fine wire. The wire, as they discovered, ran along back in a tiny concealing groove, on the under side of the desk lid down through the leg of the desk, and through a tiny hole under the leg into the cellar, where the janitor's hand manipulated it. By letting out the wire the lump of wax fell upon the pile of twenty-dollar bills, and when the wire was drawn taut the bill lay pressed securely against the flat sur-

face of the sloping lid, some inches above the drawer, until the contents of the drawer had been locked up for the night in the safe, and the bank vacated. Then the janitor came in, pocket his twenty dollars cunningly, and set the trap for another day. He had fled while they were still investigating his contrivance.

"It was the janitor, just as you predicted—and the discovery was all because you said rats!" said Wharton playfully to his wife. "What a detective you'd make! It is a confound wonder to us all now that it wasn't made before." He lay upon the sofa white and spent with excitement and the reaction of the relief. He smiled into Eather's brooding face as he went on, with boyish pleasure:

"Every one in the bank came around to shake hands with me, from the president down to little Micky Laungan. I tell you, it seemed good! It's been pretty hard sometimes to feel—but that's over now. What do you think? They're going to celebrate with a dinner to-morrow night. They're just tumbling over themselves to make it up to me! It touches me more than I can say."

"Oh, you!" said his wife, with fond impatience. Her heart was still hot with indignation within her that this man could have walked unknown among his fellows. But she held her peace in homage to a nature so fine that even unjust suspicion could not find its clear uses. He was only glad that the others rejoiced to find that he was an honest man.



How to Know Mushrooms and Toadstools

BY PROF. WM. LOCHHEAD, IN THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST

Mr. Lochhead is a member of the faculty of agriculture in the Macdonald College, at St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec and deals with this garden from a position of authority.

In the popular mind, mushrooms differ from toadstools in the important particular that the former are edible and of commercial value, while the latter are poisonous and of no value whatever. To the botanists, however, the terms are usually synonymous, and the "mushroom" is used to comprise all forms, whether poisonous or not. There are, however, poisonous forms, call them what we will, many of which look so much like the non-poisonous form that only experts can distinguish them. The number of edible mushrooms is large. The connoisseur often is in a position to enjoy in safety many a delicious mess when it would be dangerous for the untrained to indulge for himself.

The common field mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, of the late Summer and Autumn, is a form that is easily recognized even by the amateur. The cap is nearly smooth, white or brownish white, and the flesh is white; the gills underneath the cap do not quite touch the stem, are white when young, then pink, and later brown when ripe. There is a thin "collar" or ring on the stem; the stem is white, tapers slightly to the base, and is solid, though less firm at the centre.

The color of the spores is of importance in the identification of mushrooms, for there are mushrooms with black spores, some with brown spores, some with pink spores, some with reddish-brown spores, and some with white spores. For example, a species, the Smooth Lepiota, *Lepiota naucina*, is very common, and is picked and eaten in large numbers. It has white spores, and the stem is somewhat hollow and slightly swollen at the base. Another species, the Oeddy Amanita, *Amanita phalloides*, resembling both the common mushroom and the smooth Lepiota in color and general appearance, is deadly poisonous. It is largely responsible for the many cases of mushroom poisoning. It has

white spores, sometimes the gills have a pinkish tinge, but the main difference is the presence of a "cup" at the base which holds the stem. Sometimes this cup is left in the ground when the mushroom is picked, and the novice has nothing to distinguish it from the Lepiota. Most of the other species of Amanita are highly colored, so that they are not often eaten by mistake. But all highly colored forms are not poisonous. In fact, there seems to be no absolute rule for distinguishing the poisonous from the non-poisonous forms.

If mushroom-eaters will observe the following "don'ts," little danger need be feared in eating the form that stand the test:

Don't eat a mushroom that grows out of a little cup at the base.

Don't eat a mushroom that is highly colored.

Don't eat a mushroom that changes color soon after its surface is brushed or broken.

Don't eat a mushroom that has a milky juice.

Don't eat a mushroom that has a sticky or slimy cap.

Don't eat a mushroom that has a pungent odor.

Don't eat a mushroom in the "button" stage, or after the flesh has begun to decay.

All the many popular tests for recognizing poisonous mushrooms are worthless. The "silver" test does not hold good, nor does boiling in milk or vinegar render the poisons harmless. In some mycological societies for the study of fungi, there is an important officer called the "mycophagist" whose duty is to sample all the new forms found by the members as to whether they are poisonous or not. Unless a mycophagist is available, the amateur should err on safety's side and give heed to the "don'ts" above mentioned.

The Future of the Steel Trade

BY HERBERT S. CANNON IN MURPHY'S MAGAZINE

This article from "The Economics of Steel and Iron in America" deals with the question of the industry in the United States in the present time and the chances likely to come through the discovery of new uses for its product.

ON this subject there are balls and bears, as Wall Street would say. There are some who think that the steel business has been overstimulated and overcapitalized—that the great corporations will fall apart because of their size and their monopolistic nature. "Modern directorship is too irresponsible," say these men. "Directors do not direct. They watch the price of stocks and forget the making of steel. After this stock company phase of our industrial evolution is ended, we shall go back again to one-man ownership and free competition."

Others—the large majority—think that the present situation is satisfactory and likely to continue for a long time. "There is enough of the trade organized to give stability," they say, "but not enough to create a monopoly. To go back to one-man plants is impossible, because of the competitive pressure that would destroy profits. And complete consolidation is not advisable, in spite of its economies, because it would put the whole trade into the power of a single bureaucracy."

A third opinion—the most optimistic of all—is that of Carnegie. None but he is so idealistic. His dream is of a national, non-governmental, co-operative steel business, "with every workman a capitalist and every capitalist a workman." He describes this communism of labor as "the only safe system"—"a splendid vista."

A fourth possibility was suggested seriously by one of the Buffalo steel barons. "Carnegie is out of the steel business," he said, "but his millions are not. Suppose his heirs should take their income of fifteen millions a year and invest it in United States Steel stock whenever there was a slump in the price, how long would it take them to get control of the big corpora-

tion? Carnegie holds a first mortgage on the Steel Trust for perhaps one-third of its value, and it is not to be expected that the immense Carnegie fortune can be pushed easily out of the steel trade."

With regard to these varying opinions, the facts show, in the first place, that the greatest glory of the steel age is yet to come. We have climbed to a place where the American steel man says "The world is my market." We produce nearly half the steel of the world. We are selling other nations a hundred millions worth a year, in spite of their cheaper labor. We have swept to the front with such gigantic strides that no other country has to-day any hopes of becoming our equal. Germany, which is far ahead of foreign nations, is plodding along where we were eight years ago.

To sum up the wonders of American steel magic, let me give a few final illustrations. If all our five hundred and eighty-seven rolling mills were arranged in a circle around Pittsburgh, the circle would be a hundred miles in diameter. Inside this might be a circle three-quarters as large, composed of our five hundred and thirty-two smaller steel mills and our three thousand, one hundred and sixty-one puddling furnaces. The five hundred and seventy-seven open-hearth works would make a third circle, fifty miles across. The four hundred and ten furnaces would form a fourth, thirty-five miles in diameter. And in the centre would be a flaming hub of one hundred and three Bessemer converters, a mile in circumference, pouring out a fiery river of molten steel at the rate of two and a quarter million pounds every hour of the day and night.

Put the whole American nation on the scales and, at a hundred pounds

apiece, they will weigh no more than the iron that our furnaces are making every two months. In the last three years we have produced enough to outweigh all the men, women and children in the world.

King Steel has dethroned King Corn and King Cotton. There are men now living who can remember when the United States produced no steel at all and very little iron, yet to-day our furnaces annually make enough iron to put a belt around the earth ten feet wide and an inch thick. This, the iron men say, is a fair year's work. As we have seen, we use six times our own weight of iron in one year—three thousand pounds per family. We feed our furnaces every twelve months a mountain of ore that would tower a hundred feet above our highest sky-scrapers.

Gather together all the families that depend directly upon the iron and steel trade for their living, and they will make a State more populous than Illinois, which is the third largest in the Union. This "iron and steel world," as it justly calls itself, has its own literature—technical books that are as mysterious as Sanskrit to the ordinary reader, and magazines whose advertising brings a small fortune with every issue. It has its own laws, its own perils, its own rewards. If we consider it with regard to these three factors—its numbers, its wealth, and its organization—there is no road to equal it on the face of the earth.

How do we know it will grow? Because of the increasing number of new uses for iron and steel. It is only a matter of time until railroads will have to buy steel ties as well as steel rails. The heavier traffic and the increased cost of wooden ties will make the steel tie a necessity.

Steel ties are not an experiment. The Carnegie Company have been using them for six or seven years on one of its ore railways. The Erie, Baltimore and Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York Central, and Lake Shore railroads are already throwing out wooden ties and laying down steel ones. Such an improvement will enormously increase the steel bills of

the railroads. They are to-day buying one-eight of all the steel, and a ton of ties will not go half as far on a railway as a ton of rails. At the Homestead works there is already a steel tie department—the germ of a new industry.

As for the pressed steel car business, that has been an established success for half a dozen years. One company reports earnings of fourteen millions in that time. England has not yet started in this line. When Charles T. Yerkes was equipping his new underground London railway he was obliged to place an order for four hundred steel cars with an American firm, as no English manufacturer could make them. Steel trolley cars are now running on the streets of American cities. Six months ago the first steel baggage car was placed on the rails of the Erie Railroad. It was noticed by railway men that among the cars exhibited at the St. Louis Exhibition not one was made of wood.

Then there are to be the new steel cities of the future. For nearly twenty years we have been building a few high city structures of steel; but steel makers declare that the private houses of the coming generation will contain a surprising amount of steel in various forms.

"Expanded steel," which resembles a mesh made by steel ribbons, is replacing lath. Ornamental steel ceilings are replacing plaster. Corrugated iron in thin sheets is replacing wooden siding in the building of factories. In England and Germany, many new uses are being found for steel in connection with cement—an absolutely fireproof combination. As steel plants are now manufacturing cement from their slag, they will reap a double profit if this method of building is adopted in the United States.

Wood has had its day in the building of cities. An expert tells us that our timber supply is approaching the point of exhaustion at a perilously rapid rate. So it is not unlikely that the boys and girls now in the public schools will live to see the passing of the frame house, and the substitution

of a structure made of cement and steel.

Several American cities can now boast steel-frame churches of the largest size. New York's magnificent subway is practically a thirty-mile tube made of steel and cement, just as its elevated railway is a thirty-mile steel bridge. That colossal structure, the new twenty-million-dollar Williamsburg Bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, required forty-five thousand tons of steel. In a skyscraper of the first class, such as the new First National Bank Building, of Chicago, for instance, eighteen acres of floor space, ten thousand tons of steel are riveted together.

Take another item—wire. It is hard to realize, but true, that there are twice as many millions in wire as there are in structural steel. At its present rate of increase, wire will soon require more steel than rails. Out of every ten pounds of steel produced, one is manufactured into wire. Nothing else takes so many forms. It can be made into a Brooklyn Bridge cable, with six thousand four hundred strands, or into an almost invisible thread, one-tenth as thick as a hair from your head.

To-day, even in the most insignificant items, there are millions to be made. Last year former King Cotton paid about two and a half millions to King Steel for cotton ties alone—thin strips of sheet-iron used to bind the bales of cotton. A carpet tack is not an imposing article of commerce, yet a single factory in Chicago is producing three million pounds in a year. A wire nail looks unimportant enough, yet any one who owned the thirteen million kegs of wire nails that we produced last year would possess a fortune that would make him a figure in the financial world.

Many an order for a single steel article carries in itself a competency. To name a few, there are—the new steel drydock at New Orleans, five hundred and twenty-five feet in length and one hundred feet wide; the three-hundred-and-ten-foot steel chimney of the Nichols Chemical Company, Brooklyn; an engine in the

United States Steel Corporation's plant at Youngstown that weighs nearly a million pounds; the Manhattan and Blackwell's Island bridges, in New York; the three enormous steel flumes, eighteen feet in diameter and a mile in length, which have recently been laid at Niagara Falls; and J. J. Hall's group of steel elevators at Superior, Wisconsin, holding three million bushels of grain apiece.

There has been for several years a block of steel roadway in New York City, and it is being freely predicted that the road of the future will be of this kind.

Almost every week the newspapers announce a new use for steel. Steel both tubs are being stamped out at the rate of a hundred and fifty a day. Steel furniture is worrying the furniture-makers of Michigan. Barrels, so one manufacturer says, are henceforth to come from the steel mill and not from the cooper shop. As we use about three hundred million barrels a year just now, this one item may mean new plants, new multimillionaires.

Now that steel is being used in construction work, there is scarcely any limit upon the novelties that we may expect. We hear of an aerial ferry in Duluth, by means of which a car is swung in mid-air from shore to shore, and of an aerial hotel in Switzerland, above the Lake of the Four Cantons, hanging two thousand feet above the water.

If the great war of the future, long predicted, should come—if the idle armies and navies of Europe should suddenly rush together in the old undying game of war, the two decisive factors in the conflict would be money and steel. In their assault on Port Arthur, the Japanese fired two thousand tons of shells. Both nations combined fired away sixty million dollars' worth of death and destruction in the struggle over a single fortress. The death of every soldier cost more than his weight in iron.

Most of the facts point toward an enormous foreign trade in the near future. No degree of growth in this line should be surprising, for the rea-

son that the history of our iron and steel exports has been nothing but a series of surprises, both to ourselves and to foreign nations. To-day we are selling the other countries more than a hundred million dollars' worth of iron and steel every year.

Yet it is only a century ago since not a pound of iron was made in Ohio—since Pittsburg was a frontier village, without a rolling mill or a bank—since Jefferson wrote to his friend John Adams: "We cannot make iron in competition with Sweden or any other foreign country."

It is only a quarter of a century since Andrew Carnegie, himself—the most sanguine and optimistic of men, said: "Steel is made in England for one-half of what it costs in the United States. Not in our day will it be wise for America to leave the land. It is a very fair division as it stands—the land for America, the sea for England."

In 1898 an American bridge company got the contract for building the great Artura Bridge on the Kharum railroad, to the assistance of the British steel men. The following year locomotives made in Philadelphia were running on the Midland Railway, in England. At the Glasgow Exposition it was admitted that the best exhibit of tools, lathes, drills, etc., was not from Sheffield or Newcastle, but from Milwaukee. Then the Glasgow Herald appeared with a notice that it was now being printed upon a "Hoe" press. In 1900 four British steamers sailed from Conneaut laden with steel for Liverpool—the first all-water shipment from Pittsburg.

Five years ago Londoners were startled to see the steel frame of an American sky-scraper towering above Chancery Lane. Then the Duke of Marlborough, having married an American wife, gave an American firm the contract to build his new steel-frame house on Curzon Street. Schwab, being in England, made a few remarks which added to the uneasiness of British steel-makers:

"We can sell steel billets, delivered in Great Britain," he said, "for \$16.50

a ton—\$2.69 cheaper than the present British price."

Some one else figured out that the labor-cost of a ton of iron in Pittsburg was reduced to forty-one cents, as against seventy-two in England, although Pittsburg wages were double those in Sheffield.

Last year we sent over twenty million dollars' worth of iron and steel goods to Great Britain. The rest went to various parts of the world. At the Alexandria locks, in Egypt, you may see coal unloaded by American machinery into American pressed steel cars. It will be drawn on Pittsburg rails by Philadelphia locomotives to Khartum.

In remote parts of India, Burma, Persia, Madagascar, you may find structural steel from Homestead, Pennsylvania.

The rails and bridges over which the Russian armies rode from Moscow to Port Arthur, and the steel ribs of the depots and the Dalmatians, were for the most part made in Pittsburg and put in place by American machinery.

It was a strange fact that immediately after the Spanish-American war Spain became for a time our best customer for railway material and machinery. One Spanish importer in Barcelona had the words "American machinery forever!" engraved on his note paper. Germany, our chief competitor, opened her eyes recently when a Connecticut firm shipped to Berlin a complete foundry. This firm, it appears, makes foundries of different sizes and sells them by number, as though they were collars or shoes. Even the European farmers have caught the habit; they have been paying us over a dozen millions a year for our agricultural machinery.

To-day our iron and steel supremacy is questioned by no one. Lord Rosebery tells a London audience to take heed to "the American disdain of finality." American young women, on their way to Dresden to study music, are passed by German young men who are on their way to Pittsburg to study steel. One English writer has summed up fourteen points

in which the American steel trade is superior to the British, as follows: More ore; cheaper coke; cheaper transportation; tariff; superior skill superintendents; larger scale of operations; more enterprise; promotion by merit; larger scrap heap; higher wages; bonus system; employment of younger men; and more complete organization.

Two things we lack—a better knowledge of what foreign nations want, and an American merchant fleet.

As to our need for more ships, it has been stated that ocean freight can be cut in half by the establishment of an American merchant marine. No freight is easier to carry than steel, yet at present the rate from Pittsburg to Liverpool is equal to the cost of making the steel from the pig iron.

As to where the Pittsburg of the future is to stand, no location is ideal. There are so many factors necessary to success in the steel trade that no one spot contains them all. At present the trade is scattered between Birmingham and Chicago, and between Worcester and Pueblo, with the vast bulk of it in the Pittsburg region. Since 1645, the centre of the industry has moved from Lynn, through Connecticut to New Jersey, then via Philadelphia to Pittsburg, where it has remained for fifty years. But since Minnesota has become the principal storehouse of ore, there has been a growing conviction that the steel mills and furnaces of the future will be nearer to their base of supplies. The point in dispute is whether the ore should be brought to the coke, as at Pittsburg, or the coke to the ore, as at Duluth.

If Carnegie had been twenty years younger in 1901 the pivotal point of our steel trade would to-day be Conneaut, on Lake Erie, about a hundred and twenty miles north of Pittsburg.

"Conneaut is the central spot," said Carnegie when I asked him concerning the future of the steel trade. "It is the place where all the raw materials can best be assembled."

If, as a few suggest, the railroads should decide to enter the steel-mak-

ing business, now that there is a prospect of their having to buy not only rails but steel ties and steel cars as well, the probability is that they would select Ashtabula as their manufacturing spot. This is five or six miles from Conneaut, with a much larger harbor. Until recently, Ashtabula has been the busiest ore port on the lakes. To-day Conneaut stands first.

Chicago, of course, is second only to Pittsburg as an iron and steel city. One-third of all our steel rails are made at Chicago. The unique feature of Chicago's iron and steel trade, so far as the future is concerned, is that the corporations which manufacture agricultural machinery have bought their own ore, mines, coal mines, timber lands, furnaces, and rolling mills. Two-thirds of all the agricultural implements in the world are made in Chicago, but the steel that is used adds nothing to the profits of the steel kings.

Milwaukee is destined to be the "machinery city" of America. And another city which will not allow itself to be forgotten when the conversation is upon the future of steel is Duluth. Hitherto, indeed, so far as the making of iron is concerned, the record of Duluth is a story of calamity and failure. The unparalleled ore-supply of the Mesaba Range is practically in Duluth's back yard. It has ten square miles of harbor. The St. Louis River flings itself at the city's feet in a series of torrents which might provide unlimited electrical power. And the ore ships that come back from Lake Erie without cargoes might bring coal and all other imported necessities at the lowest of freight rates.

Yet in this year, 1907, Duluth can point to only one small factory, making two hundred and fifty tons a day. There is not a steel mill in the State. The Pittsburg Vikings sail up to the iron ranges and carry off the loot—millions of dollars' worth every summer week. Now that less and less coal is needed to produce a ton of iron, Duluth's opportunity to build profitable blast furnaces is growing better year by year. Geographically,

Duluth is located so that she cannot escape being an important iron and steel community. She stands at the western doorway to the Great Lakes—almost in the exact centre of the continent.

Texas and Puget Sound are also mentioned as probable iron and steel centres. At present, neither region is to be found on the map of the iron business. Texas has a couple of little charcoal furnaces, one being owned and operated by the State, and Seattle has one small furnace and rolling mill. It is reported that immense deposits of fine iron ore have been found in Llano County, Texas; and since the discovery of oil at Beaumont, which could be used as fuel, the door of opportunity has been opened to the Texans. Beaumont is near the sea, northeast of Galveston, and the ore mines of Llano, Cuba, Venezuela, and Colombia are within a thousand miles.

That there is a chance for a second Carnegie cannot be doubted, unlikely as the outlook may seem to the steel workers of Homestead and Duquesne. It is the unexpected that happens in the steel world. Any one who had predicted a Carnegie and a steel fortune of a quarter of a billion to the Pittsburghers of thirty years ago would have been regarded as an unbalanced enthusiast. One thing is certain—that the "American disdain of finality" will prevent the formation of a perpetual dynasty of steel or any sort of monopoly.

When Croesus, King of Lydia, showed Solon his golden treasures, Solon said: "If another comes who hath better iron than you, he will take away your gold." The same warning may be given to our steel kings. As long as American workmen continue to work, there may come some revolutionary idea that will pull down the old dynasty and set up a new one.

The battle against conservatism and self-complacency is not ended. Fifty years ago, when Kelly and Bessemer pointed out the path to us millions, they were treated like impertinent meddlers by the steel men of America and Europe. Sheffield sneered at Bes-

semer until he built a plant of his own and cut prices in half. Pittsburgh lost twenty-eight years by its disdain of Kelly and his "air-boiling process."

There are still heart-sick inventors tramping from one corporation to another, flouted by clerks and bullied by superintendents. The steel trade was never so well organized, but as yet it has no department of invention, in which original suggestions would be treated with respect and fairly tested.

One innovation which is running the gauntlet just now is James Gayley's "dry blast." Gayley needs no sympathy. He is one of the Carnegie multimillionaires and a vice-president at the United States Steel Corporation. Seventeen years ago he broke the world's record for making the most iron with the least coke, and he has kept in the front rank ever since. He will be the "pig iron king" of the world when his invention is fairly appreciated.

Gayley's aim is to make the moisture out of the air that is blown into the furnace. This is not a small item. The air blown into a furnace in one hour will contain from forty to three hundred gallons of water. Gayley's plan is first to carry the air through an ammonia chamber, which takes out the moisture in the form of frost. When the chamber is clogged with frost, hot brine is forced through the pipes. This dry or Gayley-ized air produces a hotter fire with less coke. At its first test, this process made eighty-nine tons more in one day—a gain of about twenty per cent.

"This method can be applied to the making of Bessemer steel," said Mr. Gayley. "It will prolong the usefulness of the converter, because it will make the Bessemer process quicker, and surer." His invention is not absolutely new to iron and steel men, but he has made it workable.

This "dry blast" is no longer an experiment. It has been in use since August, 1904, at one of the Pittsburgh furnaces. But the high financiers of the Steel Trust have been slow to recognize its value. Already they have lost the chance to monopolize the in-

vention, as Gayley has recently allowed it to be installed by the Warwick Iron and Steel Company, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, and the E. & G. Brooks Iron Company, of Birdsboro, Pennsylvania.

Another innovation which has only reached the "pooh, pooh" stage, as it has been called, is the making of steel direct from the ore. This was Kelly's dream. He believed that both the blast furnace and the converter would be abolished, as a couple of unnecessary middlemen. During the last ten years of his life he studied this problem, and succeeded in smelting the ore by electricity. But the cost of making steel by this short way proved to be more than the cost of making it the usual long way. He maintained that the day would come when ore would be smelted for fifty cents a ton, and up to the time of his last sickness he was engaged in experiments to cheapen his process.

This endeavor is less of a dream to-day. At Gysinge, Sweden, high-class steel, said to be equal to crucible steel, has been made direct from the ore by an electrical process, water-power being used to cut down the cost. The Canadian Government, which has been remarkably generous to steel-makers, has recently appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for experiments in electrical smelting. Edison has given his genius and a large fraction of his wealth to the solution of this problem. Consequently, it is not now to be classed among the will-o'-the-wisps, but among those improvements that may be expected in the near future.

So many dreams have come true in the wizardry of steel-making—so many ideas have mastered the obstinacy of custom, that it has become a facile and unprofitable thing to declare that any proposed improvement is impossible.



Women's Suffrage

BY E. MAUD SIMON IN THIS MONTHLY REVIEW

This article, although heavily particularized on the movement affecting England as the present time, contains a great deal which is of universal interest in connection with the subject of women at politics.

To prevent misconception of the treatment which this much-debated subject is to receive in the present article, it may be stated at the outset that it is an endeavor to show that the extension of the franchise to women would be detrimental rather than beneficial to the welfare of the community as a whole.

It does not, indeed, require more than the average endowment of the faculty of looking ahead to perceive that in the political enfranchisement of women there can be no half measures, and that, in the long run, the franchise must be extended to all women or to none at all. At present the hardship of non-parliamentary representation does undoubtedly press most heavily on women householders or ratepayers who desire the vote. But the inadequacy of this limit to the non-recognition of women in our present parliamentary system would become apparent as soon as it were removed by the extension of the franchise to this class of women, and followed, as it would inevitably be, by its extension to women lodgers. Women of property would naturally resent the disfranchisement that marriage would bring with it, and women lodgers would be in the same predicament. It is unnecessary to point out the confusion that would arise if some wives—those, namely, who are women of property—had votes and some had not, or if wives and daughters in all classes of society could qualify themselves for the vote by money payments for rooms to their respective husbands and fathers. Or again, take those cases in which the wife and not the husband is the owner of the residence, and in which she and not he would be logically and legally entitled to the vote. In short, there seems no reason why, if women are to have the parliamentary vote, marriage

should disqualify them for the exercise of that privilege.

When, therefore, we reflect on the tyranny of taxation without representation, we must also not shut our eyes to the fact that some forms of tyranny—and especially such forms of it as are likely to be exercised by the average fair-minded and conscientious English statesmen towards women and their interests—may be preferable to the political chaos that might ensue if the vote were given to some women and not to all, or if, as an alternative, all women were entitled to enter the political arena with the same rights and on the same footing as men.

It cannot, of course, be denied that here and there are to be found women who have in them the making of politicians, nor can it be asserted that clever women are not clever enough enough to become politicians or anything else for which intellectual qualifications are necessary. But this does not upset the view held by many people, on similar lines with men, in the political life of this country.

The main feature of this unfitness seems to lie in the simple fact of a woman being a woman, and in all that womanhood involves and implies, both as regards physical and social functions. This statement is vague, but he who runs may read, and read into it much that cannot be said here, and that need not be, since it is a part of common daily experience.

The great and uncompromising gulf which nature has placed between the sexes, seems to be accentuated rather than bridged over by the refinements of civilization, and the result of this increasing differentiation in physique shows itself in many ways, but mostly, perhaps in the highly emotional nature of woman and

in her variability. *Souvent femme varie!* These words are no more familiar than true, and the same may be said of Scott's oft-quoted refrain on some of the characteristics, charming and otherwise, of the sex.

It would, however, at the present day—when we are confronted with a new order of psychological philosophy known as "Pragmatism," which lays great emphasis on the emotional element in all intellectual processes—be unwise to underrate the part contributed by feeling and sentiment towards the formation of the political convictions of either sex. But, however this may be, it must be admitted that the emotional nature of woman, all valuable as it is as an incentive to many activities in the home and beyond it, is not to be relied on for guidance when the matter in question is one in which the hereditary instincts and intuitions of her sex cannot help, and which calls for foresight, broadmindedness, logical reasoning and impartiality—in short, for all the qualities which go to make what we call a well-balanced mind. Such a type of mind is not too common in either sex, but the contention here is that it is much more rarely found in a woman than in a man.

Ignorance of politics and absence of interest in them is not a prerogative of either sex, an assertion which will be borne out by many who engage in the work of canvassing for elections, parliamentary or otherwise. But the importance of granting or withholding the vote does not depend on the attitude of incompetent voters of either sex towards the franchise, since, in the political game, the ignorant and non-reflecting members of the community must always be the prey of the clever, and their votes represent not the convictions of even the opinions of the voters, but the electioneering spoils of the most adroit canvassing. Apropos of the extension of the franchise to women on the ground of the incompetency of masses of male voters, Ruskin's remarks in "Arrows of the Chace" may well be quoted here. "So far," he says, "from wishing to give votes to women, I

would fain take them from most men."

Turning to another aspect of the question of female parliamentary representation, we may consider the application to it of the principle that fitness to exercise new powers and responsibilities can only be acquired or proved by affording opportunities for its use.

Here we find ourselves drawn into a comparison with the laws which govern physical as well as social evolution. The evolution and development of any physical function depends on its use, and disuse means, in the long run, atrophy. Similarly with social functions, use brings increase of power to use, and inaction incapacity, and in both cases habit becomes, as we say, "second nature."

"And the moral of that is"—easy to see, and to apply to the case in point. Given the opportunity to become practical politicians, and to play a full part with men in the rough-and-tumble game of party politics in England, women might, at least the majority of thinking women might, develop the fitness for this new departure in their activities, but at what price?

Mr. Asquith, in his recent reply to an address presented to him by a deputation of East Fife ladies, hints at the possible "price" in the following ominous words:

Better that no addition should be made to the opportunities for ventilating, and perhaps remodeling, special grievances or special interests of particular classes of women than that they should be dearly purchased in the interests of the sex and of the community at large. If at the same time you may have to pay as your price for suffrage—and I am very much afraid you would have to pay it—the putting in jeopardy of the status, the position, the real authority, the unique position of women as a whole in the community. The one thing would be tangible and direct, the other intangible, almost abstract; but you must weigh them against one another. You may be sure that any change of this kind will not commit itself to the general opinion and the intelligence of the nation unless you can satisfy them that you can carry it through without

permanent injury to the best interests of women themselves.

Such are the apprehensions of a modern statesman, and from them we can turn our minds backwards through the years and recall some not unsimilar forebodings on the part of John Bright, when he saw the vote exercised in municipal elections by the women of Lancashire. He says:

I know one place in my own neighbourhood where scenes of the most shocking character took place. Women were served with what certainly was not good or wholesome food, and the poll closed. I know at another borough in Lancashire at the last general election there were women by hundreds drunk and disordered under the temptations that were offered in the forests and unscrupulousness of a political contest. I confess I am unwilling, for the sake of women themselves, to introduce them into the context of our Parliamentary system. I think they would lose much of that which is best in them if they saw power, and they would gain nothing from being mingled or mixed with the contest and the polling-tooth.

Let us hope that the conditions which John Bright describes here are now an impossibility under any political system in this country, but his concluding words fit the situation as much to-day as when they were uttered, and express a sentiment which is very widely spread amongst men, and which still numbers amongst its sympathisers many women.

So far in this article the question of female suffrage has been approached mainly on the theoretical side, but now let us look at it from the practical point of view and ask, "Do the majority of English women desire the parliamentary vote, and the political status and responsibility which it entails?" Information on this point is difficult to obtain, and even if statistics were available, perhaps knowledge of the type of women who desire or who do not desire this change in our political machinery might be a surer guide to its value from the sociological standpoint.

At present nearly all the agitation has been raised by the women who do urgently desire the change, and on the other side there has been mostly

silence. But now there are not wanting signs of the times which show that this silence may not always be taken for the slumber of indifference and it would be dangerous to take for granted that all female political interest and activity is on the side of those women whose goal is the political emancipation of their sex. In Mr. Asquith's speech, from which quotation has already been made, he asks: "What is the evidence that the change is desired by the majority of women themselves?" and adds:

I have yet seen no satisfactory evidence on that point, and I do not know that such evidence is procurable. Allow me to assure you that there has been a serious hindrance, for this is after all a very great constitutional change, and there is no case in our history in which a constitutional change of this kind has been effected without the clearest possible proof that it was desired and, indeed, demanded by the vast majority of those in whose interest it was made.

These words of Mr. Asquith show the gravity of this "practical" aspect of the question in its strongest light, and need no addition to them here. But whether or no the majority of the women of this country desire the vote, there can be no doubt that in the event of universal adult suffrage, the majority of the voters would be women, a fact which is sufficiently startling to "give us pause" when we consider its revolutionary features.

A few rough statistics may help to bring this home in a practical sense.

Roughly speaking, the male population of the British Isles is twenty millions, the female being twenty-three millions. These figures, of course, include those under age who are not qualified for a vote. But if we divide the numbers roughly, taking the statistical figures of four to a family, we have ten million adult men and eleven and a half million adult women.

These figures do not pretend to be accurate, but—if we once admit the principle that it is the right of women to exercise the franchise on equal terms with men, and if we, at the same time, recognize a tendency of the times which may eventually

lead to manhood suffrage—they serve to indicate a proportion of female voters which is sufficiently formidable to foreshadow a change in our electoral system besides which even the Great Reform Bill shrinks into comparative insignificance.

Such a change might conceivably result in female parliamentary representatives, indeed the outcome of it might even be a preponderance of female members of Parliament. But the present writer feels unfitted for the task of peering into a political and parliamentary future so far removed from present conditions that it would need the power of a Mr. H. G. Wells to transport us thither.

The return to more beaten tracks leads to the consideration of another practical side of the association of women with politics.

Our existing system, although excluding women as voters, does already allow of a very considerable outlet for feminine political influence and activity, and with this advantage, viz., that now those women only who have leisure, taste, and aptitude for the work are drawn into the net.

This, then, is the answer to those who argue that it is absurd to draw the line at full political emancipation for a woman when so many other new doors of activity are open to admit her, at her will. "At her will!" But in the event of the Suffragists having their way, her "will" is not consulted and the political responsibility of the vote, and of all that this may ultimately entail, is forced upon her quite apart from her individual wish or fitness to assume this responsibility. And there is another advantage attaching to the political work now undertaken by the women of this country, in that it is mainly concerned with those departments of it in which the natural efficiency of the average woman finds fullest play. Politicians are eager to recognize and to avail themselves of the valuable help rendered by women in the work of political organization on its social side. This is the side which calls for tact, patience, tolerance of detail, personal sympathy and interest, and

many such qualities which are often mostly conspicuous by their absence in the sterner sex. Women suffragists will probably regard such work as this as being on too trivial a scale to satisfy the slightest of their aspirations, and from their own point of view they are of course right not to rest content with it. But even they must admit that it is a sphere of political work which, if not covered by women, is not likely to be covered at all, and also that it is one in which the political ambitions of a good many of their sex find satisfaction.

And now we come to the consideration of that which is, from the national and imperial standpoint by far the most important of the issues involved in throwing open the doors of political life to the women of this country, viz., the possible effect of the movement on the health and on the physical responsibilities of our women, on the mothers of the race. So much might be said upon this side of the question, and so much also that is sufficiently obvious to speak for itself, that it is only necessary here briefly to mention one or two of the more important points connected with it.

The first which comes to mind is the decreasing birth rate in the upper classes of English society. What effect would the addition of political life to the many and complex demands now made upon the time and powers of the women of these classes—in a score of directions undreamed of by their grandmothers—have upon child-bearing? One can almost picture a condition in social life in which women might say "We have no time for children, our lives otherwise occupied, our power must be reserved for other uses!"

Then, take the question of infant mortality among the lower classes. Here generally there is no lack of child-bearing, but a lack of child-rearing. What would be the effect on the mothers in these classes of bringing the contentious influence of party politics into their already crowded and often ill-regulated lives, thus affording them one more opportunity

for neglecting to learn how to be useful in their own houses? The woman who is too ignorant or too careless to preserve the lives of her own offspring has no claim or ability to take part in legislation.

Then, again, consider the effects which the excitement of a Parliamentary election, or of any special political agitation, public meetings and the like, might have upon many women in "delicate health," and especially those of the less protected classes, if called upon or at least entitled to take part in it all and swell the numbers of their respective political parties. Surely the community, which does not permit its women to "take up arms" in its cause, has some right to shelter them from the risks attendant upon political warfare.

Apart from these special considerations there is the general increase of wear and tear, and of mental and nervous strain, upon the more delicate frame and constitution of woman which is entailed by her entrance into political life, and which cannot fail to leave its mark on her physique, and, if on her physique, ultimately on that

In short, there seems so little to be said in favor of political life for women from the point of view of her physical well-being, that that little must be left to others to discover. It will probably be urged that women voters would confound to the passing of measures for the redress of woman's grievances and wrongs, and thus tend to promote in general ways the physical well-being of the sex. But people who argue thus seem to forget that it does not need the practical machinery of a parliament elected in part by women's votes to redress women's wrongs, otherwise women would not hold the high position or wield the powerful influence in political and many other circles which is theirs to-day. The statesman whose work and achievements will stand the test of time are those who recognize that the best interests of women are bound up with those of the race, although not all such men may hold that their interests may be best served by inviting women themselves to drive

the political machinery which is, after all, but the means of their end. As well might it be said that children's votes are needed to further the interests of children (not that any comparison between women and children is here intended); and yet, so susceptible are the hearts of even male legislators towards the claims of the most powerless members of the community, that one of the saddest of their evils, child-labor in mines, found its remedy mainly through the emotional havoc wrought by a poem, and by a poem written by a woman.

Child-labor in mines is no more, but child-labor in homes, and of a dreary and deadening description, is still with us, as we learn from the report of recent investigations made by the Home Office into the work of "juvenile carders" in Birmingham. And it is much to be regretted that the women who waste their strength in combats with the police, and their time in Holloway Prison, cannot find in this or kindred objects a more enticing field for the zeal they display as agitators.

But misdirected energy and sentimentality are among the political curses of our age and country, and women of public spirit, whose combined efforts might achieve much useful work, spend their powers in clamoring for the technical political recognition of the suffrage. As if the suffrage were the panacea of all the ills and disabilities which feminine flesh is heir to, instead of being the merest phantom of one!

They would be better advised to show their ability as politicians by formulating some definite remedial proposals with respect to the grievances for the redress of which they desire the power behind the vote, and in that case they would not improbably find that our present parliamentary system, though it "grinds slowly," is yet sufficiently representative to secure to each section of society its "rights," whether that section be armed with the vote or not.

There is, no doubt, a considerable class of suffragists, and especially of the older type of suffragist, to whom

these strictures do not apply. But they probably do apply to a good many of the women agitators of the present day, from whose tactics it may reasonably be surmised that their political outlook is largely bounded by the idea of the vote, rather than by the purposes for which the vote is wanted. For instance, in the last raid by the Suffragists on the House of Commons, a good portion of the raiders were said to be extremely young, and it may be naturally inferred from this that their political horizon, though it may have been rose, was a limited one.

In truth, the disabilities of women in trade, in the labor market, and in every department of life where she enters into competition with men, are due, not to want of direct political representation, not to antagonism between the sexes (for such antagonism is, as food, against nature), but to her own natural disabilities, the disabilities of womanhood. The man is first the wage earner, the woman first the mother, and on these two laws hang all, or nearly all, the inequalities which woman suffragists are so confident of diminishing by means of women's votes.

There is a side issue involved in the making of women politicians which may be touched on in conclusion. One of the weak points in a woman's intellectual activity is said to be her absorption in the details of a question, even to the length, sometimes, of blinding her view of the point which is of paramount importance. The truth that lies in this is probably due to the fact that all the details which go to make up the complex structure of modern domestic, family, and social life are, to a very large extent, the woman's province. The adjustment of these details, their organization and distribution, call for powers and energy of no mean order, and their neglect by women would inevitably result in social chaos. It follows, therefore, that her passion for detail, so far from being detrimental to a woman's mental equipment, is necessary for the preservation of social order; and farther, that if a woman must divest herself of this or any other valuable characteristic, in order to don the mantle of the politician and the legislator, the community, as a whole, stands to gain far less politically than it loses socially, by the political enfranchisement of its women.



The Call of Another World

THE LONDON MAGAZINE

This very striking article discusses in popular style some of the latest speculations about life on the planet Mars, and especially whether the Martians may be signaling to us.

STRANGE things were happening not long ago. For some time back, towards midnight, the wireless telegraphic stations had recorded a strange "three-point" signal, persistently repeated. After careful inquiry it was ascertained that no terrestrial station had despatched such a message at such an hour. When came, then, the mysterious call? The three points of sound suggest the three points of light observed on the face of the planet Mars about the year 1901, and our ingenious contrivancer endeavors in this story-article to explain them.

Midnight. Toc-toe-toe; toe-toe-toe; toe-toe-toe. Three little strokes were heard distinctly in the silence of the Marconi station, and the drowsy operators started up, bewildered with a vague uneasiness.

"Listen! There it is again. What can it want to say? Who on earth has sent it?"

"Don't you know your Morse code? Three dashes—that means S."

"The needle goes on with S S S all the time, and no one can tell why. It is uncanny. Listen!"

Toc-toe-toe; toe-toe-toe. . . .

"Yes; it is quite true! Every night about midnight it is at it. As soon as the transmitters send us S, the receiver registers it. When they are tired they stop."

But as their post on the extreme point of a distant promontory, the telegraphic operators, already oppressed by the silence of the night, felt their marrow chilled by the mystery of the unknown message. For some days the three dashes had been obstinately repeated. As was known in every transmitting station throughout the world, no one had sent the call. There was, indeed, somebody who telegraphed, but that somebody was not on this earth. Whose was the little voice that called from the darkness, and transmitted its message

through the frigid immensity of interstellar space?

Three dashes? They suggest something. In 1892 and again in 1901 the observers of the heavens had spoken of three points. In both years astronomers with powerful telescopes had been able to distinguish upon the planet Mars a triangle made of three luminous points, tiny to our vision, but in reality immense, the triangle having each side several hundreds of miles long. The three lights stood out white against the red hue of the planet. They had not formerly been observed; and their regular disposition gave birth to the supposition that they might be artificial.

Three dashes signify S in the Morse alphabet, but in the telegraphic practice they also mean "Are you there?" "May I begin?" or "Attention: a message follows."

Perhaps Mars sent the three signals announcing the parting of a curtain which had been drawn since the beginning of time!

Are we, then, to give indifference for answer? Shall we tepid these far-distant friends—kinsmen by our common intelligence—who have made overtures to us? If the Martians seek to enter into relations with us, shall we refuse because they are not of our world?

Mars is the first of the superior planets—that is, of those whose distance from the sun is greater than our own. She possesses an atmosphere of which the composition, studied under the spectroscope—that marvellous instrument which detects the elements by the light which they emit—is similar to that of our earth. It was probably because of her blood-red hue that the ancients consecrated Mars to the god of war, and that Mr. H. G. Wells peopled her with hideous and ferocious monsters.

Her diameter is half that of the

earth, and her volume is therefore only one-seventh. She resembles a Tangerine orange, to which the earth compares as the fruit from Seville. When in her course around the sun she approaches us to the nearest point she is 35,000,000 miles off, and the most distant point in her orbit is 250,000,000 miles away. These are the authoritative figures of such high value fail to convey their significance to the human mind. They are approximate, and are correct within, perhaps, about 100,000 miles—within a "straw," as the astronomer Lalande is reported to have said.

The Martian day has about the same length as our own: 24 hours 39 minutes 23 seconds. The planet takes a little over 686 days to make her orbit round the sun, so that her seasons are about twice as long as ours are. The atmosphere of Mars contains much water-vapour. Seas have been observed, and at the Poles bundance of ice, which diminishes under the summer heat. The variations of temperature are great. Mars receives only half as much heat as we do from the sun. The sun of the Martians is a celestial disc only half as large as ours, and the night is illuminated by two moons smaller than our own—Deimos and Phobos.

One pound weight on earth would weigh only about six ounces on Mars. The average man is able to carry upon his back just about as much as he weighs. If he were in Mars he could carry three times as much—say, about five hundred weights.

Mars, under the telescope, shows a clearly defined disc of a red color, and having patches of more or less bright. The green patches are the sea, and the others distinctly red are the continents, which, contrary to those of our earth, are much more extensive than the sea. Finally, the most brilliant parts are the ice-covered Polar regions and the floating clouds. The atmosphere of Mars is more transparent than ours, and her firmament is of a clear and brilliant azure.

The waters of Mars are widely scattered, being confined to inland seas

which touch hands by long arms—sometimes curved, but more often almost straight—which cut up with sombre lines the bright face of the planet, as lead divides the glass panels of a cathedral window. These lines form an intricate pattern of rough symmetry which does not seem to have been the work of Nature. Such a regularity is probably evidence of the work of the Martian man; and for a long time observers of Mars have been inclined to attribute these lines as canals scooped by the inhabitants to meet the needs of their civilization.

Mars, then, has conditions analogous to those of earth, conditions, which, according to our scientists, are necessary and sufficient for the support and development of life. The atmosphere is continually renewed and freshened by the great air-currents which pass from one side to the other, the soil has the water necessary for fertilization, and the heat imparted by the sun is sufficient for human needs.

M. Camille Flammarion, in his book "Uranie," supposes that the Martians are greatly our superiors, both intellectually and physically. They possess senses unknown to us, including one that reads the thoughts of others without the necessity of communication by spoken word. Their bodies are similar to ours, but sublimed, made from finer material, free from the base need for food.

They have six limbs, so to speak—two arms, two legs, and an excellent pair of wings with which they fly through space when they wish.

In summer they pass the time around the cooler regions of the Poles: in winter they prefer to be near the equator. Unhindered by the need to perform any of the vital functions necessary to our life, they devote themselves to intellectual pursuits. They are, in a sense, angels. The higher animals on the planet Mars—who, according to the brilliant Frenchman, rank in intelligence with Man—(we are grateful for the compliment)—perform all the necessary work.

"Here," said a Martian to M. Flam-

marion at an imaginary interview, "one eats nothing, has always eaten nothing, and always will eat nothing. The organs nourish themselves, renewing their molecules by a simple process of respiration as do your terrestrial trees, of which each leaf is a little stomach. You—you have blood coursing through limbs. Your stomachs are gorged with victuals. Do you think that, with the gross organs which you possess, you can have healthy, pure, and noble ideas—*oh, I may say, if you will pardon my frankness—ideas of any sort?*"

But if the Martians are the ethical beings that M. Flammarion would have them, free from the anxieties of material life, they would be content with their wings as agents of transport, and would be fools to trouble to sink the innumerable canals (some of which are 3,000 miles long and 120 miles wide,) which would serve no conceivable purpose, as they would have no use for commerce. Therefore, if there are, indeed, Martians—and there probably are—they are without doubt, more civilized than we, but still concern themselves with material affairs. No one would construct gigantic works like these canals merely for a pastime. In a world where only ideas require exercise, the inhabitants leave the seas and the land as Nature made them.

With a developed system of irrigation, Mars has a luxuriant vegetation in which red colors predominate, instead of the beautiful greens of our fields and woods. Some authorities suggest that the singular phenomenon of the doubling of the canals, which generally appears towards the end of the Martian Spring, which he believes to be the season of floods, is due to the rapid appearance of vegetation on the ground fertilized by the retreated waters. But then why does this vegetation appear only one one side of the canals?

One may then suppose that the grass and the foliage of Mars are red. M. Flammarion suggests the existence of insects as large as birds, and he pictures sweet, soft landscapes under a brilliant sky and a clear at-

mosphere. Everywhere are deflected wondrous colors from floating vapors, and flowers enormous and brilliant carpet the fertile lands. The thin air transmits harmonies unknown on our mundane sphere.

A prominent American medium pretends that he recently made a tour of inspection to the red planet, while numerous witnesses attest to the trance into which he plunged himself before making the experiment. He alleges that he had difficulty in breathing as he traversed the ether. He was almost roasted as he passed in proximity to a fiery meteor; then he almost froze in the regions of intense cold. Having alighted upon the summit of a Martian mountain, he saw the inhabitants beckon him. He is precise in his description:

"There are two sorts of Martians—giants, who are four times as large as man, and shaggy in appearance, wearing no clothes, and possessing voices of frightening harshness, and the second variety are a sort of creeping men, who are able, like flies, to walk up perpendicular walls. They have eyes at the sides of their heads like horses, and in place of noses, have merely holes in their cheeks. They live among animals who bear no resemblance to ours, and who are red, green, and yellow." This remarkable tourist, Leyson by name, is said to be a serious individual of fifty-four. He claims to have made his extraordinary voyage three times, and has dreamed the same things each time. He has begun to instruct nine mediums, whom he proposes to take with him on his next excursion!

We may speculate a bit. But since many wise men held that we must believe that Martians exist, although it is difficult to decide how they look, how they act, and how they dress, is it too daring a suggestion that we should attempt to reply to the messages they seem to be sending us? How shall we set about it? Several systems have been proposed. That put forward most frequently is to erect on several points of the earth's surface, and widely apart, powerful elec-

tric lights on a geometrical scheme, and to make these lights flash whenever the signs came from Mars. We should then, if the Martians noticed and replied to our signals, have proof of their existence.

Perhaps the universal brotherhood of man, in a wider sense than we yet comprehend may finish by establishing interstellar relations and by achieving a grand common fraternity at present far distant.

Getting Acquainted With English Language

BY GEORGE ADE IN THE IDEAS

Mr. Ade believes that the citizens of the United States feel most homesick when in London. England is in the difference in the language that makes him feel so thoroughly foreign and alone.

It may be set down as a safe proposition that every man is a bewildered maverick when he wanders out of his own little ballfield. Did you ever see a stock broker on a stock farm, or a cow puncher at the Waldorf?

A man may be a duck in his private pond, but when he strikes deep in strange waters he forgets how to swim.

Take some captain of industry who resides in a large city of the Middle West. At home he is unquestionably it. Everyone knows the size of his bank account, and when he rides to business in the morning the conductor holds the car for him. His fellow-passengers are delighted to get a favoring nod from him. When he sails in to the new office building the lift captain gives him a cheery but deferential "good morning." In his private office he sits at a \$500 roll-top desk surrounded by push buttons, and when he gives the word someone is expected to hop. At noon he goes to his club for luncheon. The head waiter hastens to relieve him of his hat, and then leads him to the most desirable table and hovers over him even as a mother hen broods over her first chick.

This distinguished citizen, director of the First National Bank, member of the Advisory Committee of the Y.M.C.A., president of the Saturday Night Poker Club, head of the Commercial Club and founder of the Wilson County Trotting Association, is a whale when he is seated on his pri-

vate throne in the corn belt. He rides the whirlwind and commands the storm. The local paper speaks of him in bated capital letters, and he would be more or less than human if he failed to believe that he was a very large gun.

Take this same business Bohemian and set him down in Paris or Rome or Naples. With a red guide-book clutched helplessly in his left hand and his right hand free so that he can dig up the currency of the realm every thirty seconds, he sets forth to become acquainted with medieval architecture and the work of the old masters. The guides and cabmen bully him. Newsboys and beggars poster him with impunity. When he enters a shop the polite brigand behind the showcase charges him two prices and gives him bad money for change.

Why? Because he is in a strange man's town, stripped of his local importance and battling with a foreign language. The man who cannot talk bank immediately becomes a weakling.

What is the chief terror to travel? It is the lonesomeness of feeling that one cannot adapt himself to the unfamiliar background, and therefore is sure to attract more or less attention as a curio. And in what city does this feeling of lonesomeness become most overwhelming? In London.

The American must go to England in order to learn for a dead certainty that he does not speak the English language. On the Continent, if he kicks on the charges and carries a

great deal of hand luggage, and his clothes do not fit him any too well, he may be mistaken for an Englishman. This great joy never awaits him in London.

I do not wish to talk about myself, yet I can say in truthfulness that I have been working for years to enrich the English language. Most of the time I have been years ahead of the dictionaries. I have been so far ahead of the dictionaries that sometimes I fear they will never catch up. It has been my privilege to use words that are unknown to Lindley Murray. Andrew Lang once started to read my works and then sank with a bubbling cry and did not come up for three days.

It seems that in my efforts to enrich the English language I made it too rich, and the result was mental gastritis. In one of my fables, written in pure and undebilitated Chicago, reference was made to that kind of a table d'hôte restaurant which serves an Italian dinner for sixty cents. This restaurant was called a "spaghetti joint." Mr. Lang declared that the appellation was altogether preposterous, as it is a well known fact that spaghetti has no joints, being invertebrate and quite devoid of assidue tissue, the same as a caterpillar. Also he thought that "cinch" was merely a misspelling of "sink," something to do with a kitchen. Now, if an American, reeking with the sweet vernacular of his native land, cannot make himself understood by one who is familiar with all the ins and outs of our language, what chance has he with the ordinary Londoner, who acquires his vocabulary from reading the advertisements carried by sandwichmen?

This pitiful fact comes home to every American when he arrives in London—there are two languages, the English and the American. One is correct; the other is incorrect. One is a pure and limpid stream; the other is a stagnant pool, swarming with bacilli. In front of a shop in Paris is a sign, "English spoken—American understood." This sign is just as misleading as every other sign

in Paris. If our English cannot be understood right here in England what chance have we amongst strangers?

One of the blessed advantages of coming here to England is that every American, no matter how old he may be or how often he has assisted at the massacre of the mother tongue, may begin to get a correct idea of the genuine English speech. A few Americans—say, fifty or more—in Boston and several in New York, are said to speak English in spots. By patient endeavor they have mastered the sound of "a" as in "father," but they continue to call a clerk a clerk, instead of a "clark," and they never have gained the courage to say "leftenant." They wander out the suburbs of the English language, nibbling at the edges, as it were. Any one living west of Pittsburg is still lost in the desert.

It is only when the pilgrim comes right here to the fountain-head of the Chaucerian language that he can drink deep and revive his parched intellect. For three days I have been camping here at the headwaters of English. Although this is my fourth visit to London and I have taken a thorough course at the music halls and conversed with some of the most prominent shop-keepers on or in the Strand, to say nothing of having chatted almost in a spirit of democratic equality with some of the most representative waiters, I still feel as if I were a little child playing by the seashore while the great ocean of British idioms lies undiscovered before me.

Yesterday, however, I had the rare and almost delicious pleasure of meeting an upper-class Englishman. He has family, social position, wealth, several capital letters trailing after his name (which is long enough without an appendix), an ancestry, a glorious past, and possibly a future. Usually an American has to wait in London eight or ten years before he meets an Englishman who is not trying to sell him dress shirts or something to put on his hair. In two short days—practically at one bound—I had

realized the full ambition of my countrymen.

Before being presented to the heavy swell I was taken into the chamber of meditation by the American who was to accompany me on this fight to glory. He prepared me for the ceremony by whispering to me that the chap we were about to meet went everywhere and saw everybody; that he was a "varsity man," and had shot big game and had a place up country, and had to hire a man by the year just to remember the names of his clubs.

May I confess that I was immensely flattered to know that I could meet this important person? When we are at long range we throw bricks at the aristocracy and handed gentry, but when we come close to them we tremble violently and are much pleased if they differentiate us from the furniture of the room.

Why not tell the truth for once? I was pleased and overheard with bliss to know that this social lion was quite willing to sit alongside of me and breathe the adjacent atmosphere.

Also I was perturbed and stage frightened because I knew that I spoke nothing but the American language, and that probably I used my nose instead of my vocal chords in giving expression to such thoughts as might escape from me. Furthermore, I was afraid that during our conversation I might accidentally lapse into slang, and I knew that in Great Britain slang is abhorred above every other earthly thing except words of German manufacture. So I resolved to be on my guard and try to come as near to English speech as it is possible for anyone to come after he has walked up and down State Street for ten years.

My real and ulterior motive in welcoming this interview with a registered Englishman was to get, free of charge, an alphabetic dose of twenty-four earnest English. I wanted to bask in the bright light of an intellect that had no flaws in it, and absorb some of the infallibility that is so prevalent in these parts.

We met. I steadied myself and

said: "I'm glad to know you—that is, I am extremely pleased to have the honor of making your acquaintance."

He looked at me with a kindly light in his steel blue eye, and after a short period of deliberation spoke as follows: "Thanks."

"The international developments of recent years have been such as should properly engender a feeling of the warmest brotherhood between all branches of the Anglo-Saxon race," I said. "I don't think that any fair-minded American has it in for Great Britain—that is, it seems to me that all former resentments growing out of early conflicts between the two countries has given way to a spirit of tolerant understanding. Do you not agree with me?"

He hesitated for a moment, as if not desiring to commit himself by a hasty or impassioned reply, and then delivered himself as follows: "Quite."

"It seems to me," I said, following the same line of thought, "that fair-minded people on both sides of the water are getting sore—that is, losing patience with the agitators who preach the old doctrine that our attitude towards Great Britain is necessarily one of enmity. We cannot forget that when the European powers attempted to concert their influence against the United States at the outset of the late war with Spain you bluffed them out—that is, you induced them to relinquish their unfriendly intentions. Every thoughtful man in America is on to this fact—that is, he understands how important was the service you rendered us—and he is correspondingly grateful. The American people and the English people speak the same language theoretically. Our interests are practically identical in all parts of the world—that is, we are trying to do everybody, and so are you. What I want to convey is that neither nation can properly work out its destiny except by co-operating with the other. Therefore any policy looking towards a severance of friendly relations is unworthy of consideration."

"Rot!" said he.

"Just at present all Americans are

profoundly grateful to the British public for its generous recognition of the sterling qualities of our beloved executive," I continued. "Over in the States we think that 'Teddy' is the goods—that is, the people of all sections have unbounded faith in him. We think he is on the level—that is, that his dominant policies are guided by the spirit of integrity. As a fair-minded Briton, who is keeping in touch with the affairs of the world, may I ask you your candid opinion of President Roosevelt?"

After a brief pause he spoke as follows: "Ripping!"

"The impulse of friendliness on the part of the English people seems to be more evident year by year," I continued. "It is now possible for Americans to get into nearly all the London hotels. You show your faith in our monetary system by accepting all of the collateral we can bring over. No identification is necessary. Formerly the visiting American was asked to give references before he was separated from his income—that is, before one of your business institutions would enter into negotiations with him. Nowadays you see behind the chin whisker the beautiful trademark of consanguinity. You say, 'Blood is thicker than water,' and you accept a five-dollar bill just the same as if it were an English sovereign worth four dollars and eighty-six cents."

"Jolly glad to get it," said he.

"Both countries have adopted the gospel of reciprocity," I said, warmed

by this sudden burst of enthusiasm. "We send shiploads of tourists over here. You send shiploads of English actors to New York. The tourists go home as soon as they are broke—that is, as soon as their funds are exhausted. The English actors come home as soon as they are independently rich. Everybody is satisfied with the arrangement and the international bonds are further strengthened. Of course, some of the English actors blow up—that is, fail to meet with any great measure of financial success—when they get out as far as Omaha; but while they are mystifying the American public some of our tourists are going round London mystifying the British public. Doubtless you have seen some of these tourists."

The distinguished person nodded his head in grave acquiescence, and then said, with some feeling: "Bonders!"

"In spite of these breaches of international faith, the situation, taken as a whole, is one promising an indefinite continuation of cordial friendship between the powers," I said; "I am glad that such is the case; aren't you?"

"Awfully," he replied.

Then we parted.

It is really worth a long sea voyage to be permitted to get the English language at first hand, to revel in its unexpected sublimities and gaze down new and awe-inspiring vistas of rhetorical splendor.

Sleep and Death

BY JOHN H. GROSSER, M.D., IN THE COSMOPOLITAN

Our greatest terror of death may easily be removed by a consideration of the positive phenomena of sleep, which is nothing less than temporary death.

DEATH is usually considered too gruesome a subject for contemplation. Most people seem to ignore it altogether until it is forced upon their attention by the taking off of some one more or less closely connected with them. But it is clearly not the part of wisdom to close the mental eye and decline to consider a future event merely because of a preconceived notion that it is going to be painful and generally unpleasant. Especially is this true when that event, like death, is wholly inevitable and may occur at any moment. Besides, the scientific study of death can in no way affect the event itself, and may serve to change for the better our present ideas concerning the final dissolution of our material bodies. My object in this article is to strip, if possible, this change called death of some of the groundless terrors with which ignorance, superstition, and timid and fanciful sentimentality have clothed and presented it to the imagination of this and past ages.

Foolish nurses sometimes frighten children by picturing to them a bogymann, and the children are afterward afraid in the dark until they know better. Theologians, with their art, music, and literature, have made death the bogymann of adult life. The fear of physical death is nothing but the fear of physical pain—of the "death agony"—which is supposed to attend the closing moments of life. It used to be considered an act of humanity to anticipate nature by violence. For ages it was the custom to remove with a jerk the pillow from under the head of the dying in order to hasten death and thus prevent the supposed "agony of the last struggle." It is with natural sleep and physical death, and with nothing else, that I am to deal in this article.

All our boasted science and philosophy cannot give a better definition of

death than that it is a cessation of life. This is no definition at all, because it is false; for if we keep in mind the law of the conservation of forces and the closed circle of materialism, there can be no such thing as the cessation of life. There can be, and constantly is, change in the form and manner of expression of the phenomenon called life, but never an absence of it. When that aggregation of atoms and chemical elements—that little eddy in the great whirling cosmos of matter—called a human body is no longer a fit instrument through which human life can express itself, those atoms and chemical elements are at once becoming suitable vehicles for the expression of life in other forms; and this very "becoming" is itself an expression of life.

It would be an aid to clearness of thought and expression, to say nothing of other advantages, if this word "death," which, as we have seen, has no definition, could become obsolete. The word "change," which exactly describes the phenomenon under consideration, should take its place. The forms necessary to express the various moods and tenors readily suggest themselves. For instance, instead of those disgusting, horrible and unmeaning words died and deaths, in mourning type at the head of the obituary column, there should appear in ordinary type the word Changed, or Changes. The news columns would read something like this: "John Doe changed at Bellevue Hospital today, as a result of a pistol shot wound of the chest received in a fight on the Bowery last night"; or "Richard Roe, the millionaire manufacturer (don't leave out millionaire) is changing at his home in this city, from injuries received in an automobile accident in Central Park last Saturday," and so on.

No study of death can be in any de-



gree complete without at least some consideration of sleep. For, as will be seen farther on, sleep is closely related to death, in fact, is death in a degree. The mental activities of the waking hours, followed by the repose and unconsciousness of the night, complete the cycle of a day, and this cycle of a day corresponds in many respects to the cycle of a lifetime. Indeed, a complete day may justly be called a lifetime in miniature.

There are two separate and distinct sets or systems of nerves, organs, and muscles in man and the higher animals. The first is the sensitive system. It is through this that we perceive, act, think, and are connected with the external world around us. The second is the vital system, or that by which the first or sensitive system is maintained. It is important that the reader shall understand these two systems and the laws that govern them. Otherwise he will be unable to get a clear idea of sleep and death, and cannot appreciate these phenomena and their points of likeness. I shall therefore go into some detail to make this part of the subject clear.

Seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, and feeling, or the sense of touch, are the means by which we become connected with the material universe and gain information concerning it. These five senses, together with the mental functions, such as thought, memory, and all conscious intelligence, form the sensitive nervous system. All the functions of the sensitive system are voluntary. They are, or can be, controlled by the will. Reference to one's hourly experience shows this. You may be looking at something in your hand, and the next instant you may be looking at the moon. You listen to a particular sound one moment and to a different one the next, and so on with the other senses. It is the same with our mental processes. We are thinking of a person or thing in the same room with us, a second later our mind is on a person a mile away or on the other side of the planet. Memory, too, is subject to the will. One can recall a scene of childhood or an incident of yesterday with equal

facility. The muscles are also divided into voluntary and involuntary. We can, for instance, will to move the head, hand, or foot, and the proper muscles will obey, or we can will to keep them still, and the thing is done.

The second or vital system may properly be termed the commissary department of the body. It is the function of the nerves, muscles, and organs of which it is composed to furnish nourishment to the entire body. It has to do with the digestion and assimilation of food, the circulation of the blood, the movements of the lungs, in fact, with all the vital processes of the body. Unlike the sensitive system, the vital system is involuntary. One cannot, for instance, control the movements of the heart or lungs by exercise of the will power, nor hasten or retard the digestion of food by the stomach; nor in any way influence the vital organs or their functions. It is interesting to note that Jesus, in his sermon on the mount, announced the scientific fact of the presence in man of the two systems described above when he said, "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?" Now, taking thought, as we have seen, is a voluntary act, a function of the voluntary system, while adding a cubit to the stature is a performance beyond the control of the will, a function of the vital system.

We are now prepared for a closer study of the phenomena called sleep and death. Francis Bacon said, "Sleep is nothing else but a reception and retirement of the living spirit into itself." Sleep is, in fact, the temporary death of the entire sensitive or voluntary system, and it comes about in the following manner: As a result of the day's activities, the higher ganglia of the brain, which are the organs of thought, reason, memory, and all mental activity, become fatigued by the excitement of the passions, the eyes by the exercise of sight, the ears by that of hearing, and the voluntary muscles of motion by powerful and repeated contractions. As a result of this fatigue, the

organs of the sensitive system reach a point of exhaustion where they fail any longer to respond to the ordinary stimulus by which they are accustomed to be aroused. We must then use a stronger stimulus to arouse them, or they must be refreshed by withdrawing from all stimuli for a time—and that is sleep. Even a stronger stimulus, as, for instance, shouting in the ear of a person too sleepy to respond to the tones of ordinary conversation, will only succeed in rousing him temporarily. For when the ear is fatigued to a greater degree no amount of sound, which is the natural stimulus as light is to seeing, will suffice to keep the sleeper awake. It is well known that soldiers when sufficiently fatigued sleep while cannon roar about them. And criminals have, sometimes, to be awakened from a sound sleep on the morning of their execution. Macaulay relates the following incident: On the day appointed for the decapitation of the Duke of Argyll at Edinburgh for rebellion, one of the lords of the council came to the castle and demanded admittance to the duke. It was answered that the duke was asleep. The privy councillor thought that that was as surterage, and insisted on entering. The door of the cell was gently opened; and there lay Argyll on the bed, sleeping in his iron, the placid sleep of infancy. The placid sleep of exhaustion would have been nearer the mark.

It is the rule to read in the accounts of executions by the state, that the condemned slept well, ate a hearty breakfast, and went to his death without fear and with apparent indifference. This is not an exhibition of courage, "nerve," or stolid indifference on the part of the condemned. His conduct is due to the fact that for the months, and sometimes years, he has been under sentence of death, the thought and contemplation of the event have been almost constantly in his mind—so much so that this particular calamity has lost its power to arouse in the condemned those feelings of horror which it produces in the bystander. Put a live rattlesnake

in the cell of a condemned man an hour before the time set for his execution, and the reptile will throw him into a panic of fear. His sensitive system will respond to the stimulus of this new and unthought-of and unsuited horror.

Nobody ever heard of a person about to be lynched showing anything but the most abject fear. The reason for this difference in conduct at the gallows between the legally condemned man and one about to die by lynching is this: in the latter case, the idea of being hanged is sprung suddenly on the man, and his sensibilities have not had time to become immune to fear and horror from this particular stimulus, whereas, in the case of the legally condemned, months of contemplation of the event have exhausted the capacity of his sensibilities to respond with fear to the thought, or even the act, of being hanged. It is in this way that all our griefs and sorrows are healed. Not by time, as is often asserted, but in time, by exhaustion of the capacity for suffering from that particular cause. And the suffering may take place before, or after, the event. During sound sleep the functions of the sensitive system are as completely suspended as if the individual were laid cold in his grave. But the vital system never sleeps. It is busy during sleeping hours, restoring the sensitive organs to their normal conditions, removing the effects of fatigue. It "knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care." The morning of its day is childhood, its noon, middle life, and its hour for sleep is when the heart stops.

The phenomenon called sleep may be summed up in the following propositions:

First: Sleep is temporary death of the functions of the sensitive system, due to exhaustion by fatigue.

Second: This death is temporary because the vital system continues to perform its functions during sleep and restores the sensitive organs to their normal condition.

For our purpose death may be considered under the three heads: natural death, sudden death, and death

from disease. Natural death is death from old age, and is rarely witnessed in modern life. Our social conditions are so complex and unjust that special strain or anxiety, in one form or another, wears out one organ, or set of organs, long before the others. Our bad social and economic conditions are no longer confined to the congested centres. Their baleful influences are being felt, in one form or another, by the inhabitants of the most remote hamlets. Hence we seldom see, as in former times, an individual approach the close of a long life with each organ gradually losing its sensibility along with all the others, or the human machine go to pieces all together, like Doctor Holmes's famous "One Horse Shay."

Natural death differs from natural sleep only in degree. The gradual loss of sensibility by the sensitive organs, which precedes sleep, now takes place in the vital system, and all the organs pass into permanent sleep together. There can be no pain preceding or at the moment of such a death, any more than there is pain preceding and at the moment of passing into temporary sleep.

The second, in our classification, is sudden death. This may be defined as death due to a sudden injury, from without or within the body, sufficient to destroy, at once, all irritability of both the sensitive and vital systems. It requires no argument to prove that a person who is suddenly stricken dead can suffer no pain. The element of time must be present in order to suffer physical pain; and in the sudden death of a person, the element of time is absent.

We come now to consider the third and by far the most frequent form of death, namely, death from disease. Thomas A. Edison tells a story of a man who invented a wonderful liver tonic. This tonic made his liver so much stronger than all his other organs that when the man died it refused to die with them, and had to be killed with a club before the funeral could proceed. There is more to this story than appears on the surface, or perhaps than Mr. Edison sus-

pects. It is a fact, that when an organ becomes diseased or fails to perform its particular function in the community of functions which constitute the life of man, it causes demoralization among all the other organs, which are themselves in perfect working order. And continued failure of the afflicted member to do its work does eventually reduce to the dying point, or as Mr. Edison would say, clubs the life out of, the other stronger organs. The time required to reduce the healthy organs and tissues to the point of general dissolution will depend on the character of the disease itself and the importance of the organ or tissue which it attacks. The lungs, for instance, may be at the seat of an inflammation so acute and extensive as to fill up the air-spaces, exclude the necessary oxygen from the blood, and thus in a few hours overpower the other organs and cause the death of an individual who was previously healthy. On the other hand, a chronic disease in an organ not so vitally important may require years to complicate and inhibit the functions of the other organs to the point of dissolution of the entire structure.

As soon as disease is established, dying begins; which is but a more rapid than natural ceasing of all sensibilities, accompanied with more or less suffering, according to the cause which produces it. This dying and suffering, called disease, must terminate either in so-called death, which is insensibility to it or in recovery, which is removal of the cause of it. But in any event the suffering has been endured, no matter whether the final termination is death or recovery. No one is conscious of, or can recall, the moment he passes from waking into natural or temporary sleep. Nor shall we, by "supreme agony," or in any other way, be conscious of passing into permanent sleep. Being born and dying are the two most important physiological events in the life-history of our bodies. And we shall know no more about the latter event at the time it occurs than we did about the former.

An Intervention at Providence

BY GILBERT F. COLEMAN IN THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

The story of a meeting by chance

THE "Boston Limited," swinging round the curve with a hiss of steam and a grinding of brakes, came to a halt in the big station at Providence, and the passengers filed out from the vestibuled platforms and hurried across the maze of tracks to the waiting-room and the street.

Among the passengers, a tall, striking girl dressed in blue seemed to be particularly agitated. She stood for a moment in nervous indecision and then stepped up to the gateman.

"Is there another train in from Provincetown?"

The gateman stared at her in very evident admiration before he consulted his watch.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, reassuringly, "three-ten. Expecting somebody? You'll have plenty of time to catch 'em before the Cape train leaves."

"Or they'll have plenty of time to catch me," she murmured, as she thanked the man and turned away, dropping her long blue veil over her face. "I must be on board my train before the other comes in, in case of pursuit. But first I'll go and have something to eat. Why didn't I have dinner on the train? So foolish of me to be nervous. Just as I didn't have a perfect right to go alone—why, where is my purse?"

She stood rigid, hand deep in the pocket of her traveling coat, and listened to her heart as it thumped in hideous dismay. And well it might, for she had lost, with her purse, her railroad ticket, her trunk check, all her money, and—the freedom which she had run away from home to obtain!

For a full minute she stood there; then, stumbling blindly towards a seat, she was almost run down by a porter wheeling a truckful of baggage. As she drew back out of his way, she realized the dread awk-

wardness of her position. Night was rapidly approaching, there was no one whom she knew within a hundred miles, and she was utterly alone. For a moment she felt a wild desire to telegraph to her deserted aunt for help. But, alas, she couldn't. She had no money!

A porter coming in through the gate with a grip in each hand passed directly before her. As he did she chanced to glance vaguely at the bags he carried. Then she took a sudden step forward, her face glowing with glad surprise, for—and she could scarce credit the evidence of her eyes—on a suit case which the porter had set down was painted the legend,

"D. Q. Brown, Phila."

She knew then that she was safe. There could, of course, be but one Don Quixote Brown in her native city, probably only one in the world; and he was the husband of Mary Brown, the friend to whose Summer home on the Cape she was fleeing for sanctuary.

She caught the porter by the sleeve. "Where is the owner of this?" she demanded, breathlessly. "I must find him at once!"

The porter, thus accosted, gazed at her curiously.

"Indeed, ma'am, I couldn't say," he replied. "I guess he'll be along in a minute—he told me to leave the grips here for him."

With an air of anxious determination she stood there by the bags, scanning each man as he came hurrying in through the gate, but not one of them was Mr. Don Quixote Brown, of Philadelphia. Suppose he came too late to help her get that train? Suppose he didn't come at all? Well, at any rate, she would never abandon that bag. She regarded it as her anchor of hope, her haven of refuge—the only friend she had left in the wide world. She even moved a step nearer as a

tall young man walked up and reached out his hands, one toward the strange bag, one toward that bearing the familiar initials.

"Stop! That isn't yours!"

The young man checked himself abruptly and turned toward the girl as she seized hold of one end of the bag with both hands and looked up at him defiantly.

He raised his hat politely, still retaining his hold on the handle of the grip, however.

"Pardon me," he said, affably, "I fear you have made some mistake."

"It's not yours," she retorted, quite savagely, desperate with the fear of having this last sweet hope snatched from before her very eyes. "It belongs to a friend of mine, and I am waiting to see him—Mr. Don Brown. The porter said he would be here in a minute. I—I—something has happened, and when I saw his bag I knew, at least I thought—" and then she stopped miserably.

The stranger was eyeing her with a sudden look of interest.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked kindly. "Your mistake was quite natural. And it wasn't a mistake, after all; for the bag, as you say, isn't mine, and it does belong to Mr. Brown. But he is in Philadelphia, and I am on my way there. He asked me to bring the bag with me on my way back from Provincetown."

Provincetown! The place where the Browns spent their Summers! He wasn't an imposter, then—a sneak thief. She drew herself up with dignity.

"I hope you will pardon me. I—it was so unexpected—" Her voice faded away, her head swam dizzily. This blow, coming right after the loss of her purse and the ruin of her plans, was cruel. She made a feeble effort to smile.

"My dear young woman—Thank Heaven! I thought she was going to faint."

He said this under his breath as he caught her in his arms, just as it seemed as if she were going to drop to the floor.

"Come and sit down. It will be all right in a moment."

As he spoke he led her to a quiet corner of the waiting-room, brought a glass of water, and sat down beside her.

"Tell me what has happened," he said, when she had thanked him and he saw that the color was coming back to her face. "Where are you going?" His voice was reassuring, and she seemed so genuinely solicitous that the girl began to take comfort.

"Where? Why, let me see." She passed her hand over her forehead, making an effort to pull herself together. "Why, to Princetown. To Mary's—that is, to Mrs. Brown's. I lost my purse—in the train, I suppose. I never thought to go back and look, and now it's too late—I was so—so upset. I don't know anybody and I can't get away. My name is Vernon," she added, "Violet Vernon, of Philadelphia."

She paused then in some confusion, realizing that the circumstances, though unusual, hardly warranted so complete an attitude of confidence. And yet somehow she could not but feel that this strange young man was a man to be trusted. He certainly looked honest, and he must be all right, for he was a friend of the Browns.

As for the young man, he began to regard her attentively, studying each feature of her face with an embarrassing minuteness.

"Oh," he said, slowly, like one who sees light after darkness, "so you are Violet—I mean—pardon me—you are Miss Violet Vernon. I am very glad to meet you. My name is Blount—Oliver Blount. Mr. Brown and I are old friends. Of course you must let me help you. Just sit here a minute. I'll see about your ticket."

His manner had changed from conventional courtesy to an eager, almost boyish enthusiasm as he left her abruptly and made his way over to the ticket office.

When he returned, the young woman was pinning up her hair and putting into practice various subtle, feminine devices to make herself appear

as if she had just stepped out of a bandbox instead of a hot, dusty railroad train.

"We have ten minutes to spare," he said, briskly. "I have ordered a cup of tea for you in the luncheon. It will brace you up for the rest of the journey. You came all the way from Philadelphia to-day, you say?"

He glanced at her tired, white face, with the heavy dark shadows under her eyes, which nevertheless met his without wavering, and repeated his request:

"Won't you come and have some tea?"

"You mustn't lose your own train," she said, as they sat down at the little table. "I don't know how to thank you for doing this for me. I hope—perhaps you will be at the Brown's again this Summer. You must give me your address so that I can send you the money," she stammered, and then hurried on. "When you see Mr. Brown, if you don't mind, tell him I'm all right. I know my aunt will have sent for him when she finds that I have disappeared, and he may be worried. I know he will understand, when I explain it all myself."

She paused in confusion, while her companion looked at her inquiringly.

"Wouldn't it be better for you to send a telegram, or even a letter to your aunt?"

The girl raised her head defiantly. "It isn't about her that I care," she answered, coldly. "At least, it's her own fault."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Blount, in the wholly unconvinced tone of one who did not see at all, at the same time glancing down at the innocent, youthful face, half visible under the broad hat-brim and fluttering veil.

"It must be the same girl," he muttered to himself, as he led the way out of the waiting-room and across the tracks to the Cape train that had backed in on a siding. "So very much like the photograph, though even prettier—and the same name—and knows the Browns. But what on earth is she doing here alone?"

"But aren't you rather cruel to your aunt?" he ventured, giving her his

hand to help her up the steps of the cars.

"Cruel!" repeated the girl. "If you only knew—" and then she paused for very indignation.

He followed her into the car and took a seat at her side. She turned and looked at him in surprise, tinged possibly with a suspicion of alcoholism.

"You must hurry," she said, with suppressed excitement, "the train has started now."

"Yes, I know it," replied the young man, peacefully. "I'm going back with you to Provincetown."

For a moment she stared at him, unable to speak. She had guessed rightly. He thought that she was an imposter! He was going back with her to find out whether she had told the truth, to be sure of getting her money back—to report her conduct to her aunt. He was a spy, pick-pocket, a—

She gazed at him hopelessly as these disconcerting suspicions crowded her brain, sitting rigidly in her place, not hearing at all what he was saying to her until he leaned forward and asked:

"What is it, Miss Vernon? You don't want me to go? Forgive me, please. I had no intention of taking a liberty." He had started to his feet.

She watched him go without a word. But no sooner had he disappeared than her resentment turned to repentance and she wished she had the courage to run after him and call him back. The train would stop at the next station in a few minutes, he would get off, and it would be too late!

With a swift resolve she rose, made her way along the swaying aisle, and was half through the narrow passage at the end which leads to the door when a man loomed suddenly before her.

"Oh!"

And then she stopped short. It was he—Mr. Blount—and he had stopped, too, and was waiting expectantly.

But her courage had suddenly failed her. She had never traveled alone before; had never in all her quiet life had as much excitement and trouble

as in this one day. She was so very, very tired, and confused and cruelly dismayed by all that had happened. And as she met his eyes she drew herself up against the side of the passage, making way for him to step by.

But he also, with a better sense of propriety, had flattened himself against the side opposite, waiting for her to move. And thus, for a few miserable seconds, they stood facing each other in silent embarrassment. At length he said formally, without a trace of his former enthusiasm:

"I was just coming back to tell you that you must change at Yarmouth. And be sure to get the right train; two go out at the same time. I will speak to the conductor and ask him to show you."

For a moment longer they stood there, gazing at each other solemnly. And then the car gave a violent lurch as it rounded a sharp curve. The girl threw out her hands instinctively to save herself, and the young man, fully as instinctively, braced himself against the side of the passage with one hand, and caught her with the other in a tight—a necessarily very tight embrace.

They remained thus for the briefest moment—long enough, however, for each to flush suddenly and look blankly into the eyes of the other. Then the girl released herself, the car having settled down to its good behavior.

"O Mr. Bloom," she exclaimed, "thank you so much! Oh dear, no! I don't mean that! Please don't go. I'm sorry. I'm ever so grateful, really. Only, I'm so very tired. I think I'm losing my mind, or something." And as she finished this coherent apology they both laughed, the girl rather shakily.

He became instantly serious.

"I understand just how you feel," he said, sympathetically, while the tears started in spite of her. "But if you knew all I've been through you wouldn't be surprised at having me cry—just a little."

"I'm not a bit surprised," he protested. "The only wonder is that you didn't cry long ago."

When they had resumed their

sents he turned to her encouragingly. "Now tell me all about it. What has happened? If you want anybody killed, you can depend upon me."

"I think I should like to get rid of myself first," she laughed. It was a comfort to have him take everything into his own hands this way. He seemed so cheerful, so strong—so nice!

She hesitated for a moment, apparently pondering deeply, and then she looked up at him, half timidly, half desperately.

"Mr. Bloom," she said, finally, how would you feel if you were a man, and—and were invited to visit a girl's aunt and—quite unexpectingly went, and when you arrived, found that you had been—had been—entrapped into meeting the girl in the hope that you would—would settle the problem of what should be done with her. Wouldn't you have run away?"

"But you are not a man," he replied, endeavoring to straighten out the problem.

"It seems to me," he continued, "that this is a case of how the girl felt."

"Well," she demanded, "suppose you were a girl. No girl with an atom of pride would stay and be met that way, would she? To be just like a— a bait."

"I don't know many girls," he replied, simply.

"That's just the way with this man," she went on, eagerly, "and that's what makes me so indignant. He's just a good, kind-hearted, generous, unsuspecting, manly man, and merely because he is so fine this girl's aunt is trying to ensnare him."

As she came to the end of this enthusiastic eulogy he looked at her with a smile of keen amusement.

"You must know this wonderful man pretty well," he said, "to be convinced of his virtues as you seem to be."

"Why, I don't really know him," she admitted, "but I know all about him. At least I know enough to make me just despise my aunt for doing as she did. I suppose you think it is

dreadful for me to talk so, but—"

"Oh, so you are the princess of the fairy tale," he laughed; "you are, so use your own expression, the bait with which this charming individual was to be hooked."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, blankly. "How stupid!" And then realizing the futility of any further subterfuge, she continued:

"Well, yes—it was I. But don't you think that, under the circumstances, I did perfectly right to run away?"

"No—yes—I think—I don't know."

He pondered this laud reply for a moment.

"But if you do admire him," he persisted, "it seems strange that you should run off just as he was about to make his appearance. Did you think that, merely because he had been invited to meet you, you couldn't go on liking him—couldn't like him even more?"

"I knew I should like him," she replied. "I really wanted to meet him. He seemed so different, so free from all the petty schemes of other people. But I knew, I was certain, that he would be disappointed and disgusted when he found out the truth—that he was being lured on just to be—be—bugged!"

"Well?" he said, when she paused. "Well, do you wonder I ran away?" she exclaimed, hotly. "Don't you think Aunt Susan was perfectly—perfectly—"

"Perfectly right," he broke in, tranquilly.

She stared at him in amazement.

"Yes," he said, with great deliberation. "She was doing what she thought would bring happiness to a poor, forlorn devil who was not likely to find it where he was. I regard it as an act of great kindness and consideration to him, though it may have been rather rough on the girl."

She was looking at him now with the wide-open eyes of ingenuous wonder.

"Kindness to him?"—"rough on the girl?" This was turning the tables with a vengeance.

"You see," he went on, imperturbably, resting his foot on the fateful

bag bearing the name of their common friend, "this man—this good, kind-hearted, generous, unsuspecting, manly man— and he smiled grimly as he said it—"had proved a dismal failure in the highly civilized society of the East, where he had gone to college. He was wholly incompetent in business, he had no profession, and he yearned for the more open, natural, freer atmosphere of the West. So he pulled up stakes and went out into the wilderness to see whether he could fill his empty life. He wanted to be good for something, and there wasn't very much chance in the city for a man of thirty who hadn't been trained for any particular career."

He stopped and looked down at the girl, who was gazing at him in hopeless astonishment.

"But," he went on, "even after the man had settled down to life on his ranch, he wasn't happy. He missed something. He became desperately homesick. And when he got a letter from Philadelphia from an old friend of the family asking him to come on and see her in regard to certain investments in Western stocks, and when, in addition, his college chum, Don Brown, begged him to come back out of the bad desert and spend the Summer on Cape Cod, why—he came. He just left the ranch to his partner and traveled east until he came to Providence."

"And when he got there," he went on, rapidly now, apparently absorbed in his own recital, "one of the first things that he saw was the picture of a girl. She was called Violet—"

The girl suddenly dropped her eyes, and her cheeks once more took on a hue of the deepest crimson.

"Her name was Violet. He came to speak of her familiarly as Violet, and, strange as it may seem, he simply couldn't detach himself from that picture. In fact, he was caught several times with it in his possession. Mrs. Brown—Mary Brown—told him who the girl was—told him that she was an impetuous, whole-hearted girl, given to act on impulses, but the nicest girl in the world, who, on account of

the extreme sensitiveness of her nature, was about the most unhappy.

"Well, as this man was not very happy either, and as he saw how happy his chum was, and what a jolly time two people like Don and Mary could have together, he asked Mrs. Brown to tell him some more about the nicest girl in the world, and lo and behold!—she belonged to the aunt in Philadelphia, where he had been asked to call on this little matter of business.

"No—now listen, Miss Vernon, I haven't finished this man's story." He laid a quieting hand on her as she was about to interrupt him.

"When he had learned this, he said to himself, 'I believe I have found what will make me a happy man, if I can only obtain it, and I'll go down to Philadelphia to investigate.' So he wrote to this girl's aunt to say that he was coming at once, and to Don Brown to meet him and take him to his home. Don Brown, who is a very practical man, answered immediately, saying that his house was at his friend's disposal, but suggesting that said friend being Don Brown's suit

case, which he had been obliged to leave behind. And, on his way to Philadelphia, this man from the west—this unhappy, forlorn soldier of misfortune—by the greatest good luck in the world, met the girl!"

He stopped abruptly here, and looked down into the face of the young woman beside him.

"Do you know what the man thinks now that he has seen the girl?" he asked, in a low voice.

She drew a breath quickly, and stared fixedly out of the window.

"Do you care at all what he thinks?"

He leaned forward, gazing eagerly at the girl, who drew away from, still staring out of the window.

"Don't you care at all," he went on, bluntly. "If it nothing—will it always be nothing to you that the man has found all, and more than he dreamed of, or dared to hope for?"

She turned slowly, opened her lips, and closed them, without speaking a word.

But her eyes had answered him, and he was satisfied.

Original thought is a prize to be striven for and coaxed into being. Originality is one of the most precious of faculties and is the distinguishing mark of the leaders all the world over, whether they be leaders in thought or in politics, in business or in invention.

Ups and Downs in Quest of News

CARROLL SATURDAY JOURNAL

Some experience of an English reporter

THE reporter attached to an enterprising daily newspaper may have his grievances like other people, but he cannot complain of leading a monotonous kind of existence. If he is enthusiastic, energetic, quick to see things, if he has (as he must have if he wants to be successful) a "nose for news," he will have a change of environment almost every day.

Romance, pathos, tragedy and farce alike enter into the reporter's calling. He lives and has his being amid constantly changing scenes. He is in London one day, and in some remote part of the country the next.

During the twenty years, continuous experience on the daily press, writes a contributor, I have found myself in queer places, and when it was a question of getting news quickly, have had to adopt all manner of ruses.

I had left the office of a North-country newspaper at three o'clock one morning, and had just fallen asleep, when I was roused by a loud knocking at the door. The publisher had sent his assistant to say that there was a report at the station that the "Flying Scotsman" had gone to grief twenty miles along the line. In a few minutes I was cycling to the scene.

Rumor spoke truly. The fast train had, indeed, come to grief. The engine was over the embankment, several carriages were telescoped; but, marvellously to relate, no passengers were killed, though over a score were injured. I had the disaster all to myself, and by the time the telegraph office was open I had gathered all the necessary particulars for a special edition of my paper.

But I had not seen the injured, the resident doctor refusing to allow anyone to enter the hospital. Personal narratives were necessary to complete the story of the accident, and so a bold expedient had to be resorted to. "I am a friend of Mr. So-and-So, of

Edinburgh, and I am anxious to see him," I said. The doctor did not deny the right of a friend of an injured passenger to enter the hospital, and thus I was able to interview most of the injured.

Humorous, but somewhat embarrassing, was the situation in which I found myself at an important political meeting where members of the press were rigorously excluded, because it was a question of discussing the merits of candidates for a coming fight. It was expected that a considerable quantity of soiled linen would be washed at that meeting, and the paper which represented the other side considered that some readable "copy" could be obtained. Every person who entered that select gathering had to give his name to the man at the door. Now in the town I had a very good double, who was not only a politician, but whose name was the same as my own. "Good evening, Mr. X.," said the doorman when I presented myself. He took the journalist for the politician.

But the politician did not turn up that night, though several members of the excited audience thought he was sitting at the back of the hall. It was an angry meeting, full of excellent "copy." "Perhaps Mr. X. would like to say a few words," suggested the chairman. Mr. X., the journalist, shook his head. In the midst of an angry disputation he discreetly retired.

Next morning a two column report gave rise to considerable discussion. The word "treason" was used by the men present at that meeting, and Mr. X., the politician, had to publicly announce that he had not attended it.

"Follow that up," said the news editor of a London daily newspaper, handing me a letter he received one morning. It read:

"Send a reporter here to-night at

seven o'clock. He will learn something worth putting in your paper. The fact is, I intend to hang myself."

I called, but found no body dangling. I say a young man in a highly excited state. With him was a charming woman with tear-laden eyes. The letter was soon explained. The young man suffered from neurasthenia, and had got it into his head that his sweetheart was going to jilt him. He had, therefore, determined to take his life. He was sent to a private sanatorium, and soon recovered. A happy marriage followed.

During a strike of Northern miners the paper with which I was at that time connected went against the men. They were lectured in the editorial columns in a whole-hearted fashion. They did not like it. A mass meeting to consider the situation was held in a field. The angry miners "spotted" the reporter attached to the paper which had lectured them. They threatened and finally set upon him. When he returned to the office of his paper that night, he had to be piled with brandy before he could write the story of the encounter between several thousand miners and one reporter.

A foreigner was murdered in South London. It was a mysterious crime. At first, detectives and reporters could make nothing of it. Finally, three reporters joined forces. One watched the house of murder, another the local shops, and the third the public houses in the neighborhood. In the evening they compared notes, with the result

that each got a good "story." For once in a way the detectives were outwitted, and one actually proposed that the reporters should tell him "things," he, on his part, promising to perform a similar service. The full details of this crime, the result of a vendetta, were obtained by the triumvirate of journalists, of which I was one. The work of investigation necessitated my assuming a disguise which, with a clay pipe, appeared on my expenses bill at 7s. 10 to 1-3d.

When the French deputies visited London it was expected that their visit to Windsor Castle would fix the seal of the "Entente Cordiale." The reporters turned up at the castle entrance, but they were refused admission, while I myself was allowed to pass through unchallenged. A silk hat bought in Paris, a necktie arranged betterly fashion, a little attention to the moustache—these precautions counted for much that day. Besides, I traveled with the deputies from Paddington, and walked into the castle with a group, chatting in my best "Entente Cordiale" French.

Afterwards several London editors inquired why one newspaper representative had been admitted to the castle while their reporters had been sent away. The personages addressed were, as I subsequently gathered, unable to offer an explanation; nor did they express their regret that a description of the deputies' visit to Windsor had been published.

We were made to radiate the perfume of good cheer and happiness as much as a rose was made to radiate its sweetness to every passerby.

How Olaf Administered Justice

BY WALTER ARCHER FROST IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The tale of a stranger in a strange land

When the *Saverina*, of the Erics Line, ran down the Swedish bark *Helga* in the fog of Mist's Light, her small boat picked up but one man, and him they did not see until his big hand caught the bow close to the gun's and stopped them like a rock, and it took three men to land the big hand's owner. After they had hauled him aboard, he shook the water from his yellow head and beard, and smashed the bow seat, when he settled himself upon it, for he was a heavy man.

Deeply chagrined at this, he mutely insisted in pulling an oar back to the big line, and he mapped the oar the first time he threw back his shoulders. He then ceased offering aid, rumbled a pipe organ apology in his native jargon, and sat motionless, a huge column of a man, until he swung himself up the swaying ladder, and stood upon the *Saverina*'s deck.

To the captain's inquiries he had responded in the jargon named, but only a few words were intelligible, "Hjelp. Sweden. Olaf Olafsen, Kolsjöfär."

The ship's surgeon looked him over, and the captain gave him dry clothing, and Olaf, the son of Olaf, bent his yellow head twice, once in acknowledgment of the new raincoat, and once in order to pass beneath the lintel of the door; in the latter instance, he turned half round, but this was on account of his shoulders. "No wonder they took Britain," said the captain, who had read the "Commentaries."

In the morning the *Saverina* came in with the tide, and two hours later, Olaf Olafsen passed down the plank and emerged upon Commercial street, looking down in amazement upon the cobblestones, and then up at the Elevated, simultaneously dodging the car which tore along above his head.

Kate Smith's lodging-house ("Beds 16 cents a night") next caught his eye; he could not read the words, but his

glimpse of the rows of cots made their meaning clear, and he made a mental note of it as he crossed the street and walked on through New Italy.

He spent the morning in examining the city of Boston, and marvelled much at what he saw. In the afternoon, when he cooled his head in the pond in the Common, he marvelled again at the policeman, who told him to "move on." Olaf did not understand English, but he knew that the water was cool and that his head was hot, and, lastly, that admiration was good; he did not "move on," but he hurried into the pond the officer who had stretched his wrist. Three other policemen came to the rescue, and Olaf spent the night in the station-house on Hancock street.

An interpreter explained the situation to him in the morning, and Olaf paid his fine. Of many of the conventionalities he was still ignorant, but he had learned not to nod his head in that way again, and the officer, whom he had "scooped," had learned to ignore men of Olaf's build.

After leaving the Municipal Court, Olaf walked down to the wharves, and looked longingly seaward. "Ban sailor man," he said to the men around him; but no one understood this or his other "signals" for work, and at night he climbed the narrow stairs at Kate Smith's, weary and alone.

A brick little man was saying to the proprietress, "I'm looking for men to work on Water street. Who's this chap?" as Olaf towered before him.

"Newcomer. Swede, I guess. Better try him."

The little man addressed Olaf in a Swedish patois, presenting a paper which Olaf covered with his "mark," and Olaf Olafsen had contracted to work for the city of Boston at \$1.50 a day.

Olaf had made but one observation. "Ban sailor man," and the little man had done the rest.

At seven o'clock the next morning, Olaf followed his guide down the already sweltering street, turning unconsciously toward the water-front, his eyes already seeking the ship; but his companion laughed "Not there, tow-head; it's a wheelbarrow and not a rope that you'll work with now," and he laughed again at Olaf's surprised disappointment when he was presented with a wheelbarrow, and pushed into a line of men who were wheeling cranked stone up a narrow plank.

He watched the men whose example he was to follow. It seemed not very difficult; the man ahead of him advanced until he came to a trough, into which he dumped his load; simultaneously, a man, on the other side of the trough, threw in wet cement; then the first man wheeled his barrow away, past the whirling engine, which, with its iron hands, mixed the stone with the cement. That was the process, and to Olaf it seemed child's play; he had seen the first man give a heave of his back as he shufled his load into the trough, and Olaf carefully imitated him. His intentions were most praiseworthy, but he had not taken into consideration the strength of his back. The contents of his barrow enveloped the man opposite him, and the barrow leaped like a mountain goat into the trough itself—a series of snags, the rending of wood and iron, a wild shout of unintelligible commands and the machinery stopped with an angry snarl. Olaf sprang over the trough, picked up the fallen man, and smoothed him tenderly with an enormous hand. The Irish "boss" then kicked Olaf, swearing violently the while, and Olaf touched the "boss" once only with his other hand, and they picked up the "boss" and carried him into an apothecary shop, the "boss" offering neither assistance nor resistance of any sort whatsoever.

Had the city of Boston been less in need of men to lay the asphalt on Water street, Olaf, the son of Olaf, would have spent another night in the station on Hancock street. As it was, he slept serenely at Kate Smith's and appeared punctually at his place in the morning.

And now nothing came to break the

monotony of the life which Olaf led. By day, he worked with his harrow; each evening he smoked his short pipe upon the wharves.

There, in his solitude, his ears welcoming the ripple and lift of the tide, he pondered the situation. It was ten days since the Helga had settled into the deep water beyond the light, and of the crew and the captain he had heard nothing; he, the mate, alone had survived the tragedy.

Gregarious, domestic, fond of quiet companionship and of rambling softly to those around him in his big, simple, friendly way, this forced silence and continued isolation were upon him. His present occupation, too, he hated bitterly. His thirty years he had spent upon the sea, where the big ships passed smoothly along their buoyant course; his mind and heart were sick with the memory of sunny, cool-breathed ways upon the Helge, where the wind tore the surf at the foot of the roaring cliffs, of idle weeks to the northward, where the porpoise played in the cool deep flocks, of drowsy watches as the ship came lazily on the Gulf Stream, or leaned comfortably before the steady push of the Trades.

And, in the reality of his dream, he would start to his feet, striving to feel the planking on the deck, and, far above, to see the towering spars of the Helge. No! She was gone, and with her the old life that he loved so well.

A month had gone and he had reduced to a few cents the little money left him from the wreck; it was imperative that he should have more; he "signaled" to the "boss" when the whistles blew at noon the next day, but the man, though well comprehending the pathetic gestures of the mute giant, disregarded them. There was, however, among the men, a German who volunteered some knowledge of Olaf's tongue, and, through his interpretation, Olaf could speak directly for the manner that was due him.

Thus confronted, the "boss" listened calmly, and then said that Olaf had been paid at the end of each week, and he supported his statement by showing receipts which bore Olaf's "mark." Olaf then recalled that, from time to

time, a slip of paper had been given him to "sign," but he said again that he had not received his pay. At this the "boss" smiled slightly, and then the other knew, he had struck this man, and, in revenge, he was being cheated of his pay.

For a moment he looked quietly at the scoundrel before him, quietly but with so ominous a glint in his blue eyes that the man stepped well beyond his reach.

Yes, he knew, but his brain suggested no remedy, and he resumed his work. His head was reeling, his great form cried for food, which, for a long day, had not passed his lips, but he toiled blindly on, tottering as he moved but moving still, the great muscles faithfully, but sadly, obeying his will.

That night, suppers, weak and desperate, Olaf passed again down the hot street to the deserted dock. Half unconsciously, he saw the "stern lights" break out, and his ready eye caught their swing as the rising breeze brought the bows into the wind; a "five-master," obedient to her tug, slipped smoothly down to her moorings, just inside the breakwater, and he knew that by noon of the next day she would be "hull down" to the eastward. And then he dreamed again of the old life, the memory of which brought new longing to his lonely heart.

Suddenly, he sprang to his feet. A small boat had come in, was already making fast to the dock, and the words of her men fell clearly and (oh, the music of it!) intelligently upon his ear. "Yes, in two hour we go out with the tide,"—a tall form sprang from the boat, and Olaf looked joyously into eyes as blue as his own. "I am Olaf Olafsen," he said, simply, "and I need food."

For a second the stranger gazed at

him, and then strong hands met, the two yellow heads close.

Ten minutes later the two men sat at a well-filled table; they ate merrily, and as Olaf told his story his friend's hand clutched and his feet set the plates rattling; and then they rose and passed quietly from the room. Together they strode along, a grim smile on each bronzed face, and then left the sidewalk to step into the street, where an engine, picks and wheelbarrows were standing under their canvas covering. A glance around them showed that they were unobserved, and then two picks were raised, and fell, and fell again—

Five minutes later, a policeman in the distance heard the sound of crashing blows and hurried to what he looked to find a scene of strife; but, when he reached the spot the street was void of passers-by. It is true that he saw two blonde giants, dressed as women are, but they seemed orderly and, smiling in their quiet, northern way, passed onward toward the water-front.

* * *

When the whistles blew, at seven the next morning the engine which mixed broken stone with wet cement on Water street, in the city of Boston, did not resume its work, and this was after all not wondered at by those who saw the thing—it had been attacked with fearful power, for not a wheel or chain or bar was left intact, and into each side a pick was driven deep. Such ruin seemed the fury of no human hands, and that was all they knew.

The newspapers called it "The Work of Vandal," but, well out to sea, after the bold outline of the Monument had faded in the blue, the staunch schooner *Lief*, bound for Christiansand, carried two towering sails, who hellowed softly in their loved jargon that it was the work of Justice.

The Fighting Blood of Eva Booth

BY HUGH C. WHEE IN THE WORLD TO-DAY

An interesting sketch of the woman who has done so much to make the Salvation Army what it is to-day

A prize was on her head when Captain Eva Booth of the Salvation Army invaded the aristocratic English water-implaces.

"Fifty dollars to the man who will quiet her!" shouted the irate hotel proprietors.

A shower of stones and bricks from the crowd descended on the little band of Army workers, and clubs struck out viciously. Two of the young woman's companions were brought down with ugly wounds. When the melee ended, her body showed sadistic bruises, but her voice still rang out stubbornly.

Emphatically the reward had not been earned!

A few weeks later, when Eva Booth left the locality, a crowd that cheered itself hoarse, saw her depart. In a month's span her personality had swept to her support the very men who would have paid to have her knocked senseless.

To-day, still on the sunny side of thirty, she occupies one of the most remarkable positions ever accorded to her sex.

As commander of the American Salvation Army, a force forty thousand strong is swayed at her beck.

When you know her, you discover that she seldom dons the Army bonnet, and the wounds of service give you a suggestive reason and a thrilling story. In a dying condition she was taken from the battlefield—the London slums, where a four months' bitter contest had been waged with the forces of the underworld. When she tottered from the hospital ward, recovered from the long wrestle with brain fever, the Army bonnet was the sacrifice she paid to the cause. Its pressure on her throbbing head she could not endure.

An army of strange soldiers, who fight strange battles in strange places, is this organization with the girl commander. Half round the world have her campaigns echoed. From the London slums to the Canadian wilds, northward to the shores of the Klondike, southward to the

Mexican border, from the Atlantic to the Pacific has she dotted her forces. The value of its band instruments alone amounts to the staggering total of \$400,000! It has won, and is winning great victories with great labor but with little publicity.

The recent American visit of its founder, the venerable old man of England, General Booth, brought the world awake with a blinking stare, before the plans he calmly checked off on his fingers. With a smiling disregard of his seventy-eight years and the snow of age in his hair and beard, the man who for more than a third of a century has fought the battles of war in times of peace enumerated a list of projects he hopes still to accomplish, which have given even the American public a new sensation. And it is the same fire that is also burning in his fourth daughter, Evangeline, who is so occupied that she seldom finds time to use the last two syllables of her name!

Last year she handled the details of an organization which outwits the scope of many of the greatest of modern industries. More than one thousand homes and refugees at the four points of the compass are maintained under her supervision. Her energy provides beds for over eleven thousand homeless nightly! Last Christmas, she gave a dinner to more than three hundred thousand destitute in various parts of the country!

Her latest project has been the establishment of a "suicide bureau," following the scope of the plan carried out by her father in England, which has already saved the lives of over three hundred persons planning self-destruction.

And yet without the Booth energy throbbing through her veins, the young woman who directs an army larger than that which George Washington commanded, would have been a poet, a dreamer. She is a musician of more than ordinary talent and can lose herself in the compositions of the old masters. As

though the do-and-dare element which has made the name of the Booths famous, however, would not be denied even in her recreations, her favorite pastime is a blood-stirring gallop, and her horse is the kind that—well, if it couldn't show substantial speed it wouldn't belong to Eva Booth! She is far from the "athletic girl" in appearance, however, in spite of these suggestive facts. With her dashing career as a background, you are picturing a young woman of sturdy muscles and a quick, decisive voice.

You find a girl with light, fluffy hair, a pensively shaded, girlish face, white, blue-veined hands, slender, fragile of figure. Yet Eva Booth has lived a life that has swept close every grade of sensation in her path.

"You are under arrest! You are disturbing the peace!" scolded a policeman, breaking off her first public prayer in the streets of London. She was still in her early teens, a slight slip of a girl with no means of resistance, and so the bullying officer tightened his grip on her arm, she was dragged shivering under him.

But the action aroused the sympathies of the rough crowd as a lighted match fires a keg of gunpowder. In an instant the policeman and his prisoner were surrounded, and before the officer could raise his voice he was beaten to the pavement under a shower of fists.

It was the girl prisoner who, forgetting his rough grip and the cell to which he would have dragged her, appealed to the throng in his defense. When the crowd finally retreated, the policeman was groaning with two broken legs and a mass of bruises from head to foot.

For weeks the Little Girl in the big Army bonnet paid faithful visits to the helpless man in the hospital, and when he was released a warmer friend Eva Booth and her cause could not have found in all England. To this day she receives letters in a rough, sprawling hand, signed simply, "Your policeman."

"Out of my house, or I will have the servants eject you!" thundered a member of Parliament, when the Salvation Army girl sought an audience on behalf of certain legislation at a crisis in the history of the organization. But she did not leave.

"I have come to stay until by business

is finished!" she said quietly and she stayed. Before the enigmatic M.P. recovered from his amazement she began to state her cause, and to such good effect that in the end he invited her to luncheon, argued publicly for her measures, and the turning point in Salvation Army legislation was reached.

Mounted on a dry goods box so that she could reach the level of her audience, Eva Booth made her first speech to men and women of the gutter, with red, bloated faces and encircling eyes.

"It is worth your life to venture into that neighborhood!" the police argued when she planned an excursion into the worst section of London.

She said nothing, but the next day a ragged young woman selling matches made her way into the deepest of those scowling haunts of vice. Barred from the neighborhood in her real character, she hid her identity under the rags of the slums and mingled with the people of the under-world as one of themselves.

For months she lived the life of the alleys and the streets, selling packets of matches and crumpled flowers to maintain her disguise—the while ministering to the sick and the dying, filling exhausted larders, giving a helping hand to the fallen, averting angry blows of drunken husbands and fathers. When she assumed her real character, so great was the impression she had made that the Salvation Army meeting, in the heart of the most notorious district in London, was packed.

Her reward came in the title that followed her back to her home, "the angel of the slums," and a siege of brain fever that brought her duly to death's door.

A resolute young woman one day appeared at the superintendent's office of one of the most dangerous of the Cornish mines with a request that brought him to his feet in amazement.

"I would like to go down into the shaft to talk to the men," she said quietly. The speaker was Eva Booth.

"Why, even a strong man would hesitate to make the descent," the superintendent cried. "My dear young lady—"

"I know the risk, and am willing to take it," interrupted his visitor, with

you are hit—come up smiling, and go at it again. Get all you can—all knowledge that you can assimilate, all wisdom that the experience of others can teach you, all strength that their co-operation can lend you. Give all you've got—to your work and to your play—give all of yourself, all your knowledge, all your wisdom, all your strength. Be obsessed. Get your back into it. That is the golden rule. It is summed up in the golden word—concentrate.

One thing more—home influences! Who can appraise the true value of these great engendering desiderata in the attainment of success? Affection, sympathy, mutual confidence, and an abiding faith in each other—who can venture to gauge the extent these, or the absence of these incentives, have exercised in moulding a man's character?

I can only say that any success I may have achieved has been mainly due to my possession of these blessings.

The Importance of Detail

How often one hears a man, especially a young man, exclaim impatiently: "Oh, that is only a matter of detail!"

Nevertheless, to my mind at least, it is precisely detail that does matter.

And probably if you were to ask almost any prominent business man to tell you the secret of his success, he would answer that it was to be found to a great extent in unremitting attention to detail.

Of course, I do not mean that a man should so absorb himself in the minutiae of his business as to be unable to see the wood for the trees.

No, by all means let a man fix his goal in life and keep at least his mental eyes upon it. But, having fixed the goal, let him study with the utmost care and diligence the route he must pursue to reach it.

For if he fail to do this, if his head is ever in the clouds, he will be apt to trip over some "matter of detail," and so come to grief.

No man can hope successfully to organize and control a large business who is not capable, should necessity arise, of doing the work of everyone of his employees from the highest to the lowest.

And so my advice to a young man starting life is, try to see things as they are; it is a common fault with many to see things as they think they are. Master your daily work, however humble it may be. Study and study every detail of it, until no one knows more about it than you do.

Then try to learn something of the next higher job, and the next higher one after that, and so on. You will have to fight for the knowledge. People don't give anything away in business. But fight for it, tear it out, as I did when I went into Winning Lane to learn the grocery trade. For knowledge is power, and the foundation of all knowledge is a grasp of detail.—Sir Thomas Pink.

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. ■ ■ ■

ARMY AND NAVY.

With Lincoln in 1865. John S. Barrow Appleson's
An Interesting Cavalry Drill. F. S. Baskett World To-day
Chancellorsville. Carl Schurz McClure's
The Mexican War. R. McN. McElroy Metropolitan
Growth of a Military Spirit in China. Clarence D. Bruce Cornhill

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

Hellen and His Art. Perrine Maxwell Cosmopolitan
An Artist's Adventures in Tripoli. Chas. W. Furlong Harper's
A New England Architect. Oscar Fay Adams New England
A Belgian Painter: Leon Frederix. Ferd. Knapff Studio

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY.

The Second Generation of Business. T. J. Zimmerman System
The Making of a Millionaire. Henry M. Hyde Harper's
Personality in Handling Employees. H. H. Vreeland System
The Cheat of Over-capitalization. Will Payson Everybody's
Social Service in Business. Mary H. Cronson Reader
Trusts and Their Treatment Reader

CHILDREN.

Need the Baby Be a Nuisance? Elizabeth K. Tompkins
..... Good Housekeeping

EDUCATION.

The Origin of Certain Americanisms. Henry Cabot Lodge Scribner's
Making An Individual of the Indian. J. M. Oskison Everybody's

FICTION.

Complete Stories.

The Runaways. Margaret Sherwood Atlantic
For the Lack of a Wife. Elliot Flower Ladies' Home Journal
Crazyland. John D. Swain Red Book
The Dwarf. George Bronson-Howard Red Book
Letitia Nursery Corps U.S.A. George M. Martin American

Captain Kidd of the Underground. J. O. Chirwood.....	Cosmopolitan
The King's Great Victory. Lee Anderson.....	Cosmopolitan
Thos Fortune. Rowland Tugano.....	Everybody's
The Lessonmaster. G. W. Ogden.....	Everybody's
A Matter of Education. Frances Roberts.....	Home Magazine
The Race to the Swift. Frederic Litten.....	Home Magazine
Whom the Gods Love. Virginia Woodward Cloud.....	Reader
Theodore. Gift of God. Myra Kelly.....	Appleton's
The Ghost and the Glass. Robert Barr.....	Idler
The Point of View. Louise Driscoll.....	Smith's
A Night Message. Grace E. Cody.....	Smith's
The Unfinished Flag. Kenneth Ferris.....	New England
The Guarded Room. Helen Thompson.....	People's
One Man's Honor. J. H. Wells, Jr.....	Smart Set
In the Border Land. E. C. Smith.....	People's
Drugs. Mayne Lindsay.....	Pall Mall
The Difficult Islands. Bailey Millard.....	Popular
The Iconoclast. T. J. Hains.....	Popular
The Strength of the Weaklings. H. Graham Dullin.....	Bohemian
A Ride for Home. J. K. Turner.....	Pacific Monthly
In the Garden of the King. Amelia Rivers.....	Harper's
Old Lajah Hale's Escape. Muriel Campbell Dyer.....	Harper's
The Pursuer. Francis Metcalfe.....	Ainslee's
The Pretenders. Owen Oliver.....	Ainslee's
Fig the Bad. Marion Hill.....	Ainslee's
The Man With the Beating Eye. Harry B. Allen.....	Technical World
A Flower of Menace. Crawford Knox.....	Argosy
A Coney Island Dilemma. Elizabeth Miller.....	Argosy
The Avalonick. Robert Herrick.....	Scribner's
Off the Track. Clara B. Georg.....	Scribner's

FICTION.

Serial Stories.

The House in the Water. Charles G. D. Roberts.....	Ladies' Home Journal
The Crucible. Mark Lee Luther.....	Cosmopolitan
The Empire Builders. Francis Lynde.....	Home Magazine
The Younger Set. Robert W. Chambers.....	Appleton's
Gertrude Elliott's Crucible. Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.....	Smith's
Zollenstein. W. B. M. Ferguson.....	Popular
The Shaft of Light. Douglas Pierce.....	Argosy

HOUSE, GARDEN AND FARM.

Garden Pleasures and Garden Troubles. Frances Duncan.....	Ladies' Home Journal
Home-made Novelties for the Garden. Frances Duncan.....	Ladies' Home Journal
Garden Furniture. Henry H. Saylor.....	Garden Magazine
Summer Window Boxes. Wilhelm Miller.....	Garden Magazine
The Making of a Flower Bed. James T. Scott.....	Garden Magazine
Lawn and Garden Seats. Frederick Klein.....	Home Magazine
A Home-made Roof Garden. Elizabeth F. Wade.....	Home Magazine
Furnishing the Summer Home. Helen G. Goodwin.....	Suburban Life
Advice From a Rug Collector. Lillian Leslie Tower.....	Good Housekeeping

HUMOROUS.

Beats and Holy Writ. Arthur E. McFarlane.....	Appleton's
Ponto. Walter Emmanuel.....	Pall Mall

IMMIGRATION AND EMIGRATION.

Should Women Emigrate? M. F. G.....	Monthly Review
The New Exodus. Olston Black.....	Pall Mall

INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATION.

Bank Reserves in the United States, Canada and England. F. S. Mead.....	Quarterly Journal of Economics
Concerning the Nature of Capital. John B. Clark.....	Quarterly Journal of Economics
The Rise of Insurance. Hartley Withers.....	Cornhill
Financial Panics. H. W. Carter.....	Chambers' Journal

LABOR PROBLEMS.

My Life in Peenage. Alexander Irvine.....	Appleton's
The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem. Hayes Robbins.....	Atlantic

LIFE STORIES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

Lincoln as I Knew Him. Wm. H. Crook.....	Harper's
Harrison. Edwin Leffert.....	American
Antonie Cordt: The Most Famous Model in the World. Elizabeth Irwin.....	American
George Meadwith. Henry Copley Greene.....	Atlantic
Thomas Bailey Aldrich. H. W. Boynton.....	Putnam's
Seward Empire Builder and Sec. Chas. M. Harvey.....	Putnam's
Gariibaldi's Four Years in America. Henry Tyrrell.....	Century

MISCELLANEOUS.

Holding Her Down. Jack London.....	Cosmopolitan
Spurious Antiques. Fredrik W. Sandberg.....	World To-day
The Bandit Who Terrorized France. Stoddard Dewey.....	Harper's
The Man in the High-water Boots. F. Hopkinson Smith.....	Scribner's
Between the Lupin and the Laurel. Henry Van Dyke.....	Scribner's
Newspaper Tips and Typists. Whitman Bennett.....	Bohemian
The Making of Coney Island. Frederic Thompson.....	Bohemian
The Result That Justified the Means. J. George Frederick.....	System
The Negro in Southern City Life. Ray Stannard Baker.....	American
The American Tramp. E. B. Osborn.....	Monthly Review
They Call It Progress. E. H. Lloyd.....	Monthly Review
What It Feels Like to be in Prison. Sylvia Paulson.....	Pall Mall
Transfer of Land Titles. Jas. H. Carret.....	Moody's

MUNICIPAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Partners of the Criminal Pool Rooms. Joseph Flynnt.....	Cosmopolitan
Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities. John W. Hall.....	World To-day
A Municipal Milk Supply. Samuel Hopkins Adams.....	McClure's
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The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting
Books of the
Month Reviewed



"THE ROMANCE OF STEEL: THE STORY OF A THOUSAND MILLIONAIRES. By Herbert M. Casan, from which an extract is published in this month's Busy Man's, will shortly be issued in book form by A. S. Barnes & Co.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. have just issued a new popular-price edition of Mand Walter Goodwin's "The Head of a Hundred," a story giving a picture of the colony of Virginia in the early 17th century, which is of timely interest on account of the centennial of the settlement of Jamestown now being celebrated.

Two "outdoor" books just published are Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton's "Smokey's Wife," a description of her trips on horseback and on foot with her husband in Norway and the American West; and Charles G. D. Robert's new volume of wild animal life, "The Hunters of the Sierras."

Business.

5000 FACTS ABOUT CANADA.—Toronto: Canadian Facts Publishing Co., 607 Spadina Ave. Paper, 25 cents. A mass of most interesting data regarding everything Canadian, collected and arranged, "a fact to a sentence," by Frank Veigh, the well-known writer and lecturer on Canada and her history. Under alphabetical heads, such as Area, Agriculture, Banking, Forestry, Man-

ufactures, etc., down to the West and the Yukon, the material is readily gotten at, the contents as a whole coming as a surprise even to a Canadian well-versed as to the resources and products of the Dominion.

BAEDERKER'S CANADA.—Handbook for travelers. By Karl Baedeker. Montreal: Chapman's Book Store. Flexible cloth, \$1.80. This valuable guide book, containing over 300 pages and several maps, is uniform with the famous series issued by Karl Baedeker of Leipzig for the guidance of travelers in all parts of the world. It is prefaced by illuminating articles on subjects as sports, bibliography, railways, money, hotels, history, etc., prepared by competent writers. Following this come the systematic descriptions of routes and places. All the important points in the Dominion are touched on and full information is given as to hotel accommodations, fares, etc. While of most value to foreigners, the handbook will also be found useful by Canadians themselves.

CARMICHAEL.—A story of Canadian rural life, by Anison North. 338 full-page pen-and-ink etchings, also many marginal decorations. Price, \$1.25. The William Weld Co., publishers, London, Ont. It is the story of a family feud arising from that frequent source of trouble—a tax fence.

These Capricious and Montagues of modern times interfere with the course of true love. The interest is absorbing and well sustained throughout the story, and the characters are drawn with distinctness and fidelity. Any person who understands life on a Canadian farm will appreciate the local coloring of the scene, and the naturalness and vividness of the incidents. The language is intense without the exaggeration of dialect which disfigures so many tales. This book has so many excellent qualities that we can predict a wide sale that will increase the longer the book is known.

Piction.

PRISONERS OF FORTUNE—By Rud Perley Smith. Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$1.50. This is an exciting sea story, dealing with the adventures of four Boston fishermen who fell into the hands of pirates. They were cast adrift on an island on the coast of Maine, which is inhabited by Captain Vane and his pirate crew. There is a girl on the island, who is the daughter of a former victim of pirates, who is claimed as a niece by the pirate captain, and with whom the hero falls in love. The four fishermen, with another captive, join the pirates in search of hidden gold in the islands of the southern seas and are abandoned by them. After some stirring adventures they find the gold, return to the pirates island, break up the band, rescue the girl and return to Boston, rich men.

LONG ROAD, THE—By John Ozenham. Toronto: Macmillan Co. of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50. This story of a Russian peasant, Stepan Ilinc, presents vivid contrasts of joy and grief, tenderness and tragedy. Stepan is a merrifolk of the best type, cheerful and intelligent before oppression has come to warp his nature. His youth and marriage, the mingled happiness and gloom of his life as a husband and father and the long, dark period of his loneliness, with the saving of

his soul alive through the agency of a little child, are described by Mr. Ozenham with grace and pathos.

DIAMOND SHIP, THE—By Max Pemberton. Toronto: Copp, Clark Co. Cloth, \$1.25. A thrilling story of adventure on the high seas, detailing the amazing experiences of Dr. Ean Fabos, in his pursuit of diamond robbers, who carry on their criminal work from a ship. The robber genius, a Jew, called Val Imroth, long eludes Fabos and all but defeats his purpose. There are many thrilling scenes in the book, which is well up to the Pemberton standard.

BRASS BOWL, THE—By Louis Joseph Vance. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, \$1.25. Paper, 75 cents. One of the season's most absorbing creations. A New York millionaire, his double, a daring burglar, and a mysterious young woman becomes mixed up in a series of extraordinary adventures. There are several novelties introduced which distinguish the story from others of similar motive, and the various scenes are skillfully handled.

Miscellaneous.

STRANGE STORIES OF 1812—(New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, illustrated, 50 cents.) In this book will be found not only thrilling stories of some of the most stirring of those combats on the ocean which were such a momentous feature of the war of 1812, but also vivid delineations of other picturesque and highly important events which should never be forgotten, possessing as they do, such peculiar interest to all Canadians. Some of the tales are fiction based authoritatively upon fact, others are fast rendered entertainingly as fiction. The stories are by various well-known authors, including W. J. Henderson, S. G. W. Benjamin, Francis Stierne Palmer, and others. In all, the book gives a graphic picture of an important period.



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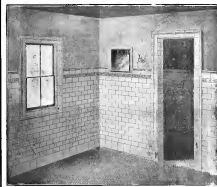
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Humor in the Magazines

A lady's lack of knowledge of the rules governing the court was the cause of some amusement at Sheriditch before his Honor Judge Smyly, K.C.

A judgment summons was called on for hearing, when a lady stepped briskly into the box. The usher requested her to remove her right glove, and then with the Testament in his hand, which he held toward her, he proceeded to administer the oath, at the conclusion of which he added in his most courtly style, "Kiss."

"Sir!" exclaimed the lady.

The usher—Kiss!

The lady (indignantly)—Sir!

The usher (with a gesture of impatience)—Kiss!

The lady—I am not in the habit—

The usher (with a worried look)—Will you kiss the book, please, and tell his Honor what you know of this matter?

The lady (with a hot blush)—Yes, certainly, certainly; pardon me not understanding you. (Laughter).

A rather prepossessing young lady entered the office of a well-known lawyer the other day and inquired:

"Is Mr. Brief in?"

"Won't be in for two hours," replied the dapper young clerk whom she addressed, surveying her from head to foot with an approving glance.

"Anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," was the reply, and the lady produced from beneath her cloak a handsomely bound volume. I have here—

"I thought so," interrupted the clerk with a depressing gesture. "But it's no use. We never throw away money on subscription books in this office. Didn't you see the sign outside, 'No pedlars allowed'?"

"This book—" began the visitor.

"Oh!" laughed the flippant young clerk, "I've no doubt that it's the best thing out, but we don't want it. 'History of the United Kingdom,' ain't it, from the cave-dwellers up to the present

day? Grand thing, I've no doubt, but we've no use for it."

"If you will allow me—"

"Really," said the youth, who was greatly amused, "I'd like to, but it's against the rules of the office to yield to the blandishments of book agents, no matter how young and good-looking they are. Couldn't think of looking at the book, my dear. 'Life of Napoleon,' ain't it? That's stale. One of our clerks bought one last month for fifteen shillings, and yesterday he exchanged it for an Irish terrier and then killed the dog."

"I wish to say—"

"Or it may be a humorous work, with wood-cuts that look as if they had been engraved with a meat chopper. No, we don't want it. We keep a humorist here on a salary to amuse us."

"I—"

"You're awfully persistent, my dear, but it won't do you any good. If old Brief were here you might talk him round, because he's a susceptible old duffer, and thinks that every pretty young woman who looks at him is in love with him. But I am not that kind."

"If you will—"

"I hate to refuse you, 'pon my soul I do, but I'm bankrupt, and that's the truth. Come round in about six months, after the old man has taken me into partnership. I'll be flush then, and I'll take a book, just to reward you for your stickleriness. I say, you're a mighty pretty woman to be obliged to hawk books for a living. I—"

Just then the attention of the loquacious youth was attracted by the frantic gesticulations of a fellow-clerk in another part of the room, and he paused.

"You are Mr. Freshleigh, I presume," said the lady.

"—er—yes; that is my name," was the reply.

"I have heard my husband speak of you. I am Mrs. Brief. Will you please hand this book to Mr. Brief when he comes in? Good morning!"

The lady left the office; the mercury

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you doubt that he could swim the river three times?"

"No, sir, it ain't that!" gasped little Willie. "But I was wondering why he didn't make it four times, so as to get back to the side where his shoes were."

* * *

A college professor, noted for his concentration of thought, returned home from a scientific meeting one night, still pondering deeply upon the subject that had been discussed. As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is there some one there?" he asked anxiously.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew of his possibilities.

"That's strange," muttered the professor. "I was almost sure I heard some one under the bed."

* * *

"I confess that the subject of psychical research makes no great appeal to me!" Sir William Henry Perkins, the inventor of coal-tar dyes, told some friends in New York recently. "Personally, in the course of a fairly long career, I have heard at first hand but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I may as well call Snooks."

"Snooks, visiting at a country house, was put in the haunted chamber for the night. He said that he did not feel the slightest uneasiness, but nevertheless, just as a matter of precaution, he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern."

"He slept peacefully enough until the clock struck two, when he awoke with an unpleasant feeling of oppression. He raised his head and peered about him. The room was weakly illuminated by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he thought he discerned a small, white hand clapping the rail at the foot of the bed."

"Who's there?" he asked tremulously.

"There was no reply. The small, white hand did not move."

"Who's there?" he repeated. "Answer me or I'll shoot."

"Again there was no reply."

"Snooks emotionally raised himself, took careful aim and fired."

"From that night on he's limped. Shot off two of his own toes."

* * *

A suburban train was slowly working its way through one of the blizzards of '94. Finally it came to a dead stop and all efforts to start it again were futile.

In the wee small hours of the morning a weary commuter, numb from the cold and the cramped position in which he had tried to sleep, crawled out of the train and floundered through the heavy snow drifts to the nearest telegraph station. This is the message he handed to the operator:

"Will not be at office to-day. Not home yesterday yet."

* * *

One of the treasured possessions of an old farmer is a formidable axe. This, he avers, wielded by an ancestor of his, wrought fearful execution at the Battle of Bosworth Field.

"What?" gasped a visitor on being shown the "relic." "I can scarcely believe it!"

"It's a fact for all that," responded the proud owner. "It's been handed down from father to son ever since."

"Wonderful!" ejaculated the visitor.

"Still, you know, it doesn't look that age!"

"Well, you see," was the unexpected rejoinder, "it's done a lot of work, and it's a great age, and it stands to reason that it's had to be tinkered up a bit now and then. Why, man, it's had a new head and two new handles in my time!"

* * *

"One day, as the train drew up at the little station of a most depressing town in the fever-and-ague district of a western state," related a novelist in a lecture on his American tour, "a fellow-passenger, thrusting his head out of a car window, said to a dejected-looking citizen who was leaning against the station door:

"I say, what do you call this dried-up, dreary, heaven-forsaken, wretched place?"

"That's near enough, stranger," replied the native, in a melancholy voice. "Let it go at that."

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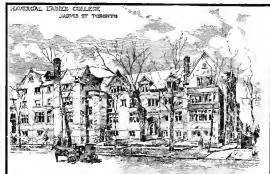
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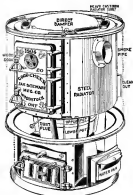
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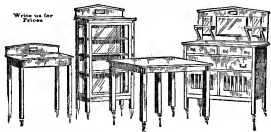
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